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JULY, 1914

A MESSAGE TO THE MIDDLE CLASS

BY SEYMOUR DEMING

THE housemaid of a college president had been offered a situation in the family of a New York millionaire. As the wage promised her would have denuded the academic cupboard, she was asked — a shade respectfully — by the president, whether she intended to accept. ‘No,’ replied the girl primly, ‘I think I prefer to remain in a middle-class family.’

Let the reader hesitate, therefore, before deciding hastily that he is too wise or too foolish, too rich or too poor, to be within bowshot of the housemaid’s innocently poisoned arrow. For to be described as belonging to the American middle class to-day is something between a compliment and an insult. To disentangle the one from the other, let me invite you first to give ear to a parable which has the added virtue of having been snapshotted as it was happening.

THE PARABLE¹

Twelfth week of the strike in Elmport. It began in April. Until June, the strikers had managed to avoid that response to the incitements of a mill-

subservient constabulary which a nation, suckled in the creed that the natural rights of man are the common-law rights of eighteenth-century Englishmen, reproachfully terms ‘disorder.’ Then befell the riot. A woman was killed outright by a revolver-shot fired, some say, by the police, some say by the strikers. Ten people, mostly mill-operatives, were carried to the hospital with cracked sconces or bullet wounds. Nineteen strikers were thrown into jail on charges of riot or murder. Parades were forbidden. The Poles were denied the use of their own society hall for strike meetings; and the town invoked an ordinance aimed at freedom of speech and public assemblage. A sympathetic clergyman offered his churchyard as a meeting-place. The town government retaliated with another ordinance, to prohibit any meeting on property abutting on a public highway, — this, somewhat on the principle of the French Assembly which decreed that no deputy should be a crown minister. ‘Say, rather, gentlemen,’ replied that statesman sarcastically, ‘no deputy named Mirabeau!’ From the flat-topped tombstone of

¹ The facts of the strike upon which this ‘parable’ is based are complicated. Many of them are in dispute. The author of this article simply describes the events as he saw them. Con-

troversy concerning his appeal to the Middle Class is perhaps more profitable than dispute concerning the experiences which led him to make it. — THE EDITORS.

a soldier of the American Revolution, a strike-leader, haranguing his fellows, was dragged to arrest. The town later voted twelve thousand dollars for special police. These reserves, by an amazing blunder in tact, were recruited in part from the police of Lawrence,—the worst-hated by mill-workers of any constabulary in New England.

The theatre of this bitter warfare with its threatenings and slaughter is a sweet, gracious port-town, once a fishing village, quaintly nestled among great, dome-like glacial hills and majestic sweeps of salt marsh washed by a sounding surf among sand-dunes.

There are three towns in Elmport. One is a winding of elm-arched streets among the ample, gambrel-roofed homesteads of two centuries ago. Wide chimneys and peaked dormers shoulder among the boughs of sleek maples, shapely elms, and ancient oaks. Burnished colonial brasses gleam in the sunshine on front doors. Gardens, behind white fences and hedges of box, are gay with old-fashioned flowers. In the cool, dim parlors of these stately houses, amid ancestral mahogany, dwell the children of the old settlers who keep the stores of the town (which are maintained by the wages of the operatives), or go to their daily tasks in the city, or live on the incomes of their investments (including stock in these strike-fettered mills).

Across a stone bridge of pre-revolutionary date, under the gaunt walls of the mill buildings, lies the second Elmport,—the new. Its streets shimmer in the blistering glare of sun on shadeless asphalt and brick walls; its doorways are grassless; its wooden tenements stand bleak in winter, sweltering in summer. Here are no crimson rambler roses to sound their note of color against greenery; here is only hard-eyed poverty intensified by the grim battle of strike-time, when wages have

stopped and expenses are going on. Against the old Elmport of farmers and sea-captains is set the new,—a mill population of alien birth. These two are working out their destinies.

But aloof, on the eminences commanding views of the open downs and the illimitable sea-horizon, are the villas of the rich,—the third Elmport. So the three great classes are represented here: the rich, indifferent; the middle class, bewildered; the poor, in revolt.

When the trouble at Lawrence, the year previous, was ended, it was evident that something must be done to vindicate before the country the repute of that city. Not that Lawrence was worse governed than many another American city, but that the strike, applying the acid test to the efficacy of our institutions, revealed their defects in the worst possible light. Was there, then, a conscientious effort to remedy the conditions which had produced the strike? There was not. But a wealthy citizen, dying, left five thousand dollars to build a memorial flag-pole. Instead of removing the causes which created the protest of the foreign laborers in the mills, your sole idea was to rebuke the protest. This was the reply of the middle class. You substituted the symbol for the thing.

In Elmport it was the same. ‘As a rebuke to the methods of the I.W.W.’ and ‘to vindicate the loyalty of the town to our national institutions,’ Elmport resolved—to arbitrate the strike? No. The attempt at this was a failure because the mill management denied that there was ‘anything to arbitrate.’ To mitigate the discontent by scouring up the reeking tenements? No. A militant young clergyman had proposed this, to be promptly checked in his generous enthusiasm by the revelation that the rents from these tene-

ments were sustaining his own parishioners, certain of whom, when he tried to put through a housing ordinance in spite of them, fought him tooth and nail and defeated the ordinance. No. To vindicate its reputation and prove its loyalty, Elmport resolved—to have a Fourth-of-July parade.

This was the answer of our old American middle class—the people who won our independence and freed the chattel slaves—to the wage-slave rebellion. They would bandage a poisoned wound with the national colors.

So Elmport was gay with flags. The July sun drenched yellow gold on the stately elms; the smooth lawns, the venerable houses. Bands crashed. The parade flowed past. Ten burly policemen in single rank; tall-hatted town dignitaries on horseback; Grand Army veterans in blue, and their wives in white; Boy Scouts in their pretty uniform of brown khaki; business men carrying an enormous flag, blanket-fashion (a hint to cartoonists), as if to toss the I.W.W. leaders as raw recruits are tossed in the army; a boy and two men impersonating son, sire, and grandsire, after Willard's painting of the 'Spirit of '76' that hangs under the town-hall tower which, a few miles down the coast, sits, like a horseman, bestriding the promontory of the ancient town of Marblehead; and brass bands variously discoursing 'My Old Kentucky Home,' 'Everybody's Doing It,' college football songs and other national anthems, at march time—this was the rebuke administered by the middle class to syndicalism.

Syndicalism, meanwhile, was sweating in the little back room of a Polish coffee-house, busily folding circulars to be mailed to the radical press of the country.

In the white-paneled parlor of one of those colonial houses which the architect Inigo Jones need not have been

ashamed to acknowledge, among the marble-topped tables and Sheraton chairs of the old order, a Protestant minister is trying to formulate an answer to the question: 'What shall Elmport do about it?' a question equivalent to 'What shall the Anglo-Saxon American middle class do about it?' And this is his answer:—

'If the Constitution of the United States did not forbid us to imprison men for their political beliefs, we ought to clap these I.W.W. leaders into jail and keep them there.'

'But,' interposes the questioner mildly, with a motion toward the parade which is passing the windows of the parsonage, 'is n't your celebration today in honor of a struggle to put an end to that kind of procedure?'

'Perhaps,' says the minister, 'but all the same, we shall have to come back to it.'

What he could not see was that in his resentment and impatience he was repudiating the principles for which his townsmen were theoretically honoring the 'patriot' dead, celebrated on the granite monument in the middle of the town-green in front of his house. He and they were honoring the symbol and ignoring the thing. 'Mouth honor, breath.' Let the old issue appear in a new guise, and that new guise was, to them, a disguise.

A fortnight earlier, the town of Lexington, now a comfortable, middle-class suburb where there are no very rich and no very poor, was celebrating its two hundredth anniversary. The press of the following day duly recorded that the speakers 'excoriated' the I.W.W. Now, while it is possible to look on the I.W.W. without unqualified approval, it is also possible to understand its syndicalism as the symptom of a disease. Lexington was denouncing the symptom under the impression that this was to eradicate

A MESSAGE TO THE MIDDLE CLASS

the disease. That the Spirit of '76, which it had commemorated with a gallant bronze statue by Mr. Kitson on the town common, is in our midst again in the form of a labor revolt had not even remotely occurred to these ancestor-worshippers. They were Elmporting.

Certain enterprising students of history (who have suspected that there are some aspects which fail to get themselves written in books which publishers can afford to print) have made the enlightening discovery that the abolitionists in the '50's were saying things about the flag much more revolting, to people whose loyalty was more implicit than discriminating, than anything yet uttered by our Etters and our Haywoods. They, too, were hated, feared, and 'excoriated.' They, too, were upbraided for assailing our 'national institutions' (among which was the institution of chattel slavery), by people whose intentions were of the best, whose business transactions were at least commercially honest, whose private lives were above reproach, and whose only error was the somewhat serious one of having got their patriotism wrong-side-up-with-care. A ship in distress sets its colors fluttering in the rigging in the reverse position. Let a middle class reflect that it is quite humanly possible to steer a ship of state into distress by too persistently honoring the flag — union down.

At Gettysburg, on the same day that Elmport was parading, the great American middle class held an anniversary observance which was full of heartache. Did it occur to any of them that, had the nation listened to the voice of its conscience, in the abolitionists of the thirties and forties, there might have been a way to avoid the tempest of death that swept that field of horror? Did it occur to them that

for the want of that ear to hear they paid, as poor, heartsick Garrison said they would pay, in their blood, in their tears, and in the precious lives of their loved young men? Does it occur to their children, the American middle class of to-day, that we stand once more in the '50's, with the voices of the slavery abolitionists crying in the wilderness?

THE MESSAGE

I

Dear friends, let me beg you to hear me patiently. Let me beg you, most of all, to believe that I am not saying what I shall say for the fun of the thing. I would rather some one else said these things and said them better than I can; but I have waited for that some one to speak until I can wait no longer, for the time is growing short. You must let me do it as best I can, and make allowances for my bluntness, not for my sake but for your own; for there is no longer time to beat around the bush. And remember this: everything I shall say hurts my pride as much as it hurts yours, — or would, if I had not begun to see that in an hour like this, pride is a sorry guest. I, too, supposed that we were already doing all that could be expected of us, and found that we had shamefully betrayed our trust. And it stabbed me as shrewdly as it will stab you, if your consciences are what I think they are. For I am one of you. Your children have been my playmates, and your young men have been my loyal friends. I have buried my beloved dead with you, and with you I ask no greater honor than to be thought worthy to lie down to sleep when my work is done. I speak as a friend to friends, so let it be with the frankness which is the privilege of friendship.

II

Is it possible that you do not realize the jeopardy of your position? If your diplomats, under the flimsy pretext of national honor, are beguiled by wily financiers into a war for the pawing of investment chestnuts out of a foreign fire, you are the ones who must do their fighting,—and pay the taxes afterwards. If there is a panic, you pay the bills. Let an internal revolution come, and you are the ones who, unless you have the wit to see that your cause is one with the revolutionists', will be called out to 'put it down.' You are, and you always have been—all honor to you for it—the burden-bearers. And in your ignorance you are needlessly making them heavier.

Heavier they will be, too, before they are lighter. The store that once kept your family in comfort is being elbowed by price-manipulation, restricted credit, and favoritism to the chains of big establishments. Your snug practice, legal or medical, is challenged by the hordes of fledgling professionals crowded out of the academic nest each June by the popular delusion that a laity can support a swarm of practitioners on its bodies and estates by whom it is well-nigh outnumbered.

The frontier has vanished. To 'go west' to-day is to exchange a battle-field where you can fight among friends for a battlefield exactly like it except that you must fight among strangers. The schooling which once equipped your children for their grapple with life now delivers them over to the mercy of any employer whom the fierce necessities of competition force to coin their youth and their ambition into his narrow margins of profit. Your reddest blood is steadily draining into the cities. There, if it escapes defilement, it is thinned by artificial standards of living which are fast reducing

wives and children to the position of luxuries for the few. Your city children marry late, if at all; and the children they think they can afford are half the number they would normally desire.

Meanwhile, the manufacturers are bracing open the gates to Southern European immigration, partly because it is cheaper to produce wares with low-priced human machines than with higher-priced patented machines,—in many cases invented but uninstalled until an alarmed middle class, scenting the danger, shuts off the supply,—and partly in terror of the truth, that once this influx ceases, the now fluid racial and class alignments will solidify and gripe our national vitals with a class-struggle, within a generation. Rather than face the gale and live it out, they are willing to run before it at the cost of shattering the vessel on a lee shore.

The competitive tide of this lower standard of living is pitilessly creeping up your own shins. You feel the chill, mock yourselves with the vain assurance that it will crawl no higher, and protest desperately against a thing known to you as the high cost of living. And you lend a credulous ear to any politician with contempt enough for your intelligence to assure you that it can be mended by tariff-revision, currency reform, restriction of immigration, control of trusts, or any or all of these, including an underdone hash of economic compromises styled Progressivism.

Now it happens that the procession is already moving at a rate which leaves none too much time for a middle class to put itself at the head of it. Those who were complaining six years ago that it was moving at glacier speed are now complaining that it is moving like an avalanche. For every great revolution is preceded by a period of unrest which generates its own momen-

A MESSAGE TO THE MIDDLE CLASS

tum. The symptoms of these birth-throes are always the same: challenge of betrayed stewardships and a pitching of traditions into the dust-bin. Cromwell was a child of revolution, not a father. The skeptic philosophers had leveled the Bastille years before 'wine-merchant Cholat turned impromptu cannoneer'; an academic discussion of the rights of man primed those muskets at Lexington; yet in this hour which makes the most supreme demand on your patriotism since those decades of anti-slavery agitation which kindled the fires of the sixties, you are braying yourselves hoarse over professional baseball.

It is cold comfort to be told by historians that 'the middle class defied the Pope in the fifteenth century and won the greatest revolution in history; it cut off the head of Charles I in 1649 and of Louis XVI in 1793; it won the American War of Independence; finally, only a generation ago, it fought the Civil War'; for this may mean merely that disputes which might have been settled by your brains had to be settled by your blood; that an alert social conscience might have avoided that ghastly river of slaughter through which we have always been wading to justice and 'peace.' But even if no watching and working and praying in 1850 could have averted that crushing sacrifice of strong and beautiful young men, is it so certain that the wage-slavery of 1914 is a responsibility less freighted with tragic possibilities? It is fifty years since Lord Macaulay wrote:

'Your republic will be as fearfully plundered and laid waste by barbarians in the twentieth century as the Roman Empire was in the fifth; with this difference, that the Huns and Vandals who ravaged the Roman Empire came from without, and that your Huns and Vandals will have been

engendered within your own country and by your own institutions.'

Nor should this be construed to impugn the character and good intentions of our recent immigrants. For whatsoever vandalism they engender, we shall have the neglect and oppression of them, permitted by you under our own government in our own mill cities, to thank. It is twenty years since William Clarke concurred: —

'Had you predicted to a Roman senator that the splendid Graeco-Roman cities would be given to the flames and that the Roman senate and legions would be trampled down by hordes of ignorant barbarians, he would have smiled, offered you another cup of Falernian wine, and changed the subject . . . But are there no barbarians? . . . They are in our midst.'

Who that has seen the streets of a city in strike-time patrolled like an armed camp, can rid his brain of that pestering image of society as the fool dancing on the crust? Also, it is one of history's axioms that the social order which conceives change as least likely is the most liable to change.

The poor know what they want. The rich know what they do not want. *You* — hardly know that a dispute is going on. For while the poor, in the stress of a desperate strike, can rise to an incredible pitch of heroism for what they regard as a principle, and while the rich, stung by conscience, will do what they can under the circumstances of their false position, you have never even dreamed of the abysmal unimportance of practically everything that is thought about and talked about in the middle-class society to which you belong.

I know: it is not so long since you pulled your own feet out of that deadly mire of poverty. There it lurks, still, too close for comfort. The day's routine fags you, soul and body. You

come home, as I do or as anybody does, with a furrow between your eyebrows, asking nothing but to be allowed to forget for a few hours. But, — by the Eternal, brother! — I say to you that the way to escape your troubles is not to forget but to consider the troubles of the other fellow.

You who live in the small towns and in the country, — yes, even you of the city suburbs, reply: ‘How can we be expected to understand these things? We cannot understand what we do not see.’

From the windows of a train rolling through the steel-mill district of a Great Lakes port, you look on gaunt chimneys belching flame, a smoke-stained heaven and befouled tenements where the workers snatch their brief rest before hurrying back to the inferno which burns their lives away. The man in the seat ahead pulled down his window-shade. On an impulse, he was asked, ‘Why did you pull down your shade?’ ‘To shut out that dreadful sight,’ said he, quite simply, ‘it is too horrible to think of.’ ‘Too horrible for you to think of; yet not too horrible for some one else to live in?’ ‘But what can a man like me do?’

You can stop pulling down the shade.

III

But do not suppose that in your present uninstructed state you are any more fit to grapple with these duties than a flat-chested stripling is fit for a college football game. Mere good intentions will not suffice. The brabbles of these last six years have at least proved that society is in a predicament where the private conscience of the individual, which served well enough for half a generation ago, cannot undertake duties which must be discharged by a public conscience of the community which is yet to be created. In

Elmport, where there was religious conscience enough to float off a revival in sinners’ tears, there was not enough social conscience to wet an eyelash. This elder conscience imagines that to avert revolution the one thing needful is to sit on the safety-valve. To ease an acute crisis it will cheerfully abrogate every civil right for which Anglo-Saxons have struggled since Magna Charta was wrested from slippery King John, all on the serene supposition that it is ‘master of the situation.’ Ministers, in moments of candor, have confessed their distress at having to recognize that parishioners who conform to every traditional test of righteousness, ‘people you can’t help loving,’ nevertheless stand in some public relation to the community in which they are not only obstructionists but actively mischievous. No amount of willingness to do the right thing will get the right thing done, so long as the huge mass of these well-intentioned people is conscientiously bent on the *wrong* thing. You must first chew up the facts very fine—a tough mouthful; and you must next digest them well; it will need a strong stomach.

You protest that the gentlemen, who, to preserve incomes of five figures, persist in steering us into these deadly perils, are good husbands and kind fathers. I am forced to remind you that the political refugees in the Plymouth Colony, to whom you owe whatsoever free institutions have been spared to you by nineteenth-century industrialism, warmly applauded their English brethren for beheading a monarch on whose behalf a large slice of horrified middle class — your own prototypes — urged that identical plea. If a Stuart king’s was an acute case requiring a desperate remedy, what assurance have we that a powerful monarch, who had achieved the wedlock of the domestic virtues and the

A MESSAGE TO THE MIDDLE CLASS

public vices, was any more menacing to the common weal in the seventeenth century than a powerful owning (and therefore governing) class, which has achieved the union of personal irreproachability and industrial tyranny, is in the twentieth? So shrewdly has this dual standard been thrust home to us that we are daily out-faced by the spectacle of men whose 'fine personal characters' we would all but gladly barter for a man who, though he might be a knave in his private life, would yet shape his public life to some sense of social decency — and those who ask why corrupt politicians are continually elected and make, on the whole, fairly acceptable administrators, are directed to re-peruse the first half of this sentence.

To particularize: a venerable physician, chairman of the board of health, had been, in the days when registration of contagious disease was a new idea, a valuable officer. In an age of preventive medicine he is an anachronism. But his salary is his sole income. As a good husband and kind father, his duty to his family forbids him to resign. His tenure of office postpones sanitary and housing reforms for the want of which scores of babies are, as a matter of record, annually dying. This innocent slaughterer of innocents would be outraged at a charge of murder. Yet, as between this good husband and kind father of unimpeachably 'fine personal character,' and an officer of possibly loose morals who would scientifically attack infant mortality, could any sane public policy pause a minute to choose?

I do not say that the domestic virtues on which a middle class in every age has justly prided itself are the less important (though I can see on every hand situations in which they are wholly irrelevant, not to say inadequate); what I do say is that they are

not enough. And my protest rebounds from a besotted self-esteem (not incompatible with countenancing wages insufficient for decent living while practicing the domestic virtue of monogamy itself) which keeps shrieking that they *are* enough. Which has led an eminent sociologist to declare that we are in a situation where 'the judgment of the conventionally "good" citizen may be unwittingly as evil as that of the worst criminal.' What is more, the head-in-sand policy now in force is the very worst preparation for, as well as the surest guarantee of, a day of wrath to come. Your militia would not save you, not even if they mowed down strikers with Gatling guns, as they have done. Nor need you look to be rescued by your rich relations. And since you are the ones who must settle this muddle, if you are to save your institutions and your ideals, to say nothing of yourselves, why not be about it? Grow a new species of social responsibility on the healthy old stalk of your personal characters. For if we cannot shoulder new duties, life has a way of jostling us aside to make room for those who can.

But if your ignorance is more perilous to society than the righteous discontent of an idealistic working class, you have at least the excuse that the machinery which, if it is to go on, must keep you in the dark, has well-nigh perfected a process whereby you are automatically misinformed, or not informed at all. I use these impersonal terms to describe it because it is not, as syndicalists and other radicals believe, the conscious invention of knaves. That were too sweet a flattery. It grew. It was the line of least resistance. It was nourished by a cowards' truce which offered every reward for compromise and every penalty for telling the truth. Thus it is that you are the victims of a vast social conspiracy

of silence, quite as universal and far more effective than the conspiracy of silence which you delude yourselves into believing has concealed the facts of sex from your children. This conspiracy is involuntary. The minister who declares that he has always felt free to utter anything from his pulpit which he felt impelled to say has simply never been impelled to say anything which he did not feel free to utter.

IV

You would not expect the ticket-seller at a baseball field to volunteer the private information to the crowd at his window that a thunderstorm was coming, even if he knew and had it on the authority of the weather bureau. In the first place, as the manager would point out as he kicked him off the field, the weather bureau might be wrong — as well it might. Besides, both ticket-seller and manager might, in the face of overwhelming evidence to the contrary, be able to persuade themselves that the storm would blow over. Do not suppose, therefore, that it will be easy to obtain the kind of information you need from the three great organs of public instruction — the colleges, the churches, and the newspapers. They are only vaguely aware that anything is afoot, and what they do know they call by false names, in the desperate superstition that the sun of that red dawn can be cheated out of rising by a common agreement to call it the moon. Do not be deceived by their vehement denials into believing that these charges are untrue in the main because they can, here and there, by the case-system of 'I-know-of-an-instance' disprove them in a few particulars. They are the ticket-sellers, and their every mental process is so colored by subserviency to a class view of affairs that they are

honestly not aware of any constraint on their tongues, — which is quite the most hopeless part of it. A convenient formula for this fact is that *people are not cussed: they are only blind.*

When I speak of the churches, I speak not of the clergymen but of their congregations, — of you, to be explicit. In a time when prophets and righteous men have discovered that, rich and poor, scholar and deck-hand, we are all lost or all saved together, and that the surest path to salvation is to forget that you have a soul in making the lot of your fellow man such that he can seek salvation, — by the same path, — your doctrine is still insisting that the all-important is to save your own souls. That we must all succeed or all fail together; that the boulevard is never safe until the slum is safe; that 'an injury to one is an injury to all,' is a new kind of gospel which you have hitherto supposed applied only to the party necessarily in the wrong of industrial squabbles, never guessing that it may be a perfectly obvious first axiom of our social order in which we are all so indissolubly knit together that a wound in any part bleeds the whole.

The ministers, poor fellows, are bursting with this message — if you would only untie the gag. To their everlasting honor be it acknowledged that they are, as it is, blowing up in their pulpits and resigning at the rate of about one a week. They see that the church has, in the moral life of the community, only a veto power. It can no longer enact, or enforce. As with the doctor, we have made the minister a tradesman. We hire the doctor to save our bodies by a particular method of homœopathy, allopathy, osteopathy. We hire the minister to save our souls on the same principle. The doctors have discovered that the way to eradicate disease is not to cure but to prevent it. The ministers have begun to

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take the hint from medicine. They have begun to suspect that the way to eradicate sin and suffering is not to wash souls for the next world but to provide tubs for the taking of a daily bath in this. Yet when our tradesman minister tries to substitute sin-prevention for the sin-cure which was generally fashionable at the end of the nineteenth century, we quite naturally complain that this is not the article we bargained for, and buy our wares of another tradesman who keeps the kind we use. The formula for this transaction is: 'Stick to the gospel and let business alone.' The pinch is that the extra bathtubs for souls in this world would have to be paid for out of the dividend checks of the congregation. In Elmport, you recall, it was the church people who defeated the housing ordinance. Besides, a congregation, well knowing that a business run on strictly Christian principles would, as things are, last about fifteen minutes, so resents the exposure of this connived-at imposture that a minister courageous enough to proclaim practical Christianity does so fully realizing that the consequence may be dismissal. The one thing middle-class Christians most resent is Christianity.

Nor need you expect to be told of the thunderstorm by your colleges. To expect them to assume a moral leadership which would instantly pitch them into conflict with the rich testator whose favor they are obliged to woo is to expect fire to be wet. For them to plan on building them more stately mansions — dormitories, chapels, lecture halls — by attacking the methods whereby their donors accumulated the funds would be to suppose a testatorial magnanimity which the history of will-making does not bear out. It is shrewd comment that the radical clubs in the colleges were started, not by the faculty, but by the students; which is to say,

not by the employees of these knowledge factories, but by their customers, who created a demand for goods which had not been on sale. Within the year, the professors of political economy have taken steps to protect their freedom of speech — the first academic trade-union. Waste no reproaches on the presidents and faculties for having betrayed a stewardship. No more than you or I can they afford to quarrel with their bread-and-butter.

The greatest engine of all is the sorriest out of gear. It is not so much that the newspapers are edited from their business offices: it is not so much that they are directly edited by their advertisers. They are edited out of the timidities and prejudices of you, their middle-class readers. If your paper ventured to tell you the obvious truths, that for any able-bodied man or woman to live without working is a crime against society more grave than most of the offences which your judges punish with outrageously disproportionate sentences; that every penny of wealth is created by the community and rightly belongs to it; and that to take interest for money is probably wrong, you would stop a paper which printed such seditious blasphemies and buy one which told you what you wished to hear. A newspaper-owner is an ordinary man, counseled by the peculiarly public nature of his business to be extraordinarily cautious. It is easy for him to keep friendly with his advertisers since both realize in a tacit cordiality that their bread is buttered on the same side. The reporters are overworked, underpaid, and too blasé with the eternal excitements of their trade to consider what it all means, even if they had the wit to guess. The prophet Isaiah might speak to them with the tongues of men and of angels, and the morning papers would record that 'the prophet Isaiah also spoke.'

Those editors who do guess what it all means are so embittered by the quantities of political and commercial scandal which they know ought to be printed and will not be, that disillusionment and cynicism have put them into moral bankruptcy,— I speak of those who have the intelligence to realize their humiliating position. The others are not even aware of the fundamental fallacy,— that whereas we assume the newspaper— this tremendous organ of public thought — to be a public institution operated in the public interest, it is privately owned and operated for private profit. When the interests of the public clash with the interests of the owners, as they do hundreds of times a day, to suppose that the proprietors will espouse the public cause to the detriment of their own is to suppose that they will behave differently from all the other tradesmen into whose class we have thrust them.

The only two parties who know that the newspapers are not to be trusted are the radicals who maintain a none-too-trustworthy press of their own, and a small group of financiers who pay a statistician a high price for a weekly news-service on the understanding that they alone are to have the advantage of acting on the information it contains. Naturally, both these news-services, the radical press and the confidential letters, contain the same material — what is left out of the daily papers. You have yourselves to thank. Your editors, as tradesmen, do not keep goods for which they see no demand. They see no demand for news of the rumblings of industrial revolution; therefore it is not for sale. Yet it is not quite so innocent as that. The remark of the journalist in Ibsen's *Rosmersholm* pretty well formulates the science of American journalism: 'I shall omit nothing that the public need know.'

It is not that the press is a liar. The editor does not print it because you readers do not want it: you readers do not want it because the editor does not print it. The colleges do not teach it because educated people do not demand it: educated people do not demand it because the colleges have never taught them its importance. The clergymen do not preach it because their polite congregations dislike having their sensibilities harrowed — the wheel comes full circle. And so the vicious spiral winds snake-like, poisoning our free institutions with this vast unofficial censorship, infinitely more effective than any official censorship — the universal and truth-killing gospel of Hush!

From all of which this much is certain: *you are not getting the news.*

And justice requires that your excuse be added: you are not getting the news because you are not sufficiently aroused to demand it; and you are not sufficiently aroused to demand it because you are not getting the news.

V

Even if your schools and colleges, however, could afford to be honest tradesmen, the wares they are selling are rapidly becoming not worth your purchase. They belong to a time when education was for the few. When educated men were scarce they could sell their disciplined brains in a virgin market. Then the news went out that higher education meant good pay, and the past three decades have so glutted the market for these disciplined brains that we are now confronted with the incongruity of the trade-union-protected plumber in greasy overalls commanding better pay than the 'professional' in a white collar whose training involved an outlay of five thousand dollars. The spread of higher education has spoiled the market; and your

mere college graduate, untrained to any special profession, is even more at the mercy of the employer, and lucky if the white collar which is his badge of respectability is not also the badge of his life-servitude. You have not heard the news, which is that the money is no longer in the white-collar job; it is in the greasy-overalls job. So, while the skilled artisan has a commodity always in demand and for which his union will enable him to exact a pretty good price, you are still pathetically forcing your sons' necks into this yoke of respectability.

And what is this respectability for which you have always been such sticklers?

A hasty review of his personal acquaintance will satisfy any candid person that it is quite possible for a man to lie, cheat, steal, slander, and commit wholesale industrial murder, provided he does so respectably. This does not mean that he must not get caught. It means merely that he must not compromise himself legally. Respectability is the act of keeping friendly with the police. It might be forgiven the offense of putting crime on a genteel footing had it not also put all the mighty passions of generous enthusiasm under the social taboo of 'bad taste.' Mrs. Pankhurst, of whom a modern poet has written,

And Jesus Christ has come again with whips,—
you respectables consider a wicked notoriety-seeker whose financial transactions, you would like to suspect, would not bear scrutiny. Tolstoi, if you knew more of him than that you have been told that he wrote indecent stories, you would consider a crank who made himself and everybody around him uncomfortable over the wrongs of the poor when he had enough himself. In short, a reformer (which is to say, a Christian) is, with you, a dan-

gerous person who upsets families,—the tranquillity of your own being the supremest social millenium your imagination can envisage.

But is that domestic security of yours so certain? I speak now not of possible revolution, but of probable extinction. Brusquely as you are being elbowed out of business, you are being elbowed more brusquely still out of your very existence. The most deadly process of extermination known to history is at work decimating your numbers,—the voluntary restriction of birthrate under economic pressure. It is no mere coincidence that the only two classes which maintain their normal birthrate are those too ignorant to know the means and the economic advantages of reducing the fruitfulness of marriage, and those directly under the intimidation of the Roman priesthood, which combats this practice with the powerful instrument of the confessional. It is enough merely to name this grinning spectre which makes an unbidden third at the bridal breakfast, which stalks through silent rooms where troops of children should be romping at their play, which stands at the bedside even in the holy hour of childbirth. The suffering this has cost you would make my dwelling on it a needless cruelty except to ask whether you can now see whither this iniquitous social and economic system is forcing you—this system whereby the many work and the few batten on the profits. You probably know that your Anglo-Saxon blood has already ceased to predominate in this country. It is not alone that the oligarchy of money is fast reducing you industrially; but that this property-worship and dividendolatry are sucking the very blood from the veins of the nation, penalizing marriage, killing your children unborn, killing your very race.

Do not suppose that these words

spring from hatred of the rich. And do not make the blunder of hating the rich. Lift not your hands to them for help, nor in hatred, for they as impotently move as you or I. Hate the order which made them rich to their poverty, and help them to make an end of it.

You have one refuge: to cast in your lot with the under-dog. Unless you accept the leadership, it will pass from you, as it has done before, to another class who are the idealists. Their need has made them so. They stretch hands to you for help.

Make no mistake about this. You will have to think hard and think twice. All your traditions, all your teaching, all your ambitions have bidden you aspire to the estate just above you. The only refuge from capitalism which the capitalist has offered you is to become a capitalist. The prize which has been dangled just beyond your fist is the contemptible existence of living without working. You have always been taught that once you had scrambled through the doorway to the employing and owning class you would be safe. You have seen that doorway contract. You have seen it grow harder and harder for your sons to fight their way in; you have seen the sons of those already in thrust out. You have seen the struggle turn murderous.

They are still telling you that your only refuge from the mire of poverty lies in getting in. Does it ever occur to you that your only hope lies in exactly the opposite direction — in keeping out, in persuading others to keep out, and in joining forces with the plundered and the outcast? Does it ever occur to you that if your pity drew you to take sides with the oppressed, your unlooked-for reward would be a sudden and overwhelming power to end oppression? Does it ever occur to you that, once you joined forces with the

poor (who, you have been told, cannot help you), together you would be suddenly invincible and need no longer dread each other, — nor the rich, nor poverty?

VI

Golden pour of summer sunshine over Elmport: churchbells booming their solemn noonday jubilation; sunlight and shadows of foliage flickering on the white walls of the ancient houses; blue-coated veterans marching with faces stern and set; 'Lawrence Police' on the badges of the constabulary; and, over the empty, silent mill, flowing gallantly to the noon breeze, in bitter mockery, — the national colors.

I had journeyed to Elmport to see an old New England town celebrate its great national holiday of political liberty during a struggle for industrial liberty. I had seen the foreign immigrants eager, interested, and respectful,—if a bit puzzled,—watching the American middle-class protest against syndicalism.

That protest was a bit absurd. But there was in it a deeper pang, an ache of pathos which struck to the heart. It was so well meant. It was so utterly beside the point. A town piteously bewildered. It knew that a justice of the superior court and a saintly bishop were stockholders in the Elmport mill, and that therefore the strikers must be in the wrong. The townspeople were saying to the I.W.W. (*which had accepted the leadership which they themselves had rejected*): 'You challenge our institutions. We answer your challenge by pointing to our flag,—the flag for which, in tears and agony, we gave our young sons to death in battle half a century ago. Our eyes are full of angry tears, and our hearts are full of bitterness at your insult. For the future, affront this flag at your peril!'

Such was the reply at Elmport. Such

A REPLY

is the reply of that old New England of which this little town of Elmport is but the magnifying lens. Such is the reply of the American middle class from ocean to ocean. It does not understand. It will not sympathize. It can only intensely resent.

And now let me tell you the answer of radicalism to the middle class.

It is the basement of the Belgian hall in Lawrence. Overhead, a strike meeting is in progress. Except for its occasional thunders, down here all is order and quiet. At a long table, thirty children are eating their evening meal. They are saying nothing because most of them are too little to talk, and if they could, there are hardly any two who could understand each other's tongues. Every morsel they are tucking into their tiny mouths is the gift of a family

in some other New England mill city which has gone without in order to be able to send it.

A strike-leader, who had been haranguing the meeting, came downstairs from the hall above, flushed with denunciation. Something in the communal aspect of the table, some strange hush of sacramental quietude as these children sat in the deepening dusk eating the bread of sacrifice, brought a quick gush of tears to his eyelids. He turned away murmuring, 'Is this as near to the brotherhood of man as we can come?'

Dear friends, would it not be better to stop calling this radicalism? Would it not be better to call it the good news of that kind elder brother of us all, the carpenter of Nazareth?

A REPLY

I

MY FRIEND, —

Your words sink deep. They voice a human passion enduring through the generations, never absent but seldom articulate. They conjure up the ancient vision of comfort shared equally among all men, — an infinite inheritance, infinitely divided, a world where there shall be no more elder brothers sitting in the sun. You who write them reason from your longing and argue from your desire, and you ask an answer not from the head but from the heart. Argument will not give you peace, nor will logic curb your aspiration. You touch the hidden springs of feeling and loose emotions too dumbly

held in check. Your letter, read and pondered, should make us better men and women, not from fear but from understanding and from love. And yet it is of fear that you bid us take counsel. Revolution, you say, presses at our heels; we cannot save ourselves. Then let us turn, as you have turned, and fling ourselves upon the mercy of those who pursue.

Who are these pursuers, these close-locked ranks of toilers who, you would have us believe, form the army of human brotherhood? As I look back and watch them, I see, not one crusading army of the masses advancing shoulder to shoulder, step for step, but host after host of classes sundered by gulfs deep as those which divide the

middle class from the plutocracy. I see the trade-unions in their rigid ranks and the marauding bands of syndicalists hating them with a bitter hate. I see the socialists plotting a new world-despotism, the anarchists a new world-chaos, and behind them a multitude greater far than all of these, a mass of stragglers, the inefficient, the unfortunate, those who can be helped and those who must go down, each bound to his neighbor by no belief, no thought in common except the single hope of crawling up into the air and light; no outer union among them except the common support of the overwhelming burden of life. Is this the army you ask me to join? Will it profit these men if I eat their bread? Those who have will not welcome me. Those who have not will tear from me what little I still have. No; I reject your eloquent appeal. I will not trust my fears. Whether safety exists, I do not know. One thing I know: it cannot lie behind.

Watch more closely still and see the discord among those who follow. See how the rank and file of socialists mistrust and hate and use the 'intellectuals' who sit at ease and spin their theoretic webs. Look at your practical leaders, your Haywoods, your Ettors, your Tannenbaums, and at those nearer friends of yours who affrighted the good citizens of Elport. It is not new order they desire, but present disorder; not evolution, but flux. That was an instructive congress the other day in New York. The socialists were in conclave debating the 'reorganization' of society with completest forms of parliamentary procedure, when in trooped two-score sturdy representatives of Direct Action. In a trice the debate became a dispute, the dispute a struggle, the struggle a riot. Chairs were splintered, heads broken, before the police pacified as spirited a fracas as capital and labor can boast of on the

most apposite occasion. The incident is typical. Discipline and order are not easily born among men.

II

Discipline and order! Think what they mean. This human race which you and your easy thinkers expect to remould in a generation has been to school for a thousand thousand years learning their rudiments. Think of the aeons which elapsed from the time man first stood upright in the twilight of the woods to the age when he first struck fire and came dully to see in that kindled blaze the fixed centre of a little world made by the woman and their children. And then think of the ages which followed as the tiny groups began to cling to one another for protection and to buy order at the cost of restraint and self-denial. And so to the dawn of history, on and on, through the centuries when order is called by its historic name — civilization — and the wise learn to know that, in spite of all the sin and crimes it has answered for, order alone can give them the peace, the security, the happiness they crave.

You sappers and miners of the order we have built cry out against marriage and the hostages it gives to fortune. Without those hostages life itself is of little worth; yet who would wish for children left behind to chance it in a rocking world? Yours is a gambler's stake, and, like the gambler, you would spin the earth round and round till it stops at your own number. We toil and skimp and save, buying with our own lives some leisure for our children, drawing hope from the past, living for the future. To you, those Elporters who raised the flag in sign of discipline, of order, and of country were contemptible fools. Fools they may have been, but not contemptible.

Startled from the sleep of security, frightened, bursting with passionate thoughts they could not utter, they turned to the flag which to them meant all the glorious words they longed to say and all the splendid deeds they longed to do. Poor, incompetent people, brought face to face with a fearful crisis, holding up their starry symbol like priests holding a cross to shield them from a conflagration. Preposterous it was and futile and touching as human nature is apt to be, but it had in it something at least of that symbolic consecration in which men kneel before the wafer and the wine.

Of the predicament of the middle class you speak full truth. We are brayed as in a mortar. Wages are submerging salaries. The clergyman must employ a plumber at twice his own salary. The clerk is helpless in the clutches of the carpenter. Our present is dark and our future dim enough, but we must remember that hitherto we have struggled unorganized against an organized world. The huge lever of collective bargaining has never even been set up for middle-class use, and it is quite possible that once in working order, this machine may be used as a powerful auxiliary in battling against extortion from below as well as against exactation from above. But — and this is a lesson neither you nor yours have ever learned — social machinery, though it may make the world a fairer place to live in, will never create new wealth. The prime reason that the cost of living mounts so inexorably is written in our statute books. Every law to help the poor, most laws to curb the rich, cost money. Better housing conditions, grade-crossings, municipal improvements, cost money. Sounder health, easier communication, happier environment, bring dividends in the end, but improvement spells expense, and I, for one, thank God that this is

so. Things are precious as they are costly. When we make gifts we must pay for them and feel the pinching of our wallets. Straitened as it is, the middle class, by virtue of that very book-education which you deplore, holds the balance of power. It still makes public opinion, and at its command are inscribed upon the statute books laws which make the world a more equitable but a more expensive place. Let us recognize the full extent of this truth. These gifts freely given are costly to the givers. Sacrifice made them possible, and it is sacrifice which gives them worth.

History is already recording that this is the age of uniformity. There is but one general standard of a life well lived, and that is success. The standard is base enough, but it is not so base as the interpretation which, in this country at least, gives its significance a money value. We capitalize talent and ambition much as we capitalize pig-iron. No real aristocracy exists which recognizes either responsibility or attainment as essential to its character. The riband and the laurel are prizes for boys but not for men. The rich and the well-to-do have set out for a single goal and the poor have locked step behind them, marching all of us to the devil's tattoo of the dollars' chink. Those who have money and those who have more seem to block the whole wide road, and every man behind in the race strains forward in anger and in desperation to clutch the single prize.

Give us neither poverty nor riches. Few there are who have uttered that wise petition, but those to whom it has been granted belong to the middle class. They it is whose lives have chiefly branched into many-sided usefulness and who have enriched the common store of beauty, of wisdom, and of knowledge. They it is who, like successful adventurers in the animal

kingdom, differentiate the species and lead the march of life up the long spiral of evolution. And this variety, which is indeed the life-principle of progress, you ask us to relinquish. Your leaders hate it. Your masses fear it. They would destroy it root and branch, and at the price of its destruction you offer us safety.

III

You who ask us to give up our birth-right, what do you know of our history? It was we, the middle class, who made Rome, pumping our redder blood into the slackened arteries of the aristocracy and refilling our emptying veins from the best that ran below. It was we who brought light to the Dark Ages; we who curbed first the nobles and then the kings of Europe. Spain despised us and lost the primacy of nations. Russia shut us out, and her penalty has been two hundred years of bitterness and blood. You cannot take our heroes from us. Cromwell, you say, was the child of Revolution, and academic discussion primed the muskets at Lexington. Yes; but it is Oliver's glory that he turned rebellion into the law of democracy, and the Lexington minute-men rammed into their middle-class muskets the theories that middle-class genius gave them. We too, it is, who have brought education and industry into the modern world; and, please God, we shall bring peace.

And what have they brought, these friends of yours to whom you bid us turn? Theirs are the gifts which the hordes of Alaric brought to Rome, the Anabaptists to Germany, the Jacobins to France. Whatever their idealism, whatever their aspirations, they have never won a victory unmarked by stupidity and cruelty. The men whom they have chosen as leaders have ever guided them deeper into the morass. Cleon and Jack Cade and Marat have

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led them as Debs and Jim Larkin and Moyer are leading them now. Once, and once only, in modern times, have they been triumphant: the hideous excess, the ruinous reaction of the French Revolution are their enduring monument.

I have said that theirs have been the gifts of death, but they have brought us one gift of strength and life — their need. Their necessities have been our salvation. Their suffering has saved us from ourselves. Heaven knows we have not been unselfish. We have been hard enough and grinding enough and buried deep enough in plans for money and for comfort, but the sense that the poor are with us has never quite gone from our minds. We have trimmed the lamp of charity and kept it burning. Little by little, the flame has grown brighter and clearer until, in this century we have passed, we have begun to see how it may light the world. Here in America we have made education free to all. We have given homes to thirty million people. In countless ways we have alleviated suffering and extended opportunity. There's a century's work for you! And now we are creating parks and playgrounds, revolutionizing the living conditions of the poor in cities, banishing disease, organizing from the moneys of the rich, huge unselfish companies to aid in the emancipation of the poor, and gradually introducing into business life the honest principle of dividing profits with the workers. To the trite platitude that the world was never advancing so fast in material prosperity as it does to-day, it may truthfully be added that the vast increment in life's satisfactions goes, in the main, not to the rich, or the middle class, but to the poor.

IV

You who labor with your hands, these things are yours — yours in in-

A REPLY

creasing measure, largely through our efforts. Let us press the work on through another century and we will multiply them fourfold. Stand aside and let us keep our shoulders to the wheel. We do not ask your gratitude. We do not want it. But the justice which is ever on your lips and on your banners, that we ask in our turn. You do part of the work; you claim all the profit. You wish to direct our business; you decline to be responsible for our losses. You hate us because we are wiser and more prudent than you. We recognize merit and promote it from your ranks. The more successful of you slam the door of opportunity in the faces of those who follow. In spite of our own greed, we still think of others. You think only of yourselves. We are all of us the materialized children of a century of industrialism, but in you that materialism grows most rank. When you have bread, you cry for meat; when you have water, you cry for wine. Shorter hours, more money, better food, less work — these are ever your demands; never more learning, more beauty, more service.

It is hard, I know, to thirst for lovely things when the body's needs press relentlessly upon you — yet the saints have bloomed from poverty as blossoms from the dirt. And if, as perhaps you believe, high desires are the fruits of leisure, I ask you to look at those front ranks of labor which, as your spokesman truly says, are passing us in comfort. Can you see spirituality in their sleek content? Is there idealism there? Is there aspiration unmeasured by the yard-stick and the dollar? I tell you that the very priest in his pulpit, who prays for things eternal, is distrusted by laboring men because his sermon is not for their physical comfort, nor his prayer for their advancement in the world.

And now we come to the pith and marrow of the matter. The age of faith is past. The manna which has fed the human spirit so long has been abandoned for grosser food. No longer do men seek re-creation and refreshment at those exhaustless springs whose waters heal with the gifts of patience, of confidence, and of love. Have you not seen how the socialists regard that starving band of 'sentimentalists' who call themselves *Christian Socialists*? Verily, the Science of Marx has lost its science, but has not found its God. Have you not heard Giovannitti plead for the 'law' of beasts, as though heart and mind and spirit could batten at a trough? There is little enough religion in the world to-day, but among the forces which organize social discontent its absence is most utter. The heavy-laden turn from Him who alone has peace to offer, and seek to find it in sharing the loot of the world.

By bread alone we cannot live. In the dim haze of the future this truth stands boldly out. Either human society will fly apart in a myriad atoms, each impotently seeking its own safety and going singly to destruction as sparks go out in the dark; or else the cleavage between class and class, the gaps between man and man, will dwindle to insignificance in the faith that life is patterned on one limitless design whose tiniest figure soars beyond our knowledge and in whose ancient web our lives are stitches, false or true, marring or making the universal work. Only thus can man never be alien from man. Only thus can we enter upon that infinite inheritance of joy craved by every one alike. For as the saint saith, Never will you enjoy the world 'till you can sing and rejoice and delight in God as misers do in gold and kings in sceptres.'

E. S.

UNION PORTRAITS

I. JOSEPH HOOKER

BY GAMALIEL BRADFORD

I

To say that the outer man was the best part of Hooker would be manifestly unjust. But all agree that the outer man was magnificent. He was tall, thoroughly martial in bearing, with blonde hair, finely cut features, an expressive mouth, and large gray eyes full of fire and sympathy. The rich glow of his complexion characterized him from boyhood, so that an enthusiastic female admirer declared when he left West Point, that with his ruddy cheeks, blue coat, and white trousers, he was a perfect epitome of the American flag. Villard thought only one other man in the whole army, Hancock, approached Hooker in the splendor of his exterior. But General Walker observes shrewdly, 'He was handsome and picturesque in the extreme, but with a fatally weak chin.' Turn to almost any of the portraits and you will see what General Walker means. Bear it in mind in our further study.

Hooker was a Massachusetts man, born in Hadley in 1814. His father seems to have had no great force of character, but his mother was high-principled, energetic, and had much influence over her children. It is said that she intended her son for the church. Failing this, she doubtless supplemented the education given him at the local academy, and sent him to West Point

with the average mental equipment of a cadet of that day.

At West Point he did not stand very high. But there is a notable legend that he would have stood much higher than twenty-eighth in his class, if his decided combative tendencies had not injured him with the faculty. Whether this be true or not, straight-out fighting was his line in life. Where he could fight, he succeeded. Where he could not, his success was much less marked. And he sometimes fought those who should not have been his enemies.

In the Mexican War he won distinction and deserved it. He showed personal bravery and the rarer gift of inspiring bravery in others. Thrice he was brevetted, a distinction which fell to few others, if to any. He served on the staff of General Pillow, and his enthusiastic biographer asserts that he furnished 'all the brains and most of the energy and industry to be found at the headquarters of that division.' Perhaps this is slightly exaggerated.

Everybody knows that Hooker was called 'Fighting Joe.' Not everybody knows that the name was not given by the troops but in pure accident by a newspaper compositor, who, having to interpret the telegraphic abbreviation 'fighting — Joe Hooker,' dropped the dash and created a world-known sobriquet. Hooker did not like the name, or said he did not; thought that it made him seem like a highwayman or bandit.

And perhaps it has hurt him as much as it has helped him.

When the Civil War began, Hooker was entirely suited. He did not receive a commission till after Bull Run, but in the Peninsula battles nobody did better fighting than he. At Williamsburg his division distinguished itself highly.

'In every engagement,' says General Rusling, 'he always seemed to know what to do and when to do it.' McClellan, indeed, depreciated his subordinate and there was not much kindness between them. But in this instance history justifies Hooker. And his own reported comment on his commander's coldness is a pleasant example of the frank humor which must have been an element of his social charm. 'I say, Mott, it seems to me you and I, and your Jersey Blues, and the Excelsior Brigade, were not at Williamsburg at all. Hancock did the business.'

This social charm was felt by all who came closely into contact with the general, and for this and other things he was unquestionably much beloved by his troops. He talked with them as man to man, took a personal interest in their doings, did not let great affairs thrust out little kindnesses. General Rusling once went to his division commander to get leave for an invalid, and was refused even attention. Then he made his way to Hooker, at that time commander-in-chief. 'Let me have the paper,' Hooker said. 'I'll show General — a "leave" can be granted without his approval in a case like this.' When Berry was killed, Hooker 'with tears in his eyes kissed his forehead and said, "My God, Berry, why was the man on whom I relied so much to be taken away in this manner?"' These things touch the soldier's heart, touch any man's. Hooker was just, too, and fair in dealing with his subordinates. General Reynolds writes me: 'I was with him every day for eight

months, and I say without hesitancy, I never knew a man who tried to be fairer and treat every one more justly than he did. He would treat the lowest in rank with the same courtesy as the highest, and no commander was more beloved by his troops than was he by the 20th Corps.'

The fighting reputation that Hooker had won on the Peninsula continued and increased through the second Bull Run campaign and at Antietam, where he was wounded after doing great damage to the Confederate left. His energy and vigor showed, not only in bare fighting, but in strenuous effort to keep his troops responsive and his officers efficient. With what force does he express himself against an attempt to deprive him of one of the best of them. 'I have just been shown an order relieving Brigadier-General Reynolds from the command of a division in my corps. I request that the major-general commanding will not heed this order; a scared governor ought not to be permitted to destroy the usefulness of an entire division of the army on the eve of important operations.'

But his most attractive mood is undoubtedly that in which he feels the thrill and enthusiasm of actual battle. 'The whole morning had been one of unusual animation to me and fraught with the grandest events. The conduct of the troops was sublime, and the occasion almost lifted me to the skies, and its memories will ever remain with me.'

This was at Antietam, where there was triumph. Even finer, from a moral point of view, was the general's attitude at Fredericksburg, where there was defeat. Though he would expose his men regardlessly in battle, he was always thoughtful of their welfare, so far as was compatible with duty. When some neglect was shown in the handling of ambulances, his rebuke was severe. 'I regret more than all to

find two officers of my command, holding high and responsible positions, showing so little concern for the welfare and efficiency of the command to which they are assigned as to seek by artifice and unfairness to destroy one and disregard the other.' Hence it was that this fighter, this man who would face anything and was lifted almost to the skies by the exhilaration of combat, would not fling his soldiers against the impossible without a protest. When Burnside ordered the charge, 'I sent my aide to General Burnside to say that I advised him not to attack at that place. He returned saying that the attack must be made. I had the matter so much at heart that I put spurs to my horse and rode over here myself and tried to persuade General Burnside to desist from the attack. He insisted on its being made.' It was made, magnificently, and failed magnificently. Said Hooker of it later, with caustic frankness: 'Finding that I had lost as many men as my orders required me to lose, I suspended the attack.'

Thus the country generally saw Hooker, on the eve of the battle of Chancellorsville, in April, 1863, a splendid, vigorous, successful soldier and corps-commander, full of fight, yet not without prudence, widely popular and fairly trusted. The germs of his defects had been manifest long before, however, and we must look into them closely in preparation for our study of the great climax of his life.

All generalizations are dangerous, and all the adjectives we apply to character are generalizations. The Southern officer, Magruder, an honest and straightforward soldier, who had served in the same regiment with Hooker in former days, told Fremantle that Hooker was 'essentially a mean man and a liar.' Hooker did mean things and made false statements. So have you. So have I. But it is not just, I hope, to call you a

liar, or me, or Hooker. Again, Palfrey, who knew him well, says that he was 'Brave, handsome, vain, insubordinate, plausible, untrustworthy.' These are strong words. Some of them may be justified, not all.

But let us leave the generalizations. Concretely, it has always been said that Hooker drank too much. The testimony as to this is conflicting. When he left West Point, he was a total abstainer, yet the florid complexion, which later was attributed to alcohol, was just as marked in the cadet as in the major-general. Weared with the piping times of peace, Hooker went to California, in the wild gold days. There he farmed with small success, and no doubt he lived as many about him were living,—unprofitably, to say the least. There is a story that he borrowed money from Halleck and Sherman, that he came to San Francisco on Saturday to make payment, after closing hours, and that by Monday morning the money was gone. This, with similar incidents, is said to have been the origin of Halleck's and Sherman's prejudice against him. The anecdote does not, however, seem quite compatible with a sentence in a confidential letter from Halleck to Sherman, September 16, 1864. 'He [Hooker] is aware that I know something about his character and conduct in California, and fearing that I may use it against him, he seeks to ward off its effects by making it appear that I am his personal enemy.'

Another curious (if true) detail about this California life is furnished by Stoneman. Hooker, he says, 'could play the best game of poker I ever saw until it came to the point when he should go a thousand better, and then he would flunk.' This may have been colored by recollections of Chancellorsville. Still, when I read it, I am reminded of that weak chin.

Whatever the dissipations of the

California life, they cannot have been damning, since he afterwards came to fill positions of honor and trust in the great western state, and his friends there subscribed to pay his expenses on to Washington when the war began.

As with Halleck and Sherman thus early, however, he had the serious defect of offending wantonly those whom he should not have offended. In Mexico, for instance, he had been attached to the staff of Pillow. When Pillow was arraigned and his conduct investigated on the charges of Scott, Hooker spoke his mind with entire freedom in defense of his chief and gained the hostility of the senior general. As a consequence of this, the California recruit waited for some time vainly before he could enter the Army of the Potomac.

In this case it was Hooker's tongue that damaged him, and it cannot be denied that all his life that insignificant member caused him a great deal of trouble. It was a splendidly vivid and energetic tongue, could stir an army to a charge, could cheer and stimulate a friend and smite an enemy. With what a keen flash does it lighten the metallic brevity of a dispatch. 'The enemy may number 4000, or 5000, those half starved and badly wounded. The number of major-generals and brigadier-generals they have along is of no consequence; they are flesh and blood.'

But this same tongue could work astonishing havoc with reputations, most of all its owner's. It could brand individuals with a hot iron. 'If General Sumner had advanced the rebellion would have been buried there. He did not advance at all.' Do you think General Sumner loved that tongue? It could blight, if unintentionally, a whole arm of the service. 'Who ever saw a dead cavalryman?' At the very outset of the war it achieved one of its most remarkable feats, unsurpassed, if

equaled, later. Tired of seeking employment from direct military authority and ready to return to California, Hooker called on the President to explain his position. After explaining it, he concluded with the casual comment, 'I was at Bull Run the other day, Mr. President, and it is no vanity in me to say I am a damned sight better general than you had on that field.' Must it not have been, indeed, a man of power who could utter such words as that and actually make Lincoln believe them?

Well, the tongue went on its way, along with the hand and sword, through the Peninsula, through Antietam and Fredericksburg. McClellan! Hooker had no use for McClellan and said so. McClellan was a baby. McClellan dared not fight. If McClellan had done as Hooker urged and wished, Richmond would have been ours in the spring of 1862. The subordinate testified formally before the Committee on the Conduct of the War that the failure of the Peninsula campaign was 'to be attributed to the want of generalship on the part of the commander.'

When Burnside succeeded McClellan, it was the same with Burnside. Villard, as a newspaper man, met Hooker for the first time and had scarcely introduced himself when the general burst into unsparing criticism of the government, of Halleck, of McClellan, and especially of his immediate superior. To his fellow soldiers he naturally did not hesitate to express the same opinion; and when he was himself in supreme command, he wrote about his predecessor words of almost incredible violence. Hooker 'cannot bear to go into battle with the slanders of this wretch uncontradicted and the author of them unchastised. He must swallow his words as soon as I am in a condition to address him, or I will hunt him to the ends of the earth.' By the way, I am not aware that the wretch

ever did swallow his words, or ever was hunted.

A dangerous tongue, indeed, you see, and perhaps there was a little trouble back of the tongue, perhaps the thinking brain was not quite so perfect an instrument as the acting hand. When that bluff Confederate, Whiting, writes to Beauregard, 'Hooker is a fool, and always was, and that's a comfort,' the exaggerated estimate deserves notice chiefly because it is certain to have been common Confederate property and so to have made its way to Lee and to have been his best excuse for Jackson's apparently most hazardous movement at Chancellorsville. But when Chase, Hooker's warm supporter, after a confidential talk with the general, remarks that he 'impressed me favorably as a frank, manly, brave, and energetic soldier, of somewhat less breadth of intellect than I had expected,' the thoughtful observer is prepared for a career which shall blend its triumph with failure, if not disaster.

II

To this man, then, such as we have seen him, Lincoln, in January, 1863, confided the splendid Army of the Potomac and the salvation of the Union. The President had his serious misgivings and expressed them in a well-known letter, surely one of the most singular ever received by a great general on undertaking an important command. Lincoln warns his subordinate against ambition, warns him against over-confidence, warns him not to talk about a dictatorship until he has done things worthy of it, warns him to fear the spirit of insubordination in the army which Hooker himself has been the most forward to cultivate. One can easily imagine the impatient contempt with which McClellan would have received such a letter. Well, all

that is really fine and winning and lovable in Hooker shines out in his simple comment to his officers on receiving it. 'He talks to me like a father. I shall not answer this letter until I have won him a great victory.'

But, alas, the general entered upon his important duties without the real confidence of the higher officers under him. 'He had wounded some by openly criticizing them,' says De Trobriand, 'he had alienated others by putting himself forward at their expense.' And again that fatal tongue intervened, with trouble at its tip. Grand reviews, riding in gold and glitter, on equal footing with presidents and ministers, that splendid army in the spring sunshine set over against those starved and ragged rebels, engendered a confidence which would burst from lips not tutored to keep still. 'The finest army on the planet.' 'The operations of the last three days have determined that our enemy must either ingloriously fly, or give us battle on our own ground where certain destruction awaits him.' 'My plans are perfect, and when I start to carry them out, may God have mercy on General Lee, for I will have none.' 'The enemy is in my power, and God Almighty cannot deprive me of them.' Such words as these suggest the Nemesis of Greek tragedy and give an enthralling interest to the dramatic story of the man who uttered them.

At first all went well. Through the spring months the general reorganized the demoralized army, and did it admirably. Here is another of the delightful psychological contradictions in this extraordinary man. You think he was an impetuous firebrand. Yet he distinguished himself most of all in the slow, fretful labor of systematizing and perfecting the instrument he was to use.

Then, with the warm April days, came the preparations for action. The

plan finally adopted is said to have originated, to some extent, with Warren. With whomsoever it originated, all admit that it was an able strategic design. From the point of view of Hooker's character, we note again, in this regard, a singular contradiction. Here was a man who always talked too freely, who was notorious for saying things he should not have said; yet, the minute the full burden rested on his shoulders, he kept still. Even to his nearest subordinates he whispered no word of his intention, except so far as necessary orders required.

The general plan of campaign was simple. Hooker's army was massed on the north side of the Rappahannock, Lee's on the south, in the neighborhood of Fredericksburg. Hooker proposed first crossing his cavalry well up the river, to threaten or break the communications of Lee. Then the bulk of the army was to cross above the enemy, sweep round with a great turning movement and drive him toward the east, while another force, under Sedgwick, crossing at Fredericksburg, was to bar retreat in that direction and crush the small army of the Confederates between the two.

From the beginning, the weak point of the scheme was the combined action with Sedgwick. Still, the first steps went admirably. The great crossing, by the upper fords, was made before the enemy divined it, with entire success. Corps after corps swept forward triumphantly into the Wilderness and it seemed as if Lee would really be crushed, as his enemy had intended. But Lee did not propose to be crushed. He met the advancing battalions in a much more aggressive fashion than Hooker expected. And suddenly this check in his plans seemed to chill the buoyant spirit of the Union commander. Instead of urging his generals, on! on! he sent word to them, With-

draw, the woods are too thick, the enemy too strong, let us establish ourselves safely at Chancellorsville and wait. It was like a burst balloon, like a great ship set aback all at once and left shivering in a change of wind. 'To hear from his own lips that the advantages gained by the successful marches of his lieutenants were to culminate in fighting a defensive battle in that nest of thickets was too much, and I retired from his presence with the belief that my commanding general was a whipped man,' says Couch.

So thought Lee and Jackson also. The next day, May 2, Jackson, with a large part of Lee's army, made his way through the woods across Hooker's front and past his right. Then, toward evening, the Confederates fell, like a whirlwind, upon the Union right flank, Howard and his Eleventh Corps, who had hardly dreamed of such an onset and had done little or nothing to prevent it. It is not necessary to apportion the blame strictly in this matter. There is enough for every one,—Hooker, Howard, the division commanders, and the troops,—enough and some left over. The disaster was as appalling as it was unexpected, and it might have been much worse, if night, the fatigue of the Confederates, and the wounding of Jackson, had not intervened.

Where was Hooker? Doing what a brave and energetic soldier could do to repair immediate damage, but hardly grasping the general situation as an able commander should have grasped it. The next morning gave him his opportunity, but instead of profiting, he fought a slow defensive battle, in which the energetic masses of Lee and Stuart had all the advantage.

Then the general was severely injured by the falling of a wooden pillar, and some think the accident robbed him of great glory, and some that for him it was a piece of rare good fortune.

Even before, his subordinates felt that he had lost his hold. It has been said, without sufficient foundation, that he was drinking. It has been said that he was wholly abstemious and missed his drink. This would certainly be the first case in history of a great battle lost because the general-in-chief was not intoxicated.

Be that as it may, after he was injured, he ceased to be of any great value on the field of Chancellorsville. His admirers maintain that the injury is amply sufficient to account for this. They say that his second in command, Couch, should have assumed the direction of affairs and pushed the fighting. Couch himself, however, absolutely refused to assume responsibility when he might be interfered with at any moment. And he and many others hold that Hooker's control was no less efficient after the wound than it was before. 'There is, in fact, no reason to suppose that his orders would have been wise, even if he had not been struck,' says the latest authority on the battle, Colonel W. R. Livermore. Still, still I remember that weak chin.

The small Confederate army could not, however, make any ruinous impression on the Union masses. What, then, was to be done? Behold, the general who had clutched his foe so tightly that Almighty God could not extricate him, was now for recrossing the river and beginning all over again. It seems supplies had run short. 'I think,' says one authority, 'if we can imagine Grant allowing his army to be placed where Hooker's was at noon on that day, that he would have made his soldiers fry their boots, if there was nothing else to eat, before he would have recrossed the river.' But Hooker was not disposed to fry boots. He called his corps commanders into council. A majority of them voted to remain where they were, Meade, to be sure, alleging that

recrossing might be difficult with the enemy at their heels, to which Hooker answered that Lee would be delighted to have them on the other side of the Rappahannock. Is there not a maxim of Napoleon's about never doing what your enemy wishes you to do? If so, Hooker had forgotten it. He overruled his subordinates, ordered the puzzled Sedgwick to withdraw also, and with the best speed he could took back that great, unconquered army to the place it had left a week before with banners waving and all the royal assurance of undoubted triumph.

The army was unconquered, but the general was beaten badly, and what was much worse, the cause had received another crushing blow. It was not merely that so many men had been killed and wounded. It was not merely that Lee, with inferior numbers, had managed to sustain himself instead of giving an inch of ground. It was that all the strength and all the valor of the North had been exerted once more and had utterly failed. It was that a fifth commander had been allowed to work his pleasure with that long-suffering army and still the rebellion was as haughty, as energetic, as aggressive as ever. So that Lincoln fell on his knees and told his God that the country could not endure another Fredericksburg or Chancellorsville.

But Hooker? Did he look at the thing in this way? Not the least bit in the world. In the midst of the battle his confidence seems to have been for a little time shaken. But he quickly recovered himself. The tremendous moral effect of the whole adventure, after all his vaunts, seems to have escaped him completely. On the very day of the recrossing he issued general orders, the tone of which is almost incredible. 'In fighting at a disadvantage, we would have been recreant to our trust, to ourselves, to our cause,

and our country. Profoundly loyal, and conscious of its strength, the Army of the Potomac will give or decline battle when its interest or honor may demand. It will also be the guardian of its own history and its own fame.' Alas, no! Big words will guard no one's fame, when they are not accompanied by big deeds. Even then, the deeds do better alone. And when later, sober thought had had all its opportunity, the general could still write in a confidential letter to a friend, 'We lost no honors at Chancellorsville.'

This desperate determination to admit no failure of course developed a disposition to put what blame there was on others. The tendency did not appear immediately after the battle, and Hooker's omission to make any official report and to turn in many of his records has been taken by some to mean a desire to avoid condemning his subordinates, especially Howard. If so, his charity lessened with time. When he was anxious to appear before the Committee on the Conduct of the War, in April, 1864, he wrote, 'As it seems determined that I shall hold no important command hereafter, it becomes necessary for me to have less care for the future than for the past, so far as my professional character is concerned. In my judgment the records connected with my command of the Army of the Potomac had better be made up, no matter who may suffer from it.'

He helped make them up with a vengeance, declaring, in sober, sworn testimony, that 'There are in all armies officers [Howard and Meade are hinted at] more valiant after the fight than while it is pending, and when a truthful history of the rebellion shall be written, it will be found that the Army of the Potomac is not an exception'; and again, 'Some of our corps commanders, and also officers of other rank, appear

to be unwilling to go into a fight; in my judgment, there are not many who really like a fight.' This of Sedgwick! While as to his own, Hooker's, part in the affair there is not a word of apology or of admission of error or weakness.

But all this was later development. For two months after Chancellorsville, Hooker continued in command of the army. It might be supposed experience would have taught him moderation, if not humility. Apparently it did not. In predicting to Butterfield a decisive battle, he declared that he would 'have every available man in the field, and if Lee escapes with his army the country is entitled to and should have my head for a football.' Evidently this is still the same tongue that wagged so joyously in the April days on the Rappahannock.

But if Hooker trusted himself, others did not trust him. Halleck's deep-rooted prejudice grew daily stronger, and spread to the members of the Cabinet, in some measure even to Lincoln. As a result, the general was hampered and thwarted in a way which would have made success impossible to a much greater man. It is but justice to Hooker to say that in this difficult situation he bore himself with great dignity, and his serious protests to the President are as modest as they are reasonable. There should be one commander with full power, he says, and adds, 'I trust I may not be considered in the way to this arrangement, as it is a position I do not desire, and only suggest it, as I feel the necessity for concerted as well as vigorous action.' In the same spirit he finally asked to be relieved, feeling that the good of the country demanded that some one else, more trusted, should be in his place.

When his suggestion was accepted, and Meade was substituted for him, the finer side of Hooker's nature again showed itself in the cordial courtesy

with which he greeted his successor. It showed itself still more in the request that he might be put back in command of his old division and so continue service with the army. And when this request is disregarded, perhaps wisely for all concerned, nay, even when he is subjected to arrest for the trivial offense of visiting Washington without a pass, he simply writes to the President, with all dignity, requesting an interview in which he may justify himself and set matters once more on the right footing between them.

III

In following Hooker's later career, in which there is undoubtedly much to criticize, we must always bear in mind what he went through during those first six months of 1863. For a man of his high and imperious spirit to have enjoyed so long the supreme command of 'the finest army on this planet,' to fail in that command, and then to be reduced to abject submission to men whom he knew to be his juniors and felt to be his inferiors, was a bitter experience. Many who believe in their own genius never get even one try at greatness; but perhaps to get one try and fail and feel that all hope has utterly slipped away is even harder still. So it was with Hooker, and who shall blame him if at times he grew restive?

Nevertheless, I believe that he obeyed his orders to go west, with a loyal and entire determination to do his duty. According to his view he did it; but it is extraordinarily interesting to study his relations to the various men with whom he came into contact.

His old habit of criticizing and fault-finding seems to have increased rather than lessened. Thus, he condemned freely the proceedings of Rosecrans, which was not unnatural. But he showed equal freedom in discussing the

projects of Grant. 'No doubt the chaos of Rosecrans's administration is as bad as he describes,' writes Dana; 'but he is quite as truculent toward the plan he is now to execute as toward the confusion of the old régime.' The truculence well appears in the general's comment on orders received from Grant in the Chattanooga campaign. 'I am not permitted to advance unless I do so without fighting a battle. This puts me in the condition of the boy who was permitted to learn to swim provided he would not go near the water.'

On the other hand, Grant, imbibing a prejudice, whether from Halleck or otherwise, did not like Hooker. 'Grant also wishes to have both Hooker and Slocum removed from his command,' writes Dana again . . . 'Hooker has behaved very badly ever since his arrival.' Perhaps there was some misunderstanding as to the bad behavior. In this connection there is a curious instance of different points of view. Immediately on Grant's reaching Chattanooga, Hooker, with all the warm courtesy of his disposition, sent to invite his superior to share his headquarters. Wilson, in his life of Dana, assumes that this was an impertinence and justifies the sharp snub with which Grant replied to it. Howard, better understanding Hooker, expresses surprise and regret at Grant's vehemence of expression, — 'If General Hooker wishes to see *me*, he will find me on this train.'

There are plenty of other examples of Grant's lack of consideration for his distinguished subordinate. In one endorsement he sneers at Hooker's report of the number of prisoners captured, as being more than that captured by the whole army. Elsewhere he suggests that it would be well if Hooker could be got rid of altogether. But perhaps his harshest criticism is his remark to Young concerning the battle of Look-

out Mountain. 'The battle of Lookout Mountain is one of the romances of the war,' he said. 'There was no such battle, and no action even worthy to be called a battle on Lookout Mountain. It is all poetry.'

Now Lookout Mountain, 'the battle above the clouds,' is almost universally regarded as one of Hooker's most substantial claims to glory. The little preceding engagement of Wauhatchie is indeed chiefly noticeable because the general came near repeating there his experience with Howard at Chancellorsville. A piece of careless neglect was prevented only by supreme energy from producing disaster. But the taking of the mountain itself was not only notable as skillful and brilliant fighting under great difficulties, but played a conspicuous part in the success of the battle of Chattanooga, though, to be sure, a part not contemplated in Grant's plans and therefore, perhaps, treated by him with scant commendation.

It was the same with the Atlanta campaign under Sherman as at Chattanooga. Where there was fighting, Hooker was always at his best. He got his men into battle and kept them there, either to win, or, when winning was a sheer impossibility, to draw off slowly, sullenly, and with terrible loss.

But his defects, like evil angels, walked by him everywhere. Anyone who wishes to understand Hooker thoroughly, all his strength and all his weakness, but the strength and the charm predominating, should not fail to read his immensely long confidential letter to Chase, December 28, 1863, printed in the Official Records, volume 55, page 339. And a similar letter to Stanton of February 25, 1864 (volume 58, page 467) is equally illuminating. All the loyalty is there, all the sterling patriotism, all the instinct of generosity and self-sacrifice. But there also, is the ever-ready disposition to judge

others caustically and bitterly, and the fatal habit of expressing that judgment in hot and ill-considered words. And there, further, is the most natural but unfortunate sensitiveness springing from the inevitable comparison of the present and the past. 'Many of my juniors are in the exercise of independent commands, while I am here with more rank piled on top of me than a man can well stand up under, with a corporal's guard, comparatively, for a command.'

In this state of mind it was hardly to be expected that Hooker should work in entire harmony with those about him. He had, indeed, his own loyal followers, like Butterfield, who were always ready to support him with hand and pen. His relation with his immediate chief, Thomas, seems also to have been cordial, and Thomas speaks of the Lookout battle in very different language from that of Grant. Of Howard, who so long served under him, Hooker writes with kindness, even with enthusiasm, and praises 'his zealous and devoted service, not only on the battlefield, but everywhere and at all times.'

The record is less agreeable in other cases, however. It is hard to say whether Slocum's abuse of Hooker or Hooker's of Slocum is more violent. Schurz, whose later testimony, as to Chancellorsville, is so helpful to his chief, attacks him bitterly, and with much apparent justice, in regard to Wauhatchie. Schofield, who is always diplomatic, implies that Hooker's manœuvres in Georgia were not conducted with very much reference to those with whom he should have coöperated.

But the chief figure in this last act of Hooker's tragedy is Sherman. Most of us will recognize that, with all Sherman's charm and all his vivacity, it must have been a bitter hard fate to serve under him, when you did not like

him and he did not like you. Now Hooker and Sherman resembled each other in too many points to get along happily together, at any rate in an official relation. From the first there was a jealousy between them which showed in curious little ways, as in the story of their both coming under a hot fire and refusing to budge, — though all their staff, and even the stolid Thomas, had retreated, — simply because neither was willing to stir a foot before the other.

That Hooker was partially to blame for these relations cannot be doubted. But how much? Let us consider first the enthusiastic evidence of Colonel Stone. 'Hooker's faults were sufficiently apparent; but from the day this campaign opened I had daily intercourse with him, and no more subordinate or obedient officer served in this army. No matter how unwelcome an order he received, or the time he received it, he was the only one who invariably obeyed it promptly, cheerfully, ungrudgingly. And I saw him at all hours, — day, dawn, and midnight — morning and evening, — and never when he was not ready and anxious to do his whole duty.'

This is delightful testimony as to deeds, the hand; but words, the tongue, — you remember what it had been a year before. In the essential letter to Chase, above referred to, written before the Atlanta campaign began, Hooker said, 'Sherman is an active, energetic officer, but in judgment is as infirm as Burnside. He will never be successful. Please remember what I tell you.' That he expressed these opinions, in season and out of season, where they were sure to do more injury to him than to his commander, is absolutely proved by the extraordinary letter of warning written by Hooker's nearest friend and supporter, Butterfield. No more admirable and

more really friendly words were ever addressed by inferior to superior. 'You should not speak in the presence of others as you did in my presence and that of Colonel Wood to-day, regarding General Sherman and his operations . . . I am talking as a friend to you. What I have stated above is substantially charged against you with regard to both McClellan and Burnside. Don't give these accusations further weight by remarks concerning Sherman . . . I know how hard it is for you to conceal your honest opinions . . . These opinions travel as "Hooker's opinions." Your own staff are impregnated with them, and you will be accused in future by any officer serving under you who may fall under your censure, with verbal insubordination . . . You never were, nor never will be a politic man, but you must be guarded. It will be charged by evil-disposed persons that you are ambitious to fill Sherman's place — not in your hearing or mine — but it is the way of the world and will be said.'

Who of us would not esteem himself fortunate to have a friend who would speak like that?

But it did no good. Perhaps it never does. Sherman disliked the words so much that he became very mistrustful of the deeds. He had a tongue of his own and he lashed Hooker with it, as if he were a schoolboy, and then naïvely explained that he had said less than the occasion demanded. He had his bitter, unworthy sarcasms, also, as when Hooker dilated on the men he had lost and Sherman sneered, 'Oh, they'll turn up in a day or two.' Finally, when McPherson was killed, Sherman put Howard over Hooker's head into the vacant place.

It was too much and Hooker asked to be relieved. Who can blame him? It was a mistake, of course. He was thinking about his dignity. A man

always makes a mistake when he thinks about his dignity. He should think about his work, and let others — or, by thinking about his work, make others — think about his dignity. But Hooker was no more perfect than the rest of us. And so the great fighter spent the last year of the war in the safe west, where there was no fighting, only petty intrigue, and newspaper riots, and police duty generally. But he was the same old Hooker still. Read the huge letter in which he foams and rages to Stanton over a rumored change of his headquarters, and Stanton's quiet snub in three lines: 'No order has been made or contemplated transferring headquarters of Northern Department to Columbus. Newspapers are not very good authority for the action of this Department.'

So he was a thoroughly human figure, delightful to study and to live with because of the intense humanity in his very mistakes and failures. He was not much besides a soldier; and even as

a soldier he was not quite so brilliant as he thought he was. Yet he played a not undistinguished part in the greatest drama of American history, and with all his faults there was something about him of the true heroic stamp, something of the boyish, prating, blustering, panic-harboring, death-defying heroes of the Iliad. When I gaze at Massachusetts's splendid tribute to him,¹ I think not of the weaknesses, but of the great fighting at Williamsburg, and Antietam, and Lookout, and in Georgia, and even more of the noble prayer to be given his old division back again, of the fine words about Howard, — 'his offense to me was forgotten when he acknowledged it,' — best of all, of the frank admission to Doubleday as to Chancellorsville, more heroic than any fighting, 'Doubleday, I was not hurt by a shell, and I was not drunk. For once I lost confidence in Hooker, and that is all there was to it.'

¹ The statue by French and Potter near the State House in Boston. — THE EDITORS.

WANDER

BY GINO C. SPERANZA

WE were beyond the region of the mansions of wealth and lawns of perfection; beyond sign-posts that point to all sorts of dangers which lie in the motorist's path; we were out on the winding road beyond Filston Township where high-speed conveyances dare not follow. The curving, sandy strip in front of us, narrowed by invading shrubbery and wild flowers, turns sharply two miles from Filston Court

House and rises to a steep knoll. The horses came to a walk as they pulled the wheels over the sand and halted, panting, at its top for a minute's rest.

The knoll had hidden the peaceful vale which now opened before us, an ever-new bit of an old world. Immediately below us were its houses in all stages of dignified old age; each with its poorer but ever loyal brother — the ample, rambling, ageing barn, patched

and propped up for a little comfort in its last days. And in and out among them ran that tiny stream which each year seemed to grow slower in motion and quieter in song. Perhaps its waters now go to make some great river greater in the spirit of this age of mighty combinations; who knows!

As we looked down on the little valley, the sense of late autumn was all about us; nature had lost the vibrancy of early October, the high-strung chord was relaxed and hummed only deep notes. A sense of foreknowledge of change and shadows was in every ripened, withering thing, in every flower with its faded tints of purple and yellow and seared red, in every bird that at this time gathers with its flock, stripped of gay colors and all notes hushed, ready for the southward journey.

In this bit of a corner of the great world lived men and women who only on special occasions could either hire a horse or get a 'lift' from a kindly neighbor to go to the nearest village. Yet by breaking the speed regulations of sundry towns, one could easily motor out from the great metropolis to this very knoll in less than two hours. Here dwelt some of our brothers, not necessarily better than their kin in the cities, but certainly less covetous of earthly goods and fame; not necessarily finer-grained, but dwellers in old houses of noble lines, with the freedom of great spruces and maples above them and mysterious silences about them.

We had come to see Wander — Josef Wander — of whom I had heard conflicting reports, depending, no doubt, on the point of view from which local observers studied this alien in their midst. No one, however, could explain why a Bohemian should have chosen this particular and rather aloof spot to live in, especially a Bohemian who, it was reported, could make many of those very things which captains of

industry wax rich in producing by the million for the millions. Not even the village doctor could tell, though probably he knew more about silent Wander than any other man in the county.

It was admitted that he raised the best strawberries within five miles, although he grew them in what had been, for his Anglo-Saxon predecessor-in-ownership, a pasture lot; it was also universally conceded that he had rehabilitated an apple orchard which any Yankee farmer would have declared beyond redemption. But the strange thing about him, besides and above the fact that he was an alien, was that, being a farmer in summer, he turned into a skilled artisan in winter. His neighbors did not call him that; if they had been compelled to describe his winter labors by a single word they would probably have called him an artist, for he drew designs on rather strange paper marked with little squares, and colored his 'pictures' with various hues. Still, the neighbors had two distinct reasons for not classifying him strictly as an artist: the first being that he was such a good farmer, and the second, that in his art he did not stop at drawing and painting but went beyond these, transferring his 'pictures' to rugs and carpets. This, in the opinion of his neighbors, reduced him to the rank of a practical factory-hand. But even there, according to the general opinion, he did not fit very well, for you could not consider a man practical who spent two months making a bit of carpet which lacked the spirited action of the 'stag hunt' on the rugs at the general store. Really, you could not commiserate a man because he could not sell goods which he offered at one hundred times the market price of similar things. True, once in a while a stranger from the city had bought one of them, and the doctor had reported that he had seen a framed

photograph of a forty-by-fifty rug which Wander had made for the house of a celebrated financier of the West.

The little community, in short, while it did not dislike him, could not possibly make him a fellow member. But they respected him, which perhaps was a good deal from these natives toward an outsider who to them was strange rather than superior. Their respect, however, was not due to his urbanity and courtesy of manner,—a characteristic which stamped him, according to their standards, most distinctly as a foreigner,—or to his love of beautiful things entirely beyond their vision, but to the way in which two years before he had faced an obviously great trial.

There had been a boy, a young man rather, who, if you had seen him hoeing in the garden at springtime, would have struck you as no different from other farm-hands except that he worked harder. He was handy with tools, and many a neighbor's gate had been embellished by a bit of carving which he seemed to like to make and give away. Often he was absent, sometimes for long stretches, and then the neighbors in the warm evenings would sit hopefully on their porches awaiting the return of the young man with the fiddle. For when at home he played often, indeed every day. The music was considered to be very unorthodox, except some occasional slow movements which probably, so they reasoned, were the foreign and rather degenerate forms of our devotional hymns; a good deal was faster than any church organ could possibly keep up with, and some of it was out-and-out devilish the way it seemed to jump and rave and cry. There was no other way to describe it; but somehow it was pleasant; it sort of shook you, and then — what did Jim Black say of it? — it 'laid you down to sleep.'

It was only on the occasion when the

village doctor had to be called in,—and in the anxious hours of waiting and hoping,—that Wander told of his son's training: where and for whom he played, and how Kubelik himself had honored his boy with his friendship and counsel. No one in the neighborhood would ever have known that a virtuoso was among them if the reticent Wander had not talked in an hour of great emotion to the man who he hoped would save the precious life now stricken.

But the little valley was never again to hear the young musician's glorious tones, for on a terrible winter day the anxious faces pressed against the cold window-panes, watching for news, saw the doctor driving away without the usual greeting at the door—and they knew.

Days after, the only one who appeared not to know of a great change and of a greater silence, had been Wander. No one spoke to him; no one could. He went on with his usual work in the usual way; only on close watching would you have noticed how tense was the laborer at his loom.

Here we were at his house, speckless and snug and serviceable despite its years; for it was old, as you could see by the slope of the roof and that appearance of having settled down cosily into the land, which is characteristic of old, well-built houses. But there was a touch of the new, here and there, like the concrete path from the gate to the house; and the curtains at the windows were such as were never dreamed of by Colonial dames.

Wander himself opened the door and ushered us in with a simple greeting and a formal bow. He was a fine-looking man past the forties, erect and thin, but not gaunt as are some of our farmers. A good carriage and a fine head gave him a distinction which his American overalls and collarless shirt could

not disguise. Conversation was not very easy, as he spoke little English, although the words he used were correct. But the card of the village doctor helped to relieve his embarrassment and to set free his little store of our language. He soon understood that he was not being interviewed, and that idle curiosity was not the moving force behind our visit; the way my wife spoke of weaving, the interest in her eyes and in her hands as she took up this sample and that, stirred the friendly chord of his artisanship. I perceived now that Wander was not reticent by nature; he had become so by the lack, not of language but of fellow feeling. Soon it was all being painted before us, or, rather, before her, sketchily, choppily even, but vividly enough,—the battle of his life; not as a story for our admiration, not even as the recital of a struggle, but the plain tale of one whose hands were finely trained, told to one who he felt knew what wonders manual artisanship could achieve.

He had come to America twenty years ago, with a little money, a young wife, and a capital of three trades—or rather four—accumulated both traditionally and by a decade of hard training. He called them trades, but some at least deserved a better name. He was born on a farm and had lived a farmer boy's life; he had learned the practice of dyeing, from an interest in the things of nature, and had improved his natural lore by a study of chemical dyeing. He knew music in its theory and technique, knew its masters and its powers. And he could make carpets and rugs. All he knew and all he could do, except for some little modernizing in chemical lore, his father had known and done before him; and his grandfather. Beyond that he could not remember; but he was clear that whatever they had done had been done better than by himself whom they had taught.

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He first invested his material and manual capital in the West. Farming, he reasoned, was the new country's life blood. The new environment was lonesome, but his wife was a brave woman and capable; 'she could do all the things possible,' as he put it; and a fine light blazed from his eyes at this mention of his dead wife. But the hands that had the traditional cunning of the Continental peasant found themselves at a distinct disadvantage in the management of farm-machinery. And oh, how much it cost and how easily it broke! It was judgment not loss of nerve, as I gauged it, that made him sell his farm for a disadvantageous price.

Then a great city of the West tried to utilize his knowledge in a huge establishment. The same principle is at work in dyeing a bit of wool in a kettle over a stone fireplace, as in coloring miles of cloth in the fathomless vats of some great dye-works; the same colors are produced from roots and leaves gathered in bosky shades that are precipitated from chemical compounds in industrial laboratories, though some very discriminating persons make a vast distinction between the two. Wander could put his hand to either method, was as expert in the one as in the other. But the old way was an occupation as well as a trade, the new way a poisoning as well as a means of earning a living. You must consider, however, that a little baby was growing into boyhood, and fathers cannot always choose. His good sense and his good wife made him quit eventually, after an object-lesson of a month in bed. He moved East and looked for a farm, a different one from that of his earlier struggles.

As he stopped a moment to collect his thoughts, I interrupted him to ask why he had not put his musical training to use. A smile just flickered and passed into the darkness of hidden thoughts as he said, 'I did—I taught

my boy to play.' But of course music, like other arts in the blood of some peoples, — that native power to create loveliness, disciplined if not taught to them by those who are not teachers but fellow craftsmen and fellow lovers, — is pleasure, is joy, is refuge, and nothing else. Men like Wander would seldom think of such a gift as a means of making money, first because so many of his kith and kin possess it and it comes so easily as to seem to have no market value; and then because such craftsmen have the clear sight which makes them perceive the dividing line between themselves and the great masters. Able as they are, they know that their fingering can be done infinitely better; they feel themselves homely fiddlers unworthy of a wage, even though they know that wondrous bows draw melodies for which thousands of dollars are paid.

Now he was spreading out before us the latest labor of his loom — a great, heavy, almost massive rug, of close, even, solid workmanship, but discouraging to the eye that sought beauty. I could see him search in my wife's face for some praise — that in truth could not honestly be forthcoming. The workmanship was excellent, the taste was poor, both in color and in design. I wondered how much of this bad taste, so strangely in contrast with his fine appreciations along other lines, was native and how much acquired. There was undoubtedly the 'parlor-car' decorative influence apparent in his design; but the color-scheme was utterly alien even to the most advanced exponent of the 'Pullman' school, not merely in its strong colors but in a fundamental lack of any idea of blending and tones. It seemed a striking example of what may happen to skill when unaided and undisciplined by frequent reference to and companionship with finely suggestive artistic precedents

and examples. It was almost tragic — certainly very sad — to see so much skill creating such base product. Who knows but that even so little as an occasional friendly call or a little interest from people who knew, might have been just the leaven to raise his native expertness into a noble artistry!

We travel madly over seas and across mountains to see the charming or quaint labor of Continental peasants; we storm little shops in strange, distant towns where deft artisans still dwell as in the days of the ancient and honored guilds; we actually can make ourselves stand still — thousands of miles from home — to listen to a Sicilian peasant playing his pipes. Yet there are artisans and craftsmen, yes, even flute-players and poets, in our very midst or at our very thresholds, full-handed yet hungry, — worse, infinitely worse than that, — *ashamed* of their very skill, hiding their ennobling craftsmanship in a country which, having waxed fabulously rich in utilizing the great forces of machinery, has glorified those forces and in them sought only the world's mastery.

Ah, Wander, has the throb of our great engines snapped the finer chords upon which the viol plays to the soul? Have the factory-whistle and the danger-horn deafened the ear that sought low, sweet melodies? Are we safe and strong and powerful because of our steel battlements, our skyward towers, our coal-mountains and coffers of gold? Tell me, after our machines shall have given every boy in the land a perfectly cast whistle, will there not be boys seeking joy in whittling an indifferent one? After our electric looms shall have patterned a perfect, machined Valenciennes lace for every girl's dress, shall no feminine hand seek its own expression with the needle? Will the sample-book of the factory compensate for the loss of the home samp-

ler; will the telephone-list suffice as a friends' list for the old album wherein a Whittier and a Longfellow did not disdain to pen a thought?

I looked at Wander,—an alien in a strange land,—physically and spiritually battle-scarred, an artisan in his own country, a failure as a jack-of-all-trades in ours. Here he was more isolated than the loss of his wife and son could possibly make him, because all that his being craved and could achieve had been hammered and beaten back into his soul, isolating him in a crowd that cared so little only because it did not understand what it all meant to him. Here he was on a farm which he had redeemed but which the price of unskilled labor rendered useless as a means of material profit. His predecessor, finding it unprofitable, had sold it as best he could, though it had been his home and his father's home. But this unpractical Bohemian held to it even when the growing of luscious berries had to be abandoned because nowadays boys charge too much to pick them. True, it gave him enough to live on in a frugal way, enough to live on—and something more.

Something more! We saw that as we walked to a knoll a little way from the house, which had taken our eye as we had come in and which we now asked permission to see. He led us, a gracious host, to that Something More. The knoll had been made into a little garden, with steps cut into the green sod; it was bright, fragrant, quiet; it told us something even before he spoke. 'My wife is here.' He stood straight, he spoke with dignity—he was presenting one great lady to another.

Wander, all that your hands strove to do—perhaps chiefly what they tried and failed at—has not been useless. Out of each plan and design that you rejoiced over in the making, as out of each broken bit of failed achievement, was

built for you the endless peace and enduring hope of that Something More.

And what of your loom and your fiddle—what of your hoe and your dye-pot? yours and those of a hundred other men of your kind—shall they be of no use to us? Shall they be but the theme for an elegy, the *adieu* to a fine thing doomed? Have we worked so hard, so hard—for we have done *that* like men—that now as we sit at noon-tide for a little rest and a little stillness we can only sleep, not dream? Or is it that our striving so unceasingly to perfect this motor or that drill, to make a wheel do a hundred more things than it ever did, has been in order to secure more time for creative leisure for our hands and our souls? leisure to see and feel and understand, leisure to hold out our hands and snatch from the eternal ether some other forces than those which turn great engines and blast huge mountains?

Can it be that we have already turned our faces to the sun? Does it mean nothing, Wander, when a people, a busy, money-making, comfort-seeking people, enlist to fight for the preservation of great trees? when they halt and turn back the railroads that built up their country, that a landscape may be preserved for their children? when dynamos are slackened rather than the radiance of a tumbling waterfall be lost? And what of men who solemnly decree a bill of rights to birds, that they may live and sing and flash their bright color against the sun?

I looked at Wander as these thoughts surged in my mind and heart. Was he a prophet or a sacrifice? My wife was holding out her hand to him, over which he bowed. 'May I send you some seeds from my garden?' she asked with fine, practical sympathy. 'Yes, lady,' he answered; and with unaffected pleasure he added with a smile, 'Next spring they will bloom into flower!'

THE JELLY-FISH AND EQUAL SUFFRAGE

BY C. WILLIAM BEEBE

I

It is a long cry from the jelly-fish to equal suffrage. But it is also a long cry from the moon to the tides. And lacking the one, we must forego the other. Presuppose moonlight, and we presuppose crested waves of green and silver, and the wash of the sea along a white beach, at night. Assume the jelly-fish — an infinitesimal gray film on the surface of the ocean — and we assume banners of white and gold, and many groups of serious-minded human beings gathered together, in the cities, in the lesser towns, in banquet halls, in obscure dwelling-places, in order that suffrage and sex-equality may be proclaimed aloud to a harassed and somewhat unobservant world.

Together, these many isolated groups have built up a great structure from their ideals, their propaganda — it is architectural in its proportions, reaching to the stars. But one of its cornerstones is a little gelatinous body, modest and humble, making no pretension whatever to greatness. However, it is not to be dispensed with; for without sex there would be no demand for justice, since with equality all would share equally. To deny the jelly-fish is to deny that great gulf between man and woman. For it is here that we have the alpha and omega of sex; the jelly-fish may mark for us the beginning of that wonderful distinction which through all the dim æons of past time has filled the waters and the land with joys and sorrows; has induced untold myriads

of battles and courtships; has brought into existence the most beautiful colors of the animal world, and inspired all songs of love, from the cricket's chirp and the skylark's minstrelsy to the very sonnets of a Browning.

It is not without a somewhat cataclysmic mental readjustment that one is turned round and about and made to consider this picture of the universe balanced on the small, uncertain, spineless back of this infant of the sea. An atom of an Atlas, with a preposterous torso, with the most shy and the most unobtrusive of personalities, who is neither more nor less than the sum total of everything that the word sex implies, which at this particular moment of this particular century is the demand for equal suffrage, for equality, mental, spiritual, and political — chiefly political. For some occult reason this has become the paramount issue, although it may be in the last analysis little more than a symbol — not the final goal, the ultimate ideal, but a gateway which when once unlocked will disclose certain unsuspected vistas of freedom, a new land of sex-democracy. But if a democracy would survive there must be unity and coöperation in all its parts. A false distribution of power produces an imperfect coöperation, — a superiority and a corresponding inferiority which promote a chaotic division of interest and a total and widespread inefficiency. This is the law. And for this, too, we must return thanks to the jelly-fish. For he stands close to the true centre which marks

the divergence of the two paths — one for the male, another for the female.

It is true that in the beginning this sex-differentiation was neither significant nor profound; but in league with time, to which all things are possible, it brought forward that miracle of all miracles, the mind,—introspective, self-analytic, competent to understand the process of its own creation, eager to know and to fulfill the ultimate purpose for which it was destined. The end, the fulfillment, is not to be estimated, for the two halves of the sex-mind are as yet neither unified nor correlated, save in some of the smallest matters of everyday life. And the beginning, itself, with all the intervening steps, is clouded and obscure.

Science, however, has traced the history of this divergence and subsequent development, painstakingly, gleaning it piecemeal, with infinite patience, from the palimpsest of evolution. Aristotle in his Athenian study pondered upon it; the mediæval seeker for truth, burdened by his poor and faulty microscope, groped blindly after facts, finding them only to lose them in the all-pervading fog of superstition. To-day, in our laboratories and on countless expeditions, we are gathering records of a host of strange phenomena, full of romance and beauty: of the march upward from water and slime, to earth and air and mental freedom, of those two miraculous beings, male and female.

But science has written these records in a tongue of her own devising, so that the beauty and romance are in hiding behind certain select and abstruse technicalities. What universal emotion is brought into being if we talk of syngamy of gametes, or the cytogamy of zygotes? And the strange histories of amphiblastulas and parenchymulas which are one and yet different, — are these sufficient in themselves to evoke the tears and laughter

of the multitude? It is better to put aside the technicalities, since they do not serve our purpose but are a burden and an offense when removed from their rightful niche in the scientific scheme; it is better to deal simply with the simplicities of life. At the beginnings of sex there was neither complexity nor confusion, but an orderly and fitting distribution of small cells to form the first double link in the long chain which binds together this twentieth century and that dim and quiet age when the world was young.

In reality, we might observe the first hints of sex far lower in the scale of life than the jelly-fish, but to do so we should have to invoke the aid of the microscope and the scientific tongue, and that we have agreed not to do.

Nevertheless, the jelly-fish is well worth the fullest and most concentrated consideration. He, with his kind, lives a life filled to overflowing with all manner of marvels. It is like a fairy tale; but it is a hundred times more delightful because it is a hundred times less logical. As we look down upon a host of jelly-fishes drifting slowly along on their indefinite path through life, we see that some are almost a monochrome gray, a mere ghostly film of life, hardly separable from the surrounding water. In others, four conspicuous rings, pale salmon pink and joined at the centre, show clearly through the translucent body. These mark the females, with their burden of myriads of eggs which are being sown as the mother swims along — living seed, of which only a tithe will survive to face a hazardous existence.

The character of this survival is unique; it is the prologue to the fantasy, the fairy tale. For these children of the sea take it upon themselves to set aside every law of a normal universe. It is easy to believe from observation and comparison with its parent, that the

kitten will eventually become a cat, that the friendly puppy on the sidewalk will assume in due time the parental attributes transmitted to him. But we should never guess who was the immediate ancestor of the little jelly-fish. This atom sinks straightway down, down through the green depths of the sea and takes root in the sand, in the heart of abysmal darkness. There he lives, and at the proper hour is transformed into a slender stalk with a circle of fingers at the top. This, in turn, splits up into many discs which fit one into the other like saucers stacked together; and one by one these become free and swim off, each a perfect jelly-fish. Think of a sedentary and somewhat august barnyard hen laying eggs which hatch into sunflowers only to dissolve into a noisy flock of full-grown chickens, and we can better image the life of the infant jelly-fish, who not at all resembles his mother, but is quite like his grandmother, who is, in all verity, his mother herself.

To continue with this jelly-fish group is to enter into a land where Alice and her consummate credulity would be taxed to the utmost. At the very portals, we meet that small creature of the ponds, the hydra. He is supremely gifted and versatile, and he is not to be exterminated. Cut him lengthwise, crosswise, disarm him utterly, and he is discommoded only temporarily, for in the shortest possible time he grows what is lacking and resumes the business of life. Did one of his tentacles offend him, he would not dare pluck it off, for straightway nearby there would be regenerated an offensive twin. He can but lose himself to find himself, once more. But what is portentous, and germane to the thesis, is the uncertainty of sex in hydra. If a hydra falls upon pleasant days and finds an abundance of food, all his offspring are females. When the food-sup-

ply lessens, his progeny are individually half male and half female — an equality of sex with a vengeance. And when the wolf is at the door only male hydras are born. We do not ask for explanation; like the jelly-fish, he has become a law unto himself. He is the anarchist, the revolutionary; and close beside him, in spirit at least, there is one other. He is a little green bug, belonging to the aphids or plant-lice clan. This clan gathers in clusters on the stems of garden flowers and thrives there in affluence and ease. Speaking comparatively, the aphid is highly organized, but his progeny are governed by the same obscure law that controls the progeny of the hydra. Through the summer, when the sap runs free, female aphids are the rule; but at the first frost, when hunger pinches, the male predominates. Alice, alone, is by nature fitted to cope with this problem.

II

It is obvious, therefore, that in this land of uncertainties, sex does not lend itself to an earnest, philosophical consideration. It exists indeed, but when any given individual may be of either sex, or of none whatever, it is difficult to take the question seriously. But in the higher insects, and in the spiders, fishes, frogs, birds, and mammals, we find sex coming to the front as one of the momentous things in life. These creatures are governed by three great desires: the desire to avoid danger, the desire for food, and the desire for the continuance of their race. The first two naturally take precedence, but the moment they are successfully achieved, all else is sacrificed to the accomplishment of the third. In this last field, two objects are paramount: the male must, in some one of many ways, influence the female to accept him; then the mother must be supplied with means to

care for her offspring. It is impossible to consider any creature of forest or field, of the shore or the sea, without perceiving the tremendous importance of these two objects. In this domain, when the need for propagating the species is realized, there is little more to live for. Thousands of creatures die at once; others survive to a useless, hopeless existence for a space. Only the most highly developed, by an instinctive realization of other duties and interests, live on in full enjoyment of life.

At this stage of development, where sex is no longer an uncertainty, the law of propagation and the law of extermination seem to go hand in hand. Considering the species, nature is blinded to the fate of the individual. It is difficult to differentiate the units which compose the whole, the deviations are at once so subtle and so minute. We know that every man in the world, in greater or less degree, differs from every other man. Rameses, the Pharaoh, doubtless wooed his queen in a manner dictated by his own heart and his own desires, and this manner was as individual and as inimitable as his own personality — unlike that of any being who preceded or followed him. But we see twenty robins courting their mates, — twenty robins with fluttering wings and bursting throats, — and to our purblind vision they are one and the same. Nevertheless, to the discriminating eyes of the female robin, each one is known for better or for worse, and so it comes about that her ultimate decision is no such accidental or casual matter as it appears to be.

It is not here, however, that mating and death are inseparable, although it does not follow that this law operates only upon the water and the earth. There are dire hours when it fashions wings for itself and makes its way through the tall flowers and the tree-tops; and at such times shadow and

suffering follow in its path. It searches out the tiny door of the beehive and enters in — the invisible, but pitiless, guest at a *fête extraordinaire*. For it is the day of days when at last the young queen bees — after the long period of special diet and the equally long period of nursing in cells adapted only to the royal grubs — shall leave their home to essay their one great adventure.

During all of this time of preparation, the drones and the young princesses have shared the same hive, even the same gallery of combs, and yet the drones have made no slightest sign to show a recognition of their regal sisters. This is one infinitesimal part of the careful scheme of nature to prevent interbreeding. No princess shall be wedded to one of her own family: this is the law of the bees. So, alone, she creeps out on the ledge in the warm sun, and after a preliminary whirring of her iridescent wings, she gathers her feet together and launches out into the air. The drones from all the hives on earth seem to have been made aware of this critical moment, whether or not by some mysterious, evanescent scent, we do not know. In her wake come legions of them, moved at last to the supreme effort of their lives.

One by one, the weaklings drop back; others stray from the scent trail to become the legitimate prey of any enemy who chances upon them; and at last only a small group of the fit remain, whirring through space faster and faster. The drone — now become a supreme refutation of his name — who by some small measure of strength of wing, or keenness of scent or sight, is the first to reach the object of his desires, fulfills not only his own individual destiny, but the destiny of the race of bees, entire. And in this fulfillment he finds his death. The culmination of his ambitions is neither more nor less than an expression of the racial will to survive;

but this culmination is at the same time the blotting out of his own life. His tiny body falls by the roadside, or is lost in a veritable forest of grass-blades, where it is the rightful quarry of any passing ant. It is, perhaps, ignominious, but any death, eventually, is this.

But this atom, with its crushed and helpless wings and its useless coat of black and gold, is a symbol—a symbol of payment to the utmost. He has paid in full for all the care lavished upon him by the slaves of his hive—those workers who for so long a time tended and served him ceaselessly that he might be fitted to run the race he has run so well. And he has paid, also, for this same faithful and untiring service which was wasted upon thousands of brother drones who shared the good fortune of the hive, but who were not so well fashioned as he to survive in the pursuit for which they were created. Thousands must perish that one may be exalted. When we consider this, and the energy expended in the long preparation, we can discover in it nothing but a great waste. We have not the large vision of nature which sees that it is well and just to sacrifice individuals for the good of the race. Civilization preserves the unfit, victimizing the fit to further this end. This is a strange new fact for human beings to have discovered in life—a very reversal of the basic principles of evolution. And if we persevere and achieve the fullest development, we shall do so in defiance of the laws which have brought us up through all the ages to an undisputed sovereignty of the earth. We shall work not with them, but against them.

However, in relegating to ourselves this quality of mercy, we protect ourselves from the sight of suffering. It is not so with the hive. For since the thousand drones may not live, they must die. One becomes a king, but many are destined to perish in unknown

places—let us think that, defeated, they creep into some crevice or shadow hidden from their kind. Some weaklings return to the hive to meet a dishonorable death. Their fate has been brought about by no fault of their own, since from the beginning they were handicapped by some physical imperfection; therefore, they make full atonement for a sin not committed. They hesitate on the landing ledge, afraid to enter where there is no longer a rightful place for them. Some lose heart, and turning, fly out into the open to make their losing fight against an inexorable decree; others, with a cunning and strategy born of desperation, steal past the guardian workers and make their way to the uttermost depths of the combs, where, sooner or later, they are hounded out and stung to death by the workers, who for so long a time tended them with unswerving loyalty and devotion. This is the full expression of that poetic justice which was the keystone of Greek tragedy.

It is but one of many—this small history. For the courtship of all the creatures on this particular rung of the evolutionary ladder comprises many intricacies and follows a devious and eventful path. It is potentially dramatic, rich in situations for comedy, pure farce, and tragedy—and it does not lose in value because we must measure it by a miniature and not a heroic scale. There are the spiders, who live and die in the shadow of a unique law which declares that the female shall be in all things stronger and wiser than the male. It is impossible to find elsewhere in nature such an astounding sex-relation, for it is the chief object of the male spider to escape being devoured by the lady spider to whom he has elected to surrender his heart. His whole structure is designed to aid and abet him in this perilous undertaking.

He is small,—indeed sometimes minute,—strong of limb, agile, wary to an extreme. As a natural result, his personality is not prepossessing. He is no expert spinner. He goes his way through life, now and then weaving an inadequate web—a poor, lop-sided affair—to snare the one or two gnats which are all he needs as sustenance for his diminutive body.

At length, at the proper hour, he discovers the silken castle of a female, and observing it, hesitates, profoundly meditative. In this he is not alone; for others, too, have obeyed her silent summons—have come from far places to group themselves discreetly near her. There is one suitor, perhaps, possessed of great valor—even so, for days his courage fails him; but at last, valiantly, this troubadour advances and twangs one of the strands of her web. By this, he strives to discover her temper, to discern her mood. At last, overcome by his own temerity, he risks all and goes up her silken ladder, stumbling over his own multifarious legs, so great is his haste.

She watches him, immobile, a tiny sphinx made of velvet; then there is a sudden rush, a fatal wrapping of the entangling mesh—and an ogre drops aside the body of a gallant knight, sucked dry. It was not auspicious, this venture; and six more suitors may meet a like fate before one succeeds in soothing her. No, a spider's lot is not a happy one. Imagine, if you please, the courage needed to pay suit to a lady, ferocious, cannibalistic, and of most uncertain temper, with the added advantage of being fully a thousand times as large as one's self as well as thirteen hundred times one's weight.

It is a struggle for the imagination to picture this in humanity: an average man offering his heart and hand to a buxom damsel towering several hundred feet above him, and with a weight

of some two hundred thousand pounds! And yet such are some of the courtships taking place among the wild folk, in the fields about us, along the dusty roadside, at our very doors—courtships of such seriousness and moment that life and death are daily weighed one against the other.

Skoal! to the spider who dares wage his small battle in face of such tremendous odds; who holds steadfastly to the ideals of his race, though failure is synonymous with death, and success signifies neither affection nor love, but, at best, a momentary toleration.

III

In the life of the spider, we have, perhaps, the most spectacular juxtaposition of the sexes. But in most of the higher insects, the ants, the wasps, and the bees, the female is the dominant sex in every way. In the solitary species, the male is seldom seen; often he is stingless, worthy the name of drone, and the moment of mating is the only high light on the drab and monotonous canvas of his existence. The female, on the contrary, leads an eventful life in which all her acts are carefully correlated to promote in her the greatest possible efficiency. For, she must eventually build a home, and provide food for her isolated offspring whom she will never see; or she must establish a new colony over which she will reign supreme—a thankless monarchy, however, for as queen, she becomes nothing more than a perpetual egg-laying machine. In achieving aristocracy, she achieves personal annihilation—this is the penalty of royalty.

Nevertheless, there is among the insects a regal paradox—the queen who is free to live and to love in accordance with her own desires. She is the solitary wasp, vigilant, purposeful, trained to conserve and to expend her energy

with the utmost discretion. She dismisses her mate, evincing no concern over the immediate death which may be meted out to him, and turns without a moment's delay to her work. She searches out hollows in fence-rails, in tree-trunks; or, not finding them, digs suitable ones, herself, in the ground, and stores them with insects — thereby providing a larder sufficient unto the tastes of a *gourmet*. These insects are neither living nor dead, but stung so cunningly that, paralyzed, they will remain in this comatose condition for weeks, until the young wasp-grub, awakened to the needs of life, demands sustenance. This is unparalleled evidence of the economics of anaesthesia. It is a sociological phenomenon, one manifestation of instinct, plus, may we say, feminine ingenuity. Indeed, so completely is wasp-life an *affaire des femmes* that diverse rivalries and competitions have sprung up between the females of different species.

A black-and-white wasp overpowers a small spider and carries it to her improvised larder in a fence-post, hiding it there. Since she must secure other provisions against a needy day, she does not linger to keep guard over her possessions, but straightway flies away, pursued by her shadow, which flits over the clover leaves and the petals of the field flowers. This coming and going has not been accomplished in secret: another wasp, clad in solid iridescent armor, has watched every movement, biding her time. When there is no one to see, she flies swiftly to the treasure trove and hovers above it, waiting for a second to be sure that all is well. But this delay is fatal. The black-and-white wasp appears, moving slowly above the long grass, for she is weighed down by her trophy — a young caterpillar, mute evidence of skillful and well-waged warfare. She sees her enemy and darts forward, letting her prey fall

by the wayside. The Amazons come together in mid air, clinch, and fall to the ground. The brilliant one is known at once for what she is — an insect vampire, striving to foist her egg upon the home of the worker wasp, that her offspring may feed upon the worker's egg and the hidden store of prey. In common with every such member of society, she is the dependent, the vampire in all things, profiting always by her natural gifts and the weakness of others. She makes no attempt to fight, but relying upon her almost impenetrable armor, curls herself up tightly and allows the worker wasp to roll her about, angrily, searching for an unguarded crevice into which she may stab. Realizing her helplessness, the worker wasp becomes frantic with rage, and seizing the iridescent wings of her enemy she bites and tears them beyond repair. Then, quietly, she goes off again on her eternal quest.

But that one may be victorious, another must be vanquished. The defeated wasp, badly maimed, tries vainly to rise on her tattered pinions — the stumps vibrate pitifully. She is crippled in body as well, but in her desire to fulfill her destiny, she forgets all but the treasure trove high overhead, where her young may find a haven. In the beginning, she was denied the rightful instincts which were meted out to her more favored sisters: she was never taught to track and to overwhelm her lawful prey, to utilize the natural resources of her small sphere. She knows but one thing: that she must lodge her egg in another's nest or her race will come to an end — the greatest possible catastrophe to any civilization, however humble or pretentious. Therefore, she climbs up painfully, inch by inch, to the hole in the post, lays her egg in the nest, and having in this wise, completed the small mosaic of her existence, makes no

further fight against those great forces which have combined to destroy her. So it comes about that eventually, although through no conscious design of her own, she wreaks vengeance upon her enemy. For sooner or later, the worker wasp carries the last spider to the treasure-house, lays her egg, and carefully closes the nest. But the egg of the intruder will hatch first, and after the preliminary cannibal feast, the changeling will thrive and in due time issue forth to search, primarily, for a mate, then for the homes she may despoil and convert to her purposes. In this, she is nothing more than an instrument expressing the will of her race, for she lives by no creed which differentiates good and evil.

In a society where innocence and guilt are one and the same, there can be no sin, either of omission or commission. The worker preys upon the caterpillar, and the iridescent wasp preys upon the worker. So must life be given for life; so is natural cunning pitted against industry; and so, it would seem, is fate set above both, to do with them as she will. But we do not know the underlying truth and fitness of such matters; the justice or injustice of nature is not to be determined by the human standards of right and wrong. At best, we can but observe and tabulate the facts presented to us, endeavoring to reveal the inner law by correlating its many outward manifestations.

IV

We have considered the infancy of sex and the subsequent stages of its early development. The second phase of its evolution does not follow such broad and simple lines, for new instincts arise to make war against those fundamental ones which have sufficed to motivate the countless small dramas of survival and propagation. Foremost,

is the maternal instinct — that first, faint foreshadowing of emotion. Of course, when we remember that a cod-fish mother may lay over nine million eggs, we realize that it is impossible for her to do her full duty to each individual member of her family. Some of the codfish children must endure a bit of neglect, are practically orphaned, in fact. This, fortunately, does not influence them in after life. For, among the fishes, there is little logic of cause and effect; indeed, the maternal instinct usually finds its fullest expression in the father of the household. It is the quaint sea-horse who carries the eggs in his pouch and watches over them, with solicitude, until the young colts are of age; and it is the beautiful male paradise fish who protects his children from their unnatural mother, and who preserves a stainless escutcheon by a vigilant guardianship of his numerous offspring, collecting them, if they stray, and carrying them home from time to time in his mouth.

Among reptiles, the maternal instinct finds a lawful expression through the mother, which is as it should be in any reputable society. It is the female python who wraps her coils about her eggs; it is the female alligator who watches near her nest, ready to fight for it, unless the danger threatens to overpower her — when her mother instinct falters and fails, since it is, at best, but the tiniest spark. Courtship among these lowly, backboned creatures is not beautiful. With the pythons, sinister flowings of the tongue, hissing, and a slow, sinuous approach serve to complete the momentous circle; with the alligators, reverberating roars, tail-lashings, and uncouth intimidations, are sufficient unto the day. They have attained a new instinct, perhaps; but this progression is not equitable. It but heralds a certain retrogression, for their courtship denotes neither preparation

nor a harmonious sequence of incident.

It is in the birds that we find a nice balancing of the sex-instincts; it is in their life, too, that we see the predominance of the aesthetic impulse. However, their world is a world of many castes, so that while one courtship may be astonishingly complex and subtle, another is correspondingly crude. At one extreme, the bourgeois house-sparrow does no more than make a pretense of display, which degenerates at once into a rough-and-tumble pursuit, culminating in rapine. But, elsewhere, the wooing is full of beauty, employing secret and marvelous talents for its furtherance. There are the song of the hermit thrush and the graceful dance of the cranes; and there is that mysterious genius in the bower bird which impels him to gather colored blossoms and shells that he may beautify some chosen spot for the allurement of his mate. And everywhere throughout the land, there is that elaborate display of ruffs and crests and brilliant tail-feathers, in order that all the world, observing, may be enabled to make a true estimate of the individual prowess thus made manifest. For the female does not yield at once, but must be besieged, implored, pleaded with, made to know in a thousand ways the desirability of the suitor who would win her. Therefore, to aid him in his wooing, the male bird is almost always larger, stronger, with brighter coloring than his mate, or his song is filled with a poetry and sweetness wanting in her own.

But in every department of life, nature must entertain herself, upon occasion, with contradiction and paradox. So, each year, on the grassy, half-frozen tundras of the far north, on the dry, reedy plains of central India, in the very heart of the Brazilian tropical forest, she sets in motion courtships which are a living refutation of her normal laws. These secret and naive dra-

mas owe their being to the phalaropes or sandpipers, the bustard-quail, and the tinamou; but the chief and foremost of the three, in quaintness and versatility, is the clan phalarope.

It is in the cool months of early spring that the first of these little swimming sandpipers make their way to the northern tundras, where they scatter over the new arctic moss and wade and swim and search for food in the icy pools. With their warm and brilliant coloring of buff and rufous, they have the appearance of a small regiment come to make war against those insatiable, northland gods of eternal winter. But if they came to battle, they remain to loiter. However, this idleness endures but a few days, for the serious business of life is taken up the very instant that a second battalion of phalaropes appears against the horizon — for these are the males, duller in hue and smaller in size, come to profit by the reconnoitring of the stronger sex.

The landing is a joyful and gala hour, marked by fluttering wings, and the faint, confused sound of hundreds upon hundreds of tiny, webbed feet pattering along the water's edge. And this is but the beginning of a *fête délicieuse*. For each male is assiduously courted by at least two females, who seldom leave him, but scurry about, slaves to his slightest whim; who anticipate the least of his desires, and bring him the choicest morsels from land and sea; who bow and hover around him, watchful, despising no strategy which will win his favor. It is his custom to exact this homage until he is forced to abandon his attitude of indifference and to indicate his choice. This fateful moment is attended by no scene, however; for the sandpipers live according to a philosophy denied the more complicated human machine. Straightway, the defeated rival flies away in search of a male more suscep-

tible to her charms. This economy of effort is neither more nor less than an instinctive realization that the purpose of the individual is not to mourn but to propagate his race. And it is a realization in which complex human emotions have no place; hence the life of the phalarope runs its course smoothly, inevitably, untrammeled and un thwarted.

The courtship over, the bridegroom is plunged at once into a busy season of preparation. He searches here and there, — followed everywhere by his mate, who seems unwilling to trust him out of her sight, — and at last chooses a sheltered spot near a bit of overhanging turf, where with his dainty beak and toes he scratches out a little hollow — the tiniest hollow, in the very midst of the great arctic plain. Lady phalarope then condescends to deposit therein four beautiful eggs of gray, touched with a deep, rich brown, and feels that with this aesthetic contribution to the world, she has done all that any one with such ultra modern ideas could be called upon to do. So she wings her way to some neighboring quagmire and joins an assemblage of her sex, each and every one of whom has eased her conscience of all weight by having left similar quartettes of little eggs here and there in the growing turf.

The male, forsaken, steps forward and surveys his home with due pride; then, conscious that the weight of the universe has been transferred to his small back, he hurries to his nest and there composes himself for many days of patient brooding, stealing only now and then a little time that he may dine in some pool, providently stocked with mosquito larva. He even has the appearance of begrudging these briefest of intervals, and always hastens back to assume his duties, until the movement of life beneath him and the first faint pipings of the tiny nestling pha-

laropes reward his care and are a noisy proclamation that his warm body has fanned into existence four more of his kind, to go forth and be of service to the world.

During the ensuing weeks he thinks neither of himself nor of food, so great is his devotion to those long-legged, downy beings, — in reality more like strange insects than birds, — who follow him as closely as his shadow, and whose sole aim in life is to obey his slightest summons or warning. Now and then a great whistling of wings overhead sends them flat against the ground, crouching among the flowers of the tundra; but it is only their mother passing over, knowing them not for her own, intent only on reaching some pleasant roosting-place or fertile pool, with her gregarious sisters. Later, when the flowers have gone to seed, and the low sun sends less and less heat to the dying life of the tundra, all the phalaropes unite and fly swiftly southward, where — consistent in their inconsistency, defying to the last the laws of most other birds — the parents and young together spend the winter floating on the ocean far from land, challenging storms, sharks, and all the perils of the deep. By some strange chance, in obedience to some hidden whimsicality of nature, the females have become dominant, have taken to themselves strength, beauty, and a certain assertiveness, so that the males, unresisting, have fallen heir to the modest mantle of domesticity.

Four eggs and no more, are all that the little breast of the cock phalarope can successfully warm, so that for him to have another wife would cause an economic waste not countenanced in primitive society. And it appears that the lady phalarope desires to make but one conquest. But many miles to the south, in the tropical American forests, there are the tinamous, of par-

tridge habit and color, whose diversion from type has not been hampered by such well-defined limitations. The female is aggressive, courting and winning her mate more roughly than the little aristocratic phalarope, hustling him and giving him no peace until he capitulates. To be sure, she lays for him the most wonderful eggs in the world, with shells like burnished metal, save that they are colored with the rarest greens and the most evanescent and subtle blues. But once she has thus built the walls of his prison for him, this emancipated tinamou promptly deserts him, and sends through the forests her clear and penetrating call — a trill of poignant sweetness.

At this moment, she may be poised on some fallen tree-trunk, or half hidden in tall ferns close by her first mate, who has quietly and unobtrusively assumed the responsibilities meted out to him. He hears the selfsame call which so short a time ago awakened him, led him to undertake the perilous task of hatching and rearing the brood, and can one be sure that he is not stirred by a passing wave of resentment, conscious of a fleeting desire to be one in freedom with the males of other species, whom he can see playing and singing about him, while their mates, in fitting subservience to law and custom, sit upon the nests? But that vast, incomprehensible machinery of evolution is not to be disarranged by an atom hidden in a forest; he must live as he must live. He has no word of protest; it is kismet.

But if here, among the phalaropes and the tinamous, does not exist that equitable division of instinct which finds its purest expression in the birds, such harmony and balance are to be found notwithstanding, in the life of the wild goose; for, in common with many beautiful things, it is hidden where one would search for it last. We know

nothing of the courtship of the wild goose, but we feel assured that it must be a seemly and worthy affair. Once mated, there is no further need for vows and protestations, for the birds mate for life. Together, they unite in building the nest, but the goose alone watches over the eggs, while day and night, the gander weaves in all directions on water and on land his trails of watchfulness. Neither man nor beast may approach without being fiercely and successfully assailed, buffeted, and routed by a relentless attack with beak and wings. This guardianship is intensified when the new generation, helpless and dependent, voices its first need for protection from the perils which encompass and beset it. If, perchance, the small family elects to remain on the shore, the parents will circle round and round the group of golden goslings; and if danger threatens from any one direction, the gander, by some miracle of strategy, will succeed in placing himself at the one vulnerable point of his entrenchment. His loyalty, astuteness, and unselfishness are not to be found in those unobservant folk who have presumed to slander him. In swimming, the strictest discipline is maintained. The young form in single file, following the mother, while the gander brings up the rear, with eyes constantly sweeping the whole range of vision. His vigil is ceaseless and untiring. Such is the life of these two birds who are mated in more than sex; and when death comes to one or the other of them, we know that, many times, the one who remains will seek no other mate, but will return each spring to the site of his former nest which he will never renew again.

For these two, nature has shown herself just and generous, so that their life together, in its simplicity and equality, is an answer to many of those questions which men and women, victims of a

perhaps too complex civilization, are considering with such profound and impressive gravity. The wild gander and his goose do not know that at one time sex was a comparatively unknown quantity; they do not know that subsequently male and female were differentiated, and that after many centuries this differentiation caused a widespread divergence of individual duties and interests. But they are aware that specialization, which is neither more nor less than the realization of one's greatest talent and the judicious investment of it, will produce what is best for the individual and the race.

This talent may be a modest one, or it may be so pretentious as to become genius instead; but since genius is a natural endowment it must take care of itself. It is essential, only, that the making of bread, of houses, of streets and sidewalks and plays, shall continue for just so long a time as there is need

for them, and that this work shall be done competently and well. This presupposes a division of labor and of inclination, as well as certain potential limitations; but it does not necessarily presuppose that one half of the world shall be set to dusting furniture while the other half goes stolidly marching off to war. It is evident that specialization in itself is not sufficient; but specialization and a thoughtful, respectful coöperation between the sexes — this is the true sex-equality.

The voice of the jelly-fish is heard throughout the land demanding equality in all things. Time, of course, will usurp the privilege of answering this demand; but the human being, for his diversion, may determine the wisdom or unwise-dom of such a policy by considering these logical, if seemingly unrelated, descendants of the jelly-fish — the humble wild gander and his capable coöperative mate, the goose.

SOME ENTHUSIASMS I HAVE KNOWN

BY ROBERT HAVEN SCHAUFFLER

I

ENTHUSIASM is the thing that makes the world go round. The old Greeks who gave it a name knew that it was the god-energy in the human machine. Without its driving power nothing worth doing has ever been done. It is man's dearest possession. Love, friendship, religion, altruism, devotion to career or hobby,—all these, and most of the other good things in life, are forms of enthusiasm. A medicine for

the most diverse ills, it alleviates both the pains of poverty and the boredom of riches. Apart from it joy cannot live. Therefore it should be husbanded with zeal and spent with wisdom.

To waste it is folly; to misuse it, disaster. For it is safe to utilize this god-energy only in its own proper sphere. Enthusiasm moves the human vessel. To let it move the rudder too, is criminal negligence. The great composer Brahms once made a remark somewhat to this effect: The reason why there is

so much bad music in the world is that composers are in too much of a hurry. When an inspiration comes to them, what do they do? Instead of taking it out for a long, cool walk, they sit down at once to work it up; but instead they let it work *them* up into an absolutely uncritical enthusiasm in which every splutter of the goose-quill looks to them like part of a swan-song.

Love is blind, they say. This is an exaggeration. But it is based on the fact that enthusiasm, whether it appears as love, or in any other form, always has trouble with its eyes. In its own place it is incomparably efficient; only keep it away from the pilot-house!

Since this god-energy is the most precious and important thing we have, why should our word for its possessor have sunk almost to the level of a contemptuous epithet? Nine times in ten we apply it to the man who allows his enthusiasm to steer his vessel. It would be quite as logical to employ the word 'writer' for one who misuses his literary gift in writing dishonest advertisements. When we speak of an 'enthusiast' to-day, we usually mean a person who has all the ill-judging impulsiveness of a child without its compensating charm, and is therefore not to be taken seriously. This was the attitude of Commodore Vanderbilt, president of the New York Central Railroad, when George Westinghouse sent him a proposal to substitute air- for hand-brakes. 'He's only an enthusiast,' remarked the Commodore, and returned the inventor's letter politely indorsed: 'I have no time to waste on fools.' It might do all such superficial scoffers good if they were answered as the Commodore was answered. Some time after, when the air-brake had been put into brilliant operation on the more progressive Pennsylvania Railroad, the president of the New York Central wrote the inventor a benignant

letter, appointing an interview. His reply was a single sentence: 'I have no time to waste on fools. — GEORGE WESTINGHOUSE.'

But besides its poor sense of direction, men have another complaint against enthusiasm. They think it insincere on account of its capacity for frequent and violent fluctuation in temperature. In his *Creative Evolution*, Bergson shows how 'our most ardent enthusiasm, as soon as it is externalized into action, is so naturally congealed into the cold calculation of interest or vanity, the one so easily takes the shape of the other, that we might confuse them together, doubt our own sincerity, deny goodness and love, if we did not know that the dead retain for a time the features of the living.' The philosopher then goes on to show how, when we fall into this confusion, we are unjust to enthusiasm, which is the materialization of the invisible breath of life itself. It is 'the spirit.' The action it induces is 'the letter.' These give rise to two different and often antagonistic movements. The letter kills the spirit. But when this occurs we are apt to mistake the slayer for the slain and impute to the ardent spirit all the cold vices of its murderer. Hence, the taint of insincerity that seems to hang about enthusiasm is, after all, nothing but illusion. To be just, we should discount this illusion in advance as the wise man discounts discouragement. And the word for the man whose lungs are large with the breath of life should cease to be a term of reproach.

Enthusiasm is the prevailing characteristic of the child and of the man who does memorable things. The two are near akin and bear a family resemblance. Youth trails clouds of glory. The eternal man is usually the eternal boy. And it frequently follows that the more of a boy he is, the more of a

man. The most conventional-seeming great men possess as a rule a secret vein of eternal-boyishness. Our idea of Brahms, for example, is of a person hopelessly mature and respectable. But we open Kalbeck's new biography and discover him climbing a tree to conduct his chorus while swaying on a branch, or, in his fat forties, playing at frog-catching like a five-year-old.

The American celebrity is no less youthful. Not long ago one of our good gray men of letters was among his children, awaiting dinner and his wife. Her footstep sounded on the stairs. 'Quick, children!' he exclaimed. 'Here's mother. Let's hide under the table, and when she comes in we'll rush out on all-fours and pretend we're bears.' The manoeuvre was executed with spirit. At the agreed signal out they all waddled and galumphed with horrid grunts, only to find something unfamiliar about mother's skirt, and, glancing up, to discover that it hung upon a strange and terrified guest.

The biographers have paid too little attention to the god-energy of their heroes. I think that it should be one of the crowning achievements of biography to communicate to the reader certain actual vibrations of the enthusiasm that filled the scientist or philosopher for truth; the patriot for his country; the artist for beauty and self-expression; the altruist for humanity; the discoverer for knowledge; the lover or friend for a kindred soul; the prophet, martyr, or saint for his god.

Every lover, according to Emerson, is a poet. Not only is this true, but every one of us, when in the sway of any enthusiasm, has in him something creative. Therefore a record of the most ordinary person's enthusiasms should prove as well worth reading as the ordinary record of the extraordinary person's life if written with the usual neglect of this important subject.

II

Now I should like to try the experiment of sketching in outline a new kind of biography. It would consist entirely of the record of an ordinary person's enthusiasms. But, as I know no other life-story so well as my own, perhaps the reader will pardon me for abiding in the first person singular. He may the more readily pardon me if he realizes the universality of this offense among writers. For it is a fact that almost all novels, stories, poems, and essays are nothing but more or less cleverly disguised autobiography.

In looking back over my life, a series of enthusiasms would appear to stand out as a sort of spinal system, about which are grouped as tributaries all the dry bones and other minor phenomena of existence. Or, rather, enthusiasm is the deep, clear, sparkling stream which carries along and solves and neutralizes, if not sweetens, in its impetuous flow life's rubbish and superfluities of all kinds, such as school, the Puritan sabbath, boot- and hair-brushing, polite and unpolemic converse with bores, prigs, pedants and shorter catechists — and so on, all the way down the shores of age, to the higher mathematics, bank failures, and the occasional editor whose word is not as good as his bond.

My first enthusiasm was for good things to eat. It was stimulated by that priceless asset, a virginal palate. But here at once the medium of expression fails. For what may words presume to do with the flavor of that first dish of oatmeal; with the first pear, grape, watermelon; with the Bohemian roll called *Hooska*, besprinkled with poppy and mandragora, or the wondrous dishes which our Viennese cook called *Aepfelstrudel* and *Scheiterhaufen*? The best way for me to express my reaction to each of these delicacies

would be to play it on the 'cello. The next best would be to say that they tasted somewhat better than Eve thought the apple was going to taste. But how absurdly inadequate this sounds! I suppose the truth is that such enthusiasms have become too utterly congealed in our blasé minds when at last these minds have grown mature enough to grasp the principles of penmanship. So that whatever has been recorded about the sensations of extreme youth is probably all false. Why, even

'Heaven lies about us in our infancy,'

as Wordsworth revealed in his ode on Immortality. And though Tennyson pointed out that we try to revenge ourselves by lying about heaven in our maturity, this does not serve to correct a single one of crabbed age's misapprehensions about youth.

Games next caught my fancy. From the first I seemed to prefer those demanding dexterity and quickness of eye. More than dominoes or halma, lead soldiers appealed to me, and tops, marbles, and battledore-and-shuttlecock. Perhaps I should not have cared so much for the last-named if I had foreseen myself participating in this sport for some years in grim earnest, I, the literary beginner, being the shuttlecock, and receiving many a shrewd rap as I was bandied from one editorial battledore to another.

Through tag, fire-engine, hide-and-seek, pom-pom-pull-away, and baseball, I came to boxing. Until then I had been much bullied by the older boys of the neighborhood. This was only natural, for my physical make-up was an irresistible invitation to the bully. Its chief item was a huge, bulbous head, under the weight of which a wraith of a body and penholder-like legs seemed to buckle. But my reach was long, my eye fair. After a few scientific hints

from a brother, I took to the manly art so naturally as to win both the reluctant respect of my contemporaries, and admission to the cherished society of my elders. With delight I found that I could stand up to the latter on apparently equal terms. But now, looking back, I am almost sure that after having broken my nose, the big fellows must have treated me as indulgently as the Saint Bernard treats the snarling spaniel. However that may be, boxing gave me a first taste of the joys of physical competence.

But when, after a few years, I found tennis, I knew instinctively that here was to be my athletic grand passion. Perhaps I was first attracted by the game's constant humor, which was forever making the ball imitate or caricature humanity, or beguiling the players to act like solemn automata. I came to like the game's variety, its tense excitement, its beauty of posture and curve. From an early date I have been a fascinated student of humanity. And about this time I must have vaguely felt what I later learned consciously: that tennis is a sure revealer of character. Three sets with a man suffice to give one a working knowledge of his moral equipment; six, of his chief mental traits; and a dozen, of that most important and usually veiled part of him, his subconscious personality. Young people of opposite sexes are sometimes counseled to take a long railway journey together before deciding on a matrimonial merger. But I would advise them to play 'singles' with each other before venturing upon a continuous game of 'doubles.'

The collecting mania appeared some time before tennis. I first collected ferns under a crag in a deep glen. Mere amassing soon gave way to discrimination, which led to choosing a favorite fern. This was chosen, I now realize, with a woeful lack of fine feeling. I

called it the Alligator from its fancied resemblance to my brother's alligator-skin traveling bag. But admiration of this fern brought a dawning consciousness that certain natural objects were vastly preferable to others. This led, in years, to an enthusiasm for collecting impressions of the beauty, strength, sympathy, and significance of nature. The Alligator Fern, as I still call it, has become a symbolic thing to me; and the sight of it now stands for my supreme or best-loved impression, not alone in the world of ferns, but also in each department of nature. Among forests it symbolizes the immemorial incense cedars and redwoods of the Yosemite; among shores, those of Capri and Monterey; among mountains, the glowing one called Isis as seen at dawn from the depths of the Grand Canyon; among friendly brooks, a stream that chuckles and foams and swirls seaward under Massachusetts oaks and beeches and past the log cabin where I sit writing these words.

III

Next, I collected postage-stamps. I know that it is customary for writers to-day to sneer at this pursuit. But surely they have forgotten its variety and subtlety; its demand on the imagination; how it makes history and geography live, and initiates one painlessly into the mysteries of the currency of all nations. And what a tonic it is for the memory! Only think of the implications of the annual price-catalogue! Soon after the issue of this work, every collector worthy the name has almost unconsciously filed away in his mind the current market values of thousands of stamps. And he can tell you off-hand, not only their worth in the normal perforated and canceled condition, but also how their values vary if they are uncanceled, embossed, rouletted,

unperforated, surcharged with all manner of initials, printed by mistake with the king standing on his head, or watermarked anything from a horn of plenty to the seven lean kine of Egypt. This feat of memory is, moreover, no hardship at all, for the enthusiasm of the normal stamp-collector is so potent that its proprietor has only to stand by and let it do all the work.

We often hear that the wealthy do not enjoy their possessions. This depends entirely upon the wealthy. That some of them enjoy their treasures giddily, madly, my own experience proves. For, as youthful stamp-collectors went in those days, I was a philatelic magnate. By inheritance, by the ceaseless and passionate trading of duplicates, by rummaging in every available attic, by correspondence with a wide circle of foreign missionaries, and by delivering up my whole allowance to the dealers, I had amassed a collection of several thousand varieties. These included such gems as all of the triangular Cape of Good Hopes, almost all of the early Persians, and our own spectacular issue of 1869 unused, including the one on which the silk-stockinged Fathers are signing the Declaration of Independence. Such possessions as these I well-nigh worshipped.

Even to-day, after having collected no stamps for a generation, the chance sight of an 'approval sheet', with its paper-hinged reminders of every land of the nineteenth century, gives me a curious sensation. There visit my spine echoes of the thrills that used to course it on similar occasions in boyhood. Those were the days when my stamps had formed for me mental pictures, more or less accurate, of every country from Angola to Western Australia, its history, climate, scenery, inhabitants, rulers. To possess its rarest stamp was mysteriously connected in

my mind with being given the freedom of the land itself, and introduced with warm recommendations to its *genius loci*.

Even old circulars issued by dealers now long gone to stampless climes, have power still to raise the ghost of the vanished glamour. I prefer those of foreign dealers because their English has the quaint, other-world atmosphere of what they dealt in. How other-world this English was I did not perhaps stop to appreciate in the rush of youth. The other day I found in an old scrap-book a circular from Vienna, which annihilated a score of years with its very first words: —

CLEARING

OF A LARGE PART OF MY RETAIL DEPOSITORY
Being lately so much engaged into my wholesale business . . . I have made up my mind to sell out a large post of my retail-stamps at under-prices. They are rests of larger collections containing for the most, only older marks and not thrash possibly put together purposely as they used to be composed by the other dealers and containing therefore mostly but worthless and useless nouveautés of Central America.

Before continuing this persuasive flow, the dealer inserts a number of testimonials like the following. He calls them: —

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

Sent package having surpassed my expectations I beg to remit by to days post-office-orders Mk. 100. Kindly please send me by return of post offered album wanted for retail sale.

G. B- HANNOVER.

He now comes to his peroration: —

I beg to call the kind of attention of every buyer to the fact of my selling all these packages and albums with my own loss merely for clearings sake of my retail business and in order to get rid of them as much and as soon as possible. With 25-60% abatement I give stamps and whole things to societies against four weeks calculation.

All collectors are bound to oblige themselves by writing contemporaneously with sending in the depository amount to make calculation within a week as latest term.

It is enough! As I read, the old magic enfolds me, and I am seized with longing to turn myself into a society of collectors, and to implore the altruistic dealer 'kindly please' to send me, at a prodigious 'abatement,' 'stamps and whole things against four weeks calculation.'

IV

The youngest children of large families are apt to be lonely folk, somewhat retired and individualistic in their enthusiasms. I was such a child, blessed by circumstances with few playfellows and rather inclined to sedentary joys. Even when I reached the barbaric stage of evolution where youth is gripped by enthusiasm for the main pursuits of his primitive ancestors, I was fain to enjoy these in the more sophisticated forms natural to a lonely young city-dweller.

When stamps had passed their zenith I was filled with a lust for slaughter. Fish were at first the desired victims. Day after day I sat watching a hopelessly buoyant cork refuse to bob into the depths of the muddy and sluggish Cuyahoga. I was like some fond parent, hoping against hope to see his child outlive the flippant period and dive below the surface of things, into touch with the great living realities. And when the cork finally marked a historic period by vanishing, and a small, inert and intensely bored sucker was pulled in hand over hand, I felt thrills of gratified longing and conquest old and strong as the race.

But presently I myself was drawn, like the cork, beneath the superficial surface of the angler's art. For in the public library I chanced on a shelf of books that told about fishing of a nobler, jollier, more seductive sort. At once I was consumed with a passion for five-ounce split-bamboo fly-rods, ethereal leaders, double-tapered casting

lines of braided silk, and artificial flies more fair than birds of Paradise. Armed in spirit with all these, I waded the streams of England with kindly old Isaak Walton, and ranged the Restigouche with the predecessors of Henry Van Dyke.

These dreams brought with them a certain amount of satisfaction — about as much satisfaction as if they had come as guests to a surprise party, each equipped with a small sandwich and a large appetite. The visions were pleasant, of course, but they cried out, and made me cry out, for action. There were no trout, to be sure, within a hundred miles, and there was no way of getting to any trouty realm of delight. But I did what I could to be prepared for the blessed day when we should meet. I secured five new subscriptions or so to *The Boys' Chronicle* (let us call it) and received in return a fly-rod so flimsy that it would have resolved itself into its elements at sight of a half-pound trout. It was destined, though, never to meet with this embarrassment.

My casting line bore a family resemblance to grocery string. My leader was a piece of gut from my brother's 'cello; my fly-book, an old wallet. As for flies, they seemed beyond my means; and it was perplexing to know what to do, until I found a book that said it was best to tie your own flies. With joyful relief I acted on this counsel, and no one can say that I did not throw myself into the project. Plucking the feather-duster, I tied two White Millers with shoe-thread upon cod hooks. One of these I stained and streaked with my heart's blood into the semblance of a Parmacheenee Belle. The canary furnished materials for a Yellow May; a door-yard English sparrow for a Brown Hackle. My masterpiece, the beautiful, particolored fly known as Jock Scott, owed its being to my sister's Easter bonnet.

I covered the points of the hooks with pieces of cork, and fished on the front lawn from morning to night, leaning with difficulty against the thrust of an imaginary torrent. And I never ceased striving to make the three flies straighten out properly as the books directed, and fall like thistle-down on the strategic spot where the empty tomato can was anchored, and then jiggle appetizingly down over the four-pounder, where he sulked in the deep hole just beyond the hydrant.

The hunting fever was wakened by the need for the Brown Hackle already mentioned. But as the choice of weapons and of victims culminated in the air-gun and the sparrow, respectively, my earliest hunting was confined even more closely than my fishing to the library and the wild and teeming forests and fields of the imagination. But while somewhat handicapped here by the scarcity of ferocious game, I was more fortunate in another enthusiasm which attacked me almost at the same time. For however unpropitious the hunting is on any given part of the earth's surface, there is everywhere and always an abundance of good hidden-treasure-seeking to be had. The garden, the attic, the tennis lawn, all suffered. And my enterprise was stimulated by the discovery of an incomparable book, all about a dead man's chest, and not only digging for gold in a secret island, but finding it too, by jingo! and fighting off the mutineers.

These aspirations led naturally to games of Pirate, or Outlaw, which were handicapped, however, by the scarcity of playmates and their curious hesitation to serve as victims. As pirates and outlaws are well known to be the most superstitious of creatures, inclining to the primitive in their religious views, we were naturally led into a sort of dread enthusiasm for — or enthusiastic dread of — the whole pantheon of

SOME ENTHUSIASMS I HAVE KNOWN

spooks, sprites, and bugaboos to which savages and children, great and small, bow the knee.

But perhaps it might be more possible to convey the quality of these interlaced enthusiasms by turning aside for a moment from the cooler ways of prose. I suppose that a metrical statement of the ideals of this period might be called

PARADISE REVISED

Playing hymn-tunes day and night
On a harp *may* be all right
For the grown-ups; but for me,
I do wish that heaven could be
Sort o' like a circus, run
So a kid could have some fun!

There I'd not play harps, but horns
When I chased the unicorns —
Magic tubes with pistons greasy,
Slides that pushed and pulled out easy,
Cylinders of snaky brass
Where the fingers like to fuss,
Polished like a looking-glass,
Ending in a blunderbuss.

I would ride a horse of steel
Wound up with a ratchet-wheel.
Every beast I'd put to rout
Like the man I read about.
I would singe the leopard's hair,
Stalk the vampire and the adder,
Drive the werewolf from his lair,
Make the mad gorilla madder.
Needle-guns my work should do.
But, if beasts got closer to,
I would pierce them to the marrow
With a barbed and poisoned arrow,
Or I'd whack 'em on the skull
Till my scimitar was dull.

If these weapons did n't work,
With a kris or bowie-knife,
Poniard, assegai or dirk
I would make them beg for life; —
Spare them, though, if they'd be good
And guard me from what haunts the wood —
From those creepy, shuddery sights
That come round a fellow nights:
Imps that squeak and troll; that prowl,
Ghouls, the slimy devil-fowl,
Headless goblins with lassos,
Scarlet witches worse than those,
Flying dragon-fish that bellow
So as most to scare a fellow . . .

There, as nearly as I could,
I would live like Robin Hood,
Taking down the mean and haughty,
Getting plunder from the naughty
To reward all honest men
Who should seek my outlaw's den.

When I'd wearied of these pleasures
I'd go hunt for hidden treasures —
In no ordinary way:
Pirates' luggers I'd waylay;
Board them from my sinking dory,
Wade through decks of gore and glory,
Drive the fiends, with blazing matchlock,
Down below, and snap the hatch-lock.

Next, I'd scud beneath the sky-land,
Sight the hills of Treasure Island,
Prowl and peer and prod and prize,
Till there burst upon my eyes
Just the proper pirate's freight:
Gold doubloons and pieces of eight!

Then — the very best of all —
Suddenly a stranger tall
Would appear, and I'd forget
That we had n't ever met.
And with cap upthrown I'd greet him
(Turning from the plunder, yellow)
And I'd hurry fast to meet him,
For he'd be the very fellow
Who, I think, invented fun —

Robert Louis Stevenson.

The enthusiasms of this barbaric period never died. They grew up, instead, and proved serviceable friends. Fishing and hunting are now the highlights of vacation time. The crude call of the inexplicable and the weird has modulated into a siren note from the forgotten psychic continents which we western peoples have only just discovered and begun to explore. As for the buried-treasure craze — why, my beloved life-work practically amounts to a daily search for hidden gold in the attics and cellars, the chimney-pieces and desert islands of the mind, and the secret coining of it into currency.

And so I might go on to tell of my enthusiasms for no end of other things like modeling, reading, philology, cathedrals, writing, pictures, folk-lore, and the theatre. Then, there is the long story of that enthusiasm called Love,

of Friendship its twin, and their elder brother, Religion, and their younger sister, Altruism. And travel and adventure and so on. But no! It is, I believe, a misdemeanor to obtain attention under false pretenses. If I have caught the reader's eye by promising to sketch him the merest outline of a new method of writing autobiography, I must not abuse his confidence by putting that method into practice. So, with a regret almost equal to that of Lewis Carroll's famous Bellman, 'I skip twenty years,' and close with my latest enthusiasm.

V

Confirmed wanderers that we were, my wife and I had rented a house for the winter in a Massachusetts coast village and had fallen somewhat under the spell of the place. Nevertheless we had decided to move on soon, to try, in fact, another trip through Italy. Our friendly neighbors urged us to buy land up the 'back lane' instead, and build and settle down. But we knew nothing of this thoroughfare, and scarcely heard them.

They were so insistent, however, that one day we ventured up the back lane at dusk and began to explore the woods. It grew dark and we thought of turning back. Then it began to grow light again. A full moon was climbing up through the maples, inviting further explorations. We pushed on in the undergrowth, and presently were in a grove of great white pines. There was a faint sound of running water, and suddenly we came upon an astonishing brook, wide, swift, and musical. We had not suspected the existence of such a brook within a dozen leagues. It was overarched by great oaks and elms, beeches, tupelos, and maples. The moonbeams were dancing in the ripples and on the floating castles of foam.

'What a place for a study!'

'Yes, a log cabin with a big stone fire-place.'

The remarks came idly, but our eyes met and held. Moved by one impulse we turned our backs upon the stream and remarked what bosh people will sometimes talk, and discussed the coming Italian trip as we moved cautiously among the briars. But when we came once more to the veteran pines they seemed more glamorous than ever in the moonlight, especially one that stood near a tall holly, apart from the rest, — a lyre-shaped, musical fellow, — and his opposite, a burly, thickset archer, bending his long-bow into a most exquisite curve. The fragrant pine-needles whispered. The brook lent its faint music.

'Quick! We had better get away!'

A forgotten lumber road led us safe from briars up a hill. Out of a dense oak grove we emerged upon its more open crest. Our feet sank deep in moss.

'Look,' I said.

Over the heads of the high forest trees below, shimmered a mile of moonlit marshes, and beyond them a gleam — perhaps from some vessel far at sea, perhaps even from a Provincetown lighthouse.

'Yes; but look!'

At a touch I turned and beheld, crowning the hill, a stately band of red cedars, lithe and comely, dense and mysterious as the cypresses of Tivoli, and gloriously drenched in moonlight.

'But what a place for a house!'

'Let's give up Italy,' was the answer, 'and make this wood our home.'

By instinct and training we were two inveterate wanderers. Never had we possessed so much as a shingle or a spoonful of earth. But the nest-building enthusiasm had us at last. Our hands met in compact. And a ten o'clock dinner was eaten to the tune of deeds in fee simple, pneumatic water-systems, and landscape architecture.

MY LADY

BY OLIVE TILFORD DARGAN

A RED-CAP sang in Bishop's wood,
A lark o'er Golder's lane,
As I the April pathway trod,
Bound west for Willesden.

At foot each tiny blade grew big,
And taller stood to hear;
And every leaf on every twig
Was like a little ear.

As I too paused, and both ways tried
To catch the rippling rain,—
So still, a hare kept at my side
His tussock of disdain,—

Behind me close I heard a step,
A soft pit-pat surprise,
And looking round my eyes fell deep
Into sweet other eyes;

The kind like wells, where sun lies too
(So clear and trustful brown),
Without a bubble warning you
That here's a place to drown.

'You have come far?' Her broken shoes
Made it a thing to say.
She answered like a dreaming Muse,
'I come from Holloway.'

'So long a tramp?' Two gentle nods;
Then seemed to lift a wing,
And words fell soft as willow-buds:
'I came to find the Spring.'

A timid voice, yet not afraid
In ways so sweet to roam,
As it with honey bees had played
And could no more go home.

Her home! I saw the human lair,
I heard the hucksters bawl,
I stifled with the thickened air
Of bickering mart and stall.

Without a tuppence for a ride,
Her feet had set her free.
Her rags that decency defied
Seemed new with liberty.

But she was frail. Who would might note
That trail of hungering
That for an hour she had forgot
In wonder of the Spring.

So shriven by her joy she glowed
It seemed a sin to chat.
(A tea-shop snuggled by the road;
Why did I think of that?)

Oh, frail, so frail! I could have wept,—
But she was passing on,—
And I but muddled, ‘You’ll accept
A penny for a bun?’

Then up her little throat a spray
Of rose climbed, half afraid,
A wilding lost, till safe it lay
Deep in her curls’ brown shade.

And I saw modesties at fence
With pride that bore no name;
So old it was she knew not whence
It sudden woke and came.

MY LADY

But that which shone of all most clear
 Was startled, sadder thought,
 That I should give her back the fear
 Of life she had forgot.

And I blushed for the world we'd made,
 Putting God's hand aside,
 Till for the want of sun and shade
 His little children died.

And blushed that I who every year
 With Spring went up and down,
 Should greet a soul that ached for her
 With, 'Penny for a bun!'

Struck as a thief in holy place,
 Whose sin upon him cries,
 I watched the flowers leave her face,
 The song go from her eyes.

Then she, sweet heart, she saw my rout,
 And of her charity
 A gracious hand put softly out
 And took the pence from me.

A red-cap sang in Bishop's wood,
 A lark o'er Golder's lane;
 But I, alone, still glooming stood,
 And April plucked in vain;

Till living words rang in my ears
 And sudden music played:
Out of such sacred thirst as hers
The world shall be remade.

Afar she turned her head and smiled
 As might have smiled the Spring,
 And humble as a wondering child
 I watched her vanishing.

Oh, might I go as knights once went
A-through a world of wrong,
At battle, feast, and tournament
I'd make her blush my song.

Oh, were I knight of modern day,
(And some there are, believe!)
I'd wear mid every bout and fray
Her colors on my sleeve!

Till the mailed angels all had won,
And devils slunk away,
My lance should not be broken down,
O lass of Holloway!

THE WICKEDNESS OF FATHER VEIERA

BY WILBUR DANIEL STEELE

I

THE day was perfect, the dome of the sky flawless of any streak of cloud, the sand flat and pale yellow, the sea flat and pale blue. There had never been a summer when the Great Neck Islands had been blessed (or cursed) with such a multitude of perfect days. Out on the glassy floor of the harbor the schooners sat like pasteboard ships upon a stage. Even when one came in, opening out past Spankin' Head, it did not seem to move, only waxed larger without apparent progress. The whole visible world lay inert beneath this spell of quietude—quietude insidious, creeping, ponderable. And so it had lain for weeks-on-end of perfect days.

Father Veiera walked to the west-

ward along the narrow, crazy-cornered shore street of Great Neck. Father Veiera was a round and rubicund man with a placid face,—marred at the present moment by a gentle trouble, strange upon his habitually unfurrowed brow,—two soft and puffy hands devoted to the comfort of his flock and the reception of an occasional side of mackerel or bunch of sand-grown turnips, and a soul in perfect and tranquil accord with God the Father.

Father Veiera was troubled because his people were hungry. Perhaps there were more wrinkles in his own bulging waistcoat than there used to be. Here and there through an open door he could see an old woman, or a girl or young man, sultry-skinned and with the garish colors of a southern fancy

about them, sitting with hands open and staring hopelessly at nothing.

At every fresh spectacle of this kind, the simple man's brow crinkled more distressingly. What, he asked himself, could he and his people have done, in this alien land, that God the Father should visit them with this dearth of mackerel? For was it not the mackerel that gave Great Neck reason for being? Was it not because the mackerel came to the Great Neck Islands in plenty that he had led his people across the Western Ocean, ten years ago, from the sweet green shores of Portugal? And now, since the break of spring, never a mackerel had the schooners taken — never a 'there 'e plays' had a mast-head man cried down to deck through all the length of that weary summer.

Fish come. Fish go. Beyond that no man has ever read.

Down on the beach, in the shadow of Peter Maya's wharf, the priest saw a group of men. Some of them were raising their hands in wonder. It was a strange enough thing, even, that there should be a crowd of men gathered together in these days — it was long now since they had taken to sitting, each with his own family in his own house, staring at nothing. So Father Veiera hurried ponderously down to the beach.

The men were gathered about an object which the tide had brought in and left stranded among the weeds and broken bottles of the beach-line. They stared at it and pointed, and one of them turned the object over cautiously with his boot. The thing was of the color of flesh, like a tremendous handless arm, tapering at one end, and hacked off raggedly at the other. Along one side of it were thousands of tiny, fleshy cups, set in sinuous rows. It was a thing to make men shudder when they looked at it — merely the look or the feel of it.

"What is it, Father?" they asked of the priest.

He was a superstitious little fat man, and unconsciously his puffy hand gestured twice in front of his chest. Thereupon all the men but one crossed themselves and felt yet more uncomfortable. The one who did not cross himself was Josiah Pinkney, one of the two or three native Yankees who still clung to Great Neck after their fellows had gone 'west.'

This Josiah left the group and went up the beach to the ice-shed where stores were kept, when there were any stores to keep. He came back presently with a squid in his hands. Sometimes Great Neck sold these little cousins of the devil-fish for bait to trawlers who stopped there on their way to the Channel grounds. There had not been many squid this year. What there were, Great Neck had eaten, there being little else to eat. Josiah had one of the last and it stank badly because the ice was all gone.

Now with his knife he cut one of the tentacles from the slimy, torpedo-shaped body and threw it down on the sand beside the strange, portentous thing which the sea had cast up. All the men saw then that the two were the same, line for line, cup for cup, one of them perhaps five inches in length and the other near a dozen feet.

They all crossed themselves again. Father Veiera prayed to Sainte Anne. In the bottom of the sea, far, far away down where the light of heaven never comes, there are creatures which God the Father may or may not have put there, but it is best not to think of them in either case.

Josiah Pinkney was the first to speak.

'My father see one o' them feelers up to the Grand Banks in the sixties,' he said. 'I reckon they 'bide a thousand fathom down,' he added, after a mo-

ment of speculation, 'them giant squid.'

Later in the day a man named Ventura, and his son, clamming on the tide-marshes to the eastward, came upon another of those handless arms, livid and sweltering, washed in among the grass-roots. They came running back across the sand hummocks to Great Neck without their buckets or clam-rakes. They would have cried their tale all through the length of the shore street, which was red and unearthly in the horizontal rays of a half-sun, sinking in Back Water beyond the Spankin' Head ridge. But Father Veiera stopped them before they had come past Perez's shipyard, holding up a chubby forefinger in front of his lips.

Perhaps it was the hunger and the drought of hope. Great Neck was thinking too much upon the monstrous shadows that live in the depths of the sea and the veiled chambers of the night. Portents multiplied. At noon, in a shack at the western end of the village, a woman had given still-birth to a creature with three arms. Strange and uncouth trackings in the sand had been observed by cranberry-pickers beyond the Snail Ponds; and goosefish, horribly mangled as with an edged instrument, had been washed ashore in the Cove.

These things cast their shadow upon the soul of the simple priest. As dusk came on, creeping over the edges of the world, he waddled up to the yellow chapel on the dune and passed a season with the relics brought over from another yellow chapel on the hills of Peniche, to the north of Lisbon.

In the morning he would bless the fleet again. Already, in the summer, he had blessed the fleet five times. Perhaps the sixth blessing would be potent. When he went out and down the whispering sand it seemed that the night was full of shades that made the stars wink.

It was not such a shameful thing for a little, round, devout man to gasp and make a trifling leap to the side when a shade of this sort came up out of the ground at his very feet. No one could not be too careful — it was an evil night. Father Veiera continued to pout and heave for a moment, and finger the crucifix on his breast desperately, and peer fearfully at the shadow. Then he straightened up, sighed, smoothed his stubby hair, and said, —

'Peter Maya — it's you, then. What are you doing here, my son?'

'Asentado.' (Sitting.)

'What?'

'Alembrandom.' (Thinking.)

Peter Maya was a small man, no taller than Father Veiera and not at all fat. He wore thick glasses and pulled the brim of his hat far down, so that he had to hold his chin in the air. He was a fierce little man, — skipper of the *Isabelle*, — tyrant over a score of men, every one of them half his weight again. Father Veiera was a little afraid of him on account of his fierce face, especially on a night like this, and he would have liked to go on his way. But something in the other's tone had hinted that the conversation was not at an end. So the priest asked, very diffidently, —

'What about?'

'Hmmmf.'

It was indeed a bad night when one of his children answered him only with a snort — a dangerous night for a little fat man.

'I shall bestow the blessing in the morning,' he quavered.

'Rrggh — no good.'

But he did not tear Father Veiera limb from limb. Instead, he turned disdainfully away and faded in the gloom, leaving the priest to paddle on in haste to his own dwelling where the light burned.

II

He went out to the schooners the following noon, puffing over the oars of his own green dory. One after another he visited the vessels, sprawling his way across the water-spaces like an overgrown green spider with two legs, and one after another the crews stood up on deck with bared heads while he read the service and lifted his hands over them. After he had finished, each one raised his head and looked around the skyline, for this succession of blank blue days had become a pestilence, a painted smile that killed their turnips and drove all the mackerel into obscure and tempest-ridden ends of the sea.

They were hungry; their hands hung down empty at their sides; it was hard to believe. But surely, that was the shadow of a veil of mist hanging over the Island of the Angels, far out there in the straits. They pointed it out to one another with lean fingers, crossed themselves fervently, and when the little round priest had worked himself, puffing and groaning, over the side and into the green dory, fell to getting up the sails with something more like hope than Great Neck had known for weeks.

Father Veiera stood on the deck of the *Maria Stella*, mopping his white forehead with a handkerchief of blue cotton. He had blessed the *Maria Stella* and all her crew. The vapor over the Island of the Angels had become quite plain.

'I have a little wine in my locker,' said Man'el Deutra, the skipper. 'Would you taste it with me, Father?'

When they had drunk together, following the custom, the skipper said to the priest, —

'You have blessed them all now.'

'No,' Father Veiera answered, 'there is still left Peter Maya's boat, lying out there under the Head.'

He mopped his brow again, for the day had grown uncommonly hot and close. Man'el Deutra grunted and spat over the side.

'Peter Maya has no belief in the sacred blessing. He sits in his house this morning, and curses. As you may see, there is not a soul aboard the schooner.'

Father Veiera looked shoreward and sighed. He was very sorry indeed that Peter Maya had lost his faith, but it would have been a long row out there to the Head under this sun. He used the handkerchief again and reflected that it is best to look upon the pleasanter sides of the dispensations of Heaven.

Then, just as he lowered his bulk into the green dory, the light which occasionally comes to prophets and saints descended upon the spirit of Father Veiera.

'I will go out and bestow the blessing whether there is any one there or not,' he announced with determination.

A half-hour later he clambered over the rail of Peter Maya's schooner and sank down upon the deck-house. The long row over the glaring mirror of the water had been almost too much for the little round churchman. He took off his flat hat and rubbed his head with the blue handkerchief, and rubbed it again, but with all his mopping could not seem to get it dry.

'I'm getting to be an old man,' he said to himself. He may have nodded for a time.

The painter of the dory was still in his hand. After a while he got up, made the line fast, and waddled amidships. There he stood up and blessed the ship of the unbeliever, going through his simple-minded ceremony with all solemnity and without haste.

He was so taken up with the thing he was doing that not until he had lifted

his hands and eyes at the conclusion did he mark the change which had come over the face of the sky. The sun, standing high, appeared like a coin of beaten silver. It waned to a ghost, even as he looked, and diaphanous shreds of vapor fingered at the heads of the masts.

The perfect weather was broken. Father Veiera felt a glow of gentle satisfaction. At least he had had a hand in this.

He would be getting back to shore now. And perhaps it would be best to hurry. The sun was still shining on the shore line, but it had lost all its features, looming like a golden belt athwart the blanket of the mist.

He started off stoutly, with a choppy stroke because his arms were so short and his figure not for bending far. The schooner he had left faded to a gray figure on the tapestry, then to a spirit penciling, then, after a time, it was gone.

'That went too fast,' the good man observed to himself. 'I must hurry.'

But hurry where? He turned to look. He sat in the middle of a little round room and all the walls were alike.

'If I keep straight ahead,' he argued hopefully, 'I'll come ashore somewhere — somewhere.'

A moment after he had spoken there arose upon his right hand a moaning clamor such as a wounded beast might raise before the death-rattle. It might have come from near or from far — such was the quality of the cry.

The good priest left off pulling and sat with his ample mouth ajar. The thing had become serious now, in good truth, with the Spankin' Head fog-whistle blowing to the right instead of to the left. He was heading to sea. The gravity of the situation was not lost upon Father Veiera, whose days had been passed among a fishing people.

'I'll make for Spankin' Head,' said

he, 'and I'll get there as quick as I can.'

So he put the dory's head to starboard and set away with all the power in his stubby arms. He had been pulling for ten minutes and puffing and blowing like any goosefish, when the wail of the whistle crept through the fog again — not ahead, but from far astern, farther than before.

Seven times in the course of the next two hours Father Veiera licked his dry lips, mopped his head, and brought his dory about to point for that elusive wail. The seventh time it had grown so faint that his ears only caught it in the quiet between two strokes — and there was a long breath between the fat man's strokes now. After that he bundled his oars into the boat and flopped down in the bottom like a puppy whose legs are not strong enough yet.

He must have lain there for hours. He went with the tide, for not a breath of air waved the misty curtains. Now and then he heard a moaning, far and far away through the smother. It might have been Spankin' Head again, or it might have been some grizzly inhabitant of the depths looking for his mate, or for — and here was a chance to make some one shiver — for a little fat man in a green dory. Then Father Veiera would fall to saying his prayers over again, for he could not keep his mind from the portents of yesterday — the slashed goosefish, the still-born creature, the two vast tentacles that the tide had left upon the beach, and the weird trackings beyond Snail Ponds.

By and by the gray light began to drain out of the vapory hangings. The night was coming down.

'I am surely going to die,' Father Veiera murmured. The idea had the effect of calming him.

'But I am cold: I can hardly move,'

he added. 'I must try and row a little.'

With groaning and pain he got his bulk up-ended on the thwart, the oars between the thole-pins, and pulled stiffly. A sluggish air was beginning to heave, churning the fog in slow, rocking convolutions that stripped off lean fingers to reach out and feel for the green dory. It would have been still light on a fair day, but here under the soft, heavy pall the night came fast — a horrible night, troubled by monstrous and invisible forms that shouldered silently here and there through the steaming blankness.

Father Veiera tugged harder at his oars. Something touched the back of his neck. Terrified, he dropped the sweeps and batted his head with both hands. Then he fell into a gentle perspiration, for he found that it was only his coat collar, turned up. But when he looked for the oars they were out of sight in the mist.

Now he must sit with his hands folded and shudder at the disembodied creatures of the night. To his ears it seemed that the ocean whispered, a thin hissing whisper, as though in that blanketed silence it was tormented by a downpour of rain. Surely it whispered. That discreet complaining of the waters was coming nearer.

Father Veiera got down and kneeled in the bottom of the boat, clutching the gunwales till his knuckles showed white in the gray darkness. The whisper grew and grew until, of a sudden, it rushed past the dory, almost deafening, but yet a whisper. The little priest shivered a fragment of prayer, lifting his eyes to the close sky. The whisper was gone.

But listen again. Out of the shadows came another. It advanced as the first one had, and swept clamorously about the green dory. But this time the man's eyes were on the surface of

the water. And there he saw a wonderful thing. It had turned in a wink from leaden gray to white, — so white that it appeared to light up the fog, — white with shots of black across it. One of the shots struck the dory's side with a soft impact. An instant later one had leaped clear over the gunwale and flickered in the bottom of the boat.

When Father Veiera could look at it, he saw that it was a mackerel, sleek, shimmering, eighteen inches from end to end. He stared over the side again. Mackerel and mackerel, — thousands, hundreds of thousands of mackerel, driving through the tortured water.

'They have come back,' he said. He would have given thanks then had he not been suddenly taken up with another wonder. He had seen mackerel 'playing' many and many times, but these mackerel were not 'playing.' They were driven; they were trying to get away; they were stark mad. When he saw that, Father Veiera crossed himself.

It was well that he crossed himself then. A moment later he could not have moved his hand to save his soul, for a moment later he saw it.

It broke water within ten feet of the dory's side. It came like a monstrous torpedo, screaming out of the sea, horrible, hideous, belching forth a column of dingy water that shrieked away into the fog. Then it was gone.

The man in the dory stared with dry, burning eyes.

Again it broke water, from the other direction. In mid-air the snout of the thing appeared to break open in a blossom of ghastly, writhing arms — those cupped arms of the beach, livid. And then it gave voice and was gone.

For a moment there was quiet, as though the immense ocean held its breath. The slow wind came stronger. Here and there it ripped the fog-blanket away, leaving water-spaces

gleaming black and clear. The earth, with its covering of water, seemed to slide noiselessly into the south beneath the tumultuous, draining fog and the tide-driven dory, and then there came a star, a thousand stars; a black horizon rimmed the black sea. The air slackened to a wandering breath, and the stars made little placid streams of fire over the water.

Away to the east there was another whispering. The whisper grew and established itself. An arrow of gray advanced over the water, killing the stars' reflections nearer and nearer at hand.

And the drivers came there — three of them — breaking water, one after another, in dim, blue-gray geysers — aliens out of the depths.

III

The schooner *Isabelle*, captain Peter Maya, lay at anchor outside, two miles south of Spankin' Head and abreast of Back Water Gut, which feeds and empties the broad green tide-flats of Back Water. It was half-past one o'clock in the morning, but no one on board the *Isabelle* slept.

Peter Maya sat on the forward companion trunk, for the sake of the warmth from the galley stove-pipe, and swore beneath his breath about his luck. He had come out in the clear at eleven, with southwesterly airs. And at one, with the wind dying in the east and the mist on the water again, he lay becalmed with his anchor in bad bottom, so close inshore that he could hear the Gut sucking at the twine of Johnnie Silva's weir, dead astern. A treacherous gut. More than one Island vessel, with a heavy tide and a blind fog, had gone to air her ribs on the Back Water flats.

He swore for another reason — because he was frightened — so fright-

ened that the galley stove-pipe could not keep him warm on a September night.

An oil torch burned on the house, aft, the flame standing straight up in the heavy air; its illumination, pale and immobile, coming back from a hundred planes of woodwork and soggy rigging. It picked out the contours of men's faces, distorted with fear. One man had out his beads. Part of the time he fingered them and told his prayers, crouched down by the tack of the main. Part of the time he appeared to forget, and stared away into the yellowed dark, the beads hanging from his quiet hand, each with its small, distinct facet of light.

There came a sound of slippers scraping on ladder-rungs in the forward companion, and a face appeared, craning over the hatch at the skipper. It belonged to 'Rod,' the black cook, and glistened with galley sweat.

'You 'ear 'eem any more, cap'n? Tell me — you 'ear 'eem —'

Peter Maya picked up a wooden bucket and struck the Negro's face full with the bottom of it. The sound of his falling came up muffled from below.

The man beside the main tack left off staring into the darkness and fell to telling his beads in an ecstasy of energy. Away to the east, under the blind sheet, the ocean whispered again. The bucket dropped from the captain's hand and rolled off in an arc, fetching up in the port scuppers. One of the men aft put his knee on the house and crawled to the torch, where he squatted on his heels, not for the warmth of it but for the light. Below, Rod groaned and stirred on the planking. Peter Maya swore, his finger in his shirt collar.

A prolonged whistle, far and fair away, threaded the creeping whisper; rose, thin and nerve-twanging; fell,

choked off in a fearful clicking; and was almost immediately taken up from another quarter, nearer at hand.

Peter Maya got to his feet stiffly, picked up a gaff that lay across a coil of line, and stood in an attitude of defense. The iron of the gaff-head protruded into the column of light from the companionway, where it described tiny, jerking circuits, like a planet pursuing an infinitesimal orbit.

Of a sudden, the shadows all about the schooner rustled and twittered. It was as though the ghost of a wind passed through the dank air without stirring the misty particles. But it was not this phantom passage that held the eighteen on the deck of the *Isabelle* frozen in strange postures of terror, some with stiff arms raised over their heads, some at grotesque angles of equilibrium, the yellow trouser-knees of the man by the torch sweating tiny pearls of oil into the flame — it was the long, shrieking whistle with the metallic click at the end of it that came from nowhere, threading the fabric of the night with the speed of uttered lightning. It came and went, sinking to a shrill rumor far off, shooting back into full cry, circling the vessel with a ring of horror. Once a shower of fine drops flicked over the starboard rail, amidships, and a wave of air, heavy with an evil and nauseating stench, broke over the deck.

When it had gone away, Peter Maya sank back on the companion trunk and let the gaff fall on the boards at his feet. A moment so, inert, and then he was groping for the gaff again and staring at the rail to his left, dim and red from the torch-light aft.

Some object, on the other side of the rail, was troubling the water. He could hear a swishing and guttering there in the dark, and then a soft impact, as of flesh, on the two running-boards on the vessel's works which give the clam-

bering doryman his precarious foot-holds, and then a drip, drip, drip, as though the thing reared higher and higher over the surface of the sea. After what seemed many minutes to the shaking man by the companion, he saw the dim line of the rail disturbed at a point just abaft the foreshrouds, and there arose a formless thing that crawled inboard, gasping and wheezing, with strange shadows of limbs wavering obliquely over the deck-planks. And then Peter May clucked in his throat and whipped out his arm.

As a younger man, Peter Maya had ranked the best hand with an 'iron' that ever rocked a bowsprit pulpit out of Great Neck. And here was a straight cast from a solid deck. There was a snick as the spike of the heavy pole bit into the wood below the rail, and then it hung there, horizontal and thrumming, with the intruder impaled above it.

Now it was no more nor less than a miracle that the driven head did not touch either of Father Veiera's knees, since the space between them was hardly wider than the iron nib. The thought of it made him very dizzy for an instant, and he sat back on the rail with his legs still straddling the haft of the gaff, while he wiped his forehead with a dripping blue handkerchief. His clothes were dripping too: a thread of water ran from either trouser-leg and trickled through the scupper-holes. He heaved a sigh and peered at the gaff-thower.

'Peter Maya — it's you then.' He had said the same words the night before.

'Come,' he went on, after he had stuffed the blue handkerchief away in his pocket, 'I want your boats — quick. Is the twine in them? Why don't you speak, my son?'

Peter Maya extricated himself from the angle between the trunk and the

stove-pipe and moved by a cautious diagonal toward the other side of the deck and aft, always facing the priest. His hands were up before his face, one forefinger crossing the other at right angles.

Father Veiera followed him, wondering, into the brighter glow.

'What's the matter?' he asked, staring from one to another of the flame-lit faces that stared at him in return, banked in behind the skipper. Peter Maya spoke with a trembling belligerency.

'What do you want?'

'The boats and the twine — to stop up the Gut. Back Water is full of mackerel.'

Peter Maya looked about him, his crossed fingers still presented toward the priest. Man'el Duarte shook his head. Gerald Sousa shook his head likewise, spat into the darkness of the starboard side and then, as if with a sudden thought, crossed his fingers on his chest. Antone Miguel, the oldest man still fishing in Great Neck, muttered between weasened lips, —

'Never a fin of mackerel in Back Water — not as man can remember.'

'There — see?'

Peter Maya threw out his hand in challenge, with more confidence than before. A change was coming over the other's face as well. Had he not been such a placid little man, one would have taken it for impatience — even anger. His puffy right hand fumbled in the breast of his coat and then came forth.

'There — *see!*' he echoed. And all the men on the deck and the house stared open-mouthed at the fish held aloft before them, the opal lights shimmering on its white belly.

'Where did you get it?'

'It came to me. It jumped into the dory.'

And now the mouths hung wider.

In the silence that followed, a man far over on the dark starboard side, forward, whispered to his neighbor. The whisper traveled swiftly from mouth to ear through the crowd till Peter Maya bent his ear to take it from Gerald Sousa.

'How did you come here — aboard the vessel?' he demanded, turning to the priest again. But his challenge rang hollow now, and for all he could do his eyes wavered down to the other's dripping garments.

'I came in my dory — drifted.'

'Haah.'

It was not one that breathed it, but all the men there, nodding at their neighbors fearfully, and yet with a certain triumph, as much as to say, 'He would tell us so anyway — having sold his soul to the Devil.' But it was the first whisperer, forward, who now spoke aloud.

'No — there's no dory here.'

Father Veiera threw the fish on the deck with a gesture of impatience.

'I forgot to make it fast.'

And again they nodded. He would say that, too.

'Come. Hurry. In an hour the tide changes — the fish will follow the tide — they will go to sea again — be lost. Make haste.'

He took a step forward, appealing with his hands. Peter Maya retreated the step and his men moved back behind him. Some, less timid than the rest, began to mutter. One picked a cleaning-knife off the house, more gaffs appeared from under the rails.

'Keep back,' old Miguel squeaked, brandishing a bucket.

But Father Veiera did not keep back. Instead, he ran at them, and they melted before him like bait before a vessel's stem, jostling and yelling across the after-deck and pelting forward again through the narrow passage on the other side of the house.

Father Veiera stopped and leaned on the taffrail, wheezing with the exertion and his tumbled emotions. He peered astern where the two long boats rode dim in the drift, rising and falling and tugging gently at their painters. From beyond, a little on the port quarter, came a slight noise of scraping, as of something bobbing against the poles of Johnnie Silva's weir. The priest reached out along one of the boat painters, hauled it inboard, loosed it and watched it pay out again.

'Tide running weaker already,' he muttered.

There was another sound astern now, like the swish of tangled wire dragged swiftly through the water. The whisper passed in a breath, veering away to the south.

'They're breaking now.'

For a moment he stood motionless, the nails of his fingers scarring the palms. Then he did a strange thing. He turned and ran forward along the port rail.

The *Isabelle*'s men had been bunched in the waist, watching him and whispering about him. Now, when they saw him coming straight at them, they broke once more and stampeded, yelling, along the other side of the house toward the precarious haven of the after-deck.

But Father Veiera did not molest them. He ran straight on across the mid-decks, stopping only to snatch up a hatchet from the cook's wood-box beside the companion, and disappeared in the gloom forward.

'What's he going to do now?' Miguel whispered, searching the faces near him.

But none of them could tell. Peter Maya, with his hat-brim pulled down farther than ever over his fierce, spectacled eyes, and his long chin shaking, mumbled, 'I'll fix him—I'll fix him.' But he did not move.

There came a sound of hatchet-blows, dealt vigorously on something soft, away up in the peak.

'My God — who's he got there?'

A youngster squealed with horror. Peter Maya whirled and began telling off the men, keeping the count on agitated fingers, while they watched him out of the corners of their eyes like scared school-children, the whites gleaming in the torchlight. He had come to twelve when he suddenly broke off, his eyes staring over their heads.

'That devil!' he gasped. 'Cut! By God, he's parted the cable! Look!'

Even as he spoke the last word, there came a slight jar and a cracking and splintering of wood; a shadowy pole came out of the night astern, ground on the counter and fell away into the night again. Another came up and vanished with a groan. On all sides there was a singing and ripping of taut twine as Johnnie Silva's weir went to pieces under the *Isabelle*'s drifting counter.

Another pole came up and bent, but this one did not fall. The others had borne the brunt. Now the vessel's head fell away slowly to the starboard hand and the tide, taking her full, eased her stern out of the wrecked weir. Another moment and the *Isabelle* took the ground, broadside on, fair in the centre of the Gut.

During all this time no one on the after-deck had uttered a word. The thing was beyond words—beyond help. It was even beyond belief.

Gerald Sousa was the first to open his lips.

'Did you see the green dory?'

Peter Maya jerked about and grasped his elbow.

'Where? Tell me.'

'There — at the trap — slid clean up into the twine.'

'So — so —' Relief and rage show-

ed on the skipper's face. 'Come on,' he bawled. 'We'll get him.'

For the last time that night they rumbled forward, yelling. But there was another note in their yells now. Father Veiera was standing on the port side, the side where Back Water lay, holding the torch down in the shelter of the rail. His head was craned outboard in an attitude of listening.

'Look,' he cried to the advancing crew, flashing the torch over the side.

As though at a signal preconcerted, a thousand streaks shot white across the gray film; the streaks turned black, all together: a thousand little fountains blossomed where the frightened mackerel had somersaulted, and then the whisper of the school rushed away over the tide reaches.

Father Veiera wheeled upon the gaping crowd and bellowed,—

'Get out — fore and aft. Double your twine — and then double it again.'

IV

Father Veiera sat on a small mound of sand — a nubbin of Back Water Ridge — while the sun heaved clear of the skyline and turned the world yellow. He wheezed and puffed with his climb in the heavy sand (he had

come from the Gut) and he sat on the nubbin to get his breath back.

He was far from alone, however, in the sun-swept world. A little way to the westward the ridge was alive with a crawling train — men and women and children and creaking wains and horses and wheelbarrows; he could hear the faint shouts as they topped the rise and rolled downward over the first lush grasses of the flats. Already the receding tide had left landlocked pools around the edges. There he could see young men, bare to the thighs, and girls with their skirts tucked high, lunging in the blue shadows with long-handled nets and hallooing across the reaches — a little mad, all of them.

Father Veiera passed a chubby hand over the wrinkles of his waistcoat and smiled benignantly. He had had a glass of Peter Maya's wine and he was warm. His eyes wandered to the chapel on the hill, far off.

'Gabriel,' he murmured, patting the waistcoat. 'Saints have been made for less than —'

He broke off, stricken with horror at his own wickedness.

'*Culpa mea.* I must do a penance,' he said, with a gentle sigh. He hoisted his round person from the sand and trudged off down the slope.

THE GREEK GENIUS¹

BY JOHN JAY CHAPMAN

THE teasing perfection of Greek Literature will perhaps excite the world long after modern literature is forgotten. Shakespeare may come to his end and lie down among the Egyptians, but Homer will endure forever. We hate to imagine such an outcome as this, because, while we love Shakespeare, we regard the Greek classics merely with an overwhelmed astonishment. But the fact is that Homer floats in the central stream of History, Shakespeare in an eddy. There is, too, a real difference between ancient and modern art, and the enduring power may be on the side of antiquity.

The classics will always be the playthings of humanity, because they are types of perfection, like crystals. They are pure intellect, like demonstrations in geometry. Within their own limitations they are examples of miracle; and the modern world has nothing to show that resembles them in the least. As no builder has built like the Greeks, so no writer has written like the Greeks. In edge, in delicacy, in proportion, in accuracy of effect, they are as marble to our sandstone. The perfection of the Greek vehicle is what attacks the mind of the modern man and gives him dreams.

What relation these dreams bear to Greek feeling it is impossible to say,—probably a very remote and grotesque relation. The scholars who devote

¹ Mr. Chapman's essay appears here in a form much shorter than that which it is intended to assume when published in a book.—THE EDITORS.

their enormous energies to a life-and-death struggle to understand the Greeks always arrive at states of mind which are peculiarly modern. The same thing may be said of the severest types of Biblical scholar. J. B. Strauss, for instance, gave his life to the study of Christ, and, as a result, has left an admirable picture of the German mind of 1850. Goethe, who was on his guard if ever a man could be, has still been a little deceived in thinking that the classic spirit could be recovered. He has left imitations of Greek literature which are admirable in themselves, and rank among his most characteristic works, yet which bear small resemblance to the originals. The same may be said of Milton and of Racine. The Greeks seem to have used their material, their myths and ideas, with such supernal intellect that they leave this material untouched for the next comer. Their gods persist, their mythology is yours and mine. We accept the toys,—the whole babyhouse which has come down to us: we walk in and build our own dramas with their blocks.

What a man thinks of influences him, though he chance to know little about it; and the power which the ancient world has exerted over the modern has not been shown in proportion to the knowledge or scholarship of the modern thinker, but in proportion to his natural force. The Greek tradition, the Greek idea became an element in all subsequent life; and one can no more dig it out and isolate it than one

can dig out or isolate a property of the blood. We do not know exactly how much we owe to the Greeks. Keats was inspired by the very idea of them. They were an obsession to Dante, who knew not the language. Their achievements have been pressing in upon the mind of Europe, and enveloping it with an atmospheric appeal, ever since the Dark Ages.

Of late years we have come to think of all subjects as mere departments of science, and we are almost ready to hand over Greece to the specialist. We assume that scholars will work out the history of art. But it is not the right of the learned and scholarly only, to be influenced by the Greeks, but also of those persons who know no Greek. Greek influence is too universal an inheritance to be entrusted to scholars, and the specialist is the very last man who can understand it. In order to obtain a diagnosis on Greek influence one would have to seek out a sort of specialist on Humanity-at-large.

I

Since we cannot find any inspired teacher to lay before us the secrets of Greek influence, the next best thing would be to go directly to the Greeks themselves, and to study their works freshly, almost innocently. But to do this is not easy. The very Greek texts themselves have been established through modern research, and the footnotes are the essence of modernity.

The rushing modern world passes like an express train; as it goes, it holds up a mirror to the classic world,—a mirror ever changing and ever false. For upon the face of the mirror rests the lens of fleeting fashion. We can no more walk straight to the Greeks than we can walk straight to the moon. In America the natural road to the classics lies through the introductions of

German and English scholarship. We are met, as it were, on the threshold of Greece by guides who address us confidently in two very dissimilar modern idioms, and who overwhelm us with complacent and voluble instructions. According to these men we have nothing to do but listen to them, if we would understand Greece.

Before entering upon the subject of Greece, let us cast a preliminary and disillusioning glance upon our two guides, the German and the Briton. Let us look once at each of them with an intelligent curiosity, so that we may understand what manner of men they are, and can make allowances in receiving the valuable and voluble assistance which they keep whispering into our ears throughout the tour. The guides are indispensable; but this need not prevent us from studying their temperaments. If it be true that modern scholarship acts as a lens through which the classics are to be viewed, we can never hope to get rid of all the distortions; but we may make scientific allowances, and may correct results. We may consider certain social laws of refraction, for example, spectacles, beer, sausages. We may regard the variations of the compass due to certain local customs, namely: the Anglican communion, School honor, Pears' soap. In all this we sin not, but pursue intellectual methods.

The case of Germany illustrates the laws of refraction very pleasantly. The extraordinary lenses which were made there in the nineteenth century are famous now, and will remain as curiosities hereafter. During the last century, Learning won the day in Germany to an extent never before known in history. It became an unwritten law of the land that none but learned men should be allowed to play with pebbles. If a man had been through the mill of the Doctorate, however,

he received a certificate as a dreamer. The passion which mankind has for using its imagination could thus be gratified only by men who *had been* brilliant scholars. The result was a race of monsters, of whom Nietzsche is the greatest.

The early social life of these men was contracted. They learned all they knew while sitting on a bench. The classroom was their road to glory. They were aware that they could not be allowed to go out and play in the open until they had learned their lessons thoroughly; they therefore became prize boys. When the great freedom was at last conferred upon them, they roamed through Greek mythology, and all other mythologies, and erected labyrinths in which the passions of childhood may be seen gamboling with the discoveries of adult miseducation. The gravity with which the pundits treated each other extended to the rest of the world, because, in the first place, they were more learned than any one else, and in the second, many of them were men of genius. The 'finds' of modern archaeology have passed through the hands of these men, and have received from them the labels of current classification.

After all, these pundits resemble their predecessors in learning. Scholarship is always a specialized matter, and it must be learned as we learn a game. Scholarship always wears the parade of finality, and yet suffers changes like the moon. These particular scholars are merely scholars. Their errors are only the errors of scholarship, due, for the most part, to extravagance and ambition. A new idea about Hellas meant a new reputation. In default of such an idea a man's career is *manquée*; he is not an intellectual. After discounting ambition, we have left still another cause for distrusting the labors of the German professors. This dis-

trust arises from a peep into the social surroundings of the caste. Here is a great authority on the open-air life of the Greeks: he knows all about Hellenic sport. Here is another who understands the brilliant social life of Attica: he has written the best book upon Athenian conversation and the marketplace. Here is still a third: he has reconstructed Greek religion: at last we know! All these miracles of learning have been accomplished in the library, — without athletics, without conversation, without religion.

When I think of Greek civilization, of the swarming, thieving, clever, gleaming-eyed Greeks, of the Bay of Salamis, and of the Hermes of Praxiteles, — and then cast my eyes on the Greatest Authority, my guide, my Teuton master, with his barbarian babble and his ham-bone and his self-importance, I begin to wonder whether I cannot somehow get rid of the man and leave him behind. Alas, we cannot do that; we can only remember his traits.

Our British mentors, who flank the German scholars as we move gently forward toward Greek feeling, form so complete a contrast to the Teutons that we hardly believe that *both* kinds can represent genuine scholarship. The Britons are gentlemen, afternoon callers, who eat small cakes, row on the Thames, and are all for morality. They are men of letters. They write in prose and in verse, and belong to the aesthetic fraternity. They, like the Teutons, are attached to institutions of learning, namely, to Oxford and Cambridge. They resemble the Germans, however, in but a single trait, — the conviction that they understand Greece.

The thesis of the British belle-lettistes, to which they devote their energies, might be stated thus: British culture includes Greek culture. They

are very modern, very English, very sentimental, these British scholars. While the German Doctors use Greek as a stalking-horse for Teutonic psychology, these English gentlemen use it as a dressmaker's model upon which they exhibit home-made English lyrics and British stock morality. The lesson which Browning sees in *Alcestis* is the same that he gave us in *James Lee's Wife*. Browning's appeal is always the appeal to robust feeling as the salvation of the world. Gilbert Murray, on the other hand, sheds a sad, clinging, Tennysonian morality over Dionysus. Jowett is happy to announce that Plato is theologically sound, and gives him a ticket-of-leave to walk anywhere in England. Swinburne clings to that belief in sentiment which marks the Victorian era, but Swinburne finds the key to life in unrestraint instead of in restraint.

There is a whole school of limp Grecoism in England, which has grown up out of Keats's Grecian urn, and which is now buttressed with philosophy and adorned with scholarship; and no doubt it does bear some sort of relation to Greece and to Greek life. But this Anglican Grecoism has the quality which all modern British art exhibits,—the very quality which the Greeks could not abide,—it is tinged with *excess*. The Briton likes strong flavors. He likes them in his tea, in his port wine, in his concert-hall songs, in his pictures of home and farm life. He likes something unmistakable, something with a smack that lets you know that the thing has arrived. In his literature he is the same. Dickens, Carlyle, Tennyson lay it on thick with sentiment. Keats drips with aromatic poetry, which has a wonder and a beauty of its own—and whose striking quality is *excess*. The scented, wholesale sweetness of the modern aesthetic school in England goes home

to its admirers because it is easy art. Once enjoy a bit of it and you never forget it. It is always the same, the 'old reliable,' the Oxford brand, the true, safe, British, patriotic, moral, noble school of verse; which exhibits the manners and feelings of a gentleman, and has success written in every trait of its physiognomy.

How this school of poetry invaded Greece is part of the history of British expansion in the nineteenth century. In the Victorian era the Englishman brought cricket and morning prayers into South Africa. Robert Browning established himself and his carpet-bag in comfortable lodgings on the Acropolis,—which he spells with a *K* to show his intimate acquaintance with recent research. It must be confessed that Robert Browning's view of Greece never pleased, even in England. It was too obviously R. B. over again. It was Pippa and Bishop Blougram with a few pomegranate seeds and unexpected orthographies thrown in. The Encyclopaedia Britannica is against it, and suggests, wittily enough, that one can hardly agree with Browning that Heracles got drunk for the purpose of keeping up *other* people's spirits.

So also Edward Fitzgerald was never taken seriously by the English; but this was for another reason. His translations are the best transcriptions from the Greek ever done by this British school; but Fitzgerald never took himself seriously. I believe that if he had only been ambitious, and had belonged to the academic classes,—like Jowett for instance,—he could have got Oxford behind him, and we should all have been obliged to regard him as a great apostle of Hellenism. But he was a poor-spirited sort of man, and never worked up his lead.

Matthew Arnold, on the other hand, began the serious profession of being a Grecian. He took it up when there was

nothing in it, and he developed a little sect of his own, out of which later came Swinburne and Gilbert Murray, each of whom is the true British article. While Swinburne is by far the greater poet, Murray is by far the more important of the two from the ethnological point of view. Murray was the first man to talk boldly about God, and to introduce his name into all Greek myths, using it as a fair translation of any Greek adjective. There is a danger in this boldness. The reader's attention becomes hypnotized with wondering in what manner God is to be introduced into the next verse. The reader becomes so concerned about Mr. Murray's religious obsessions that he forgets the Greek altogether and remembers only Shakespeare's hostess in her distress over the dying Falstaff: 'Now I, to comfort him, bid him 'a should not think of God, — I hoped there was no need to trouble himself with any such thoughts yet.'

Murray and Arnold are twins in ethical endeavor. I think that it was Arnold who first told the British that Greece was noted for melancholy and for longings. He told them that chastity, temperance, nudity, and a wealth of moral rhetoric marked the young man of the Periclean period. Even good old Dean Plumptre has put this young man into his prefaces. Swinburne added the hymeneal note, — the poetic nature-view, — of which the following may serve as an example: —

And the trees in their season brought forth and
were kindled anew
By the warmth of the mixture of marriage, the
child-bearing dew.

There is hardly a page in Swinburne's Hellenizing verse that does not blossom with Hymen. The passages would be well suited for use in the public schools of to-day where sex-knowledge in its poetic aspects is beginning to be judiciously introduced.

This contribution of Swinburne's, — the hymeneal touch, — and Murray's discovery that the word God could be introduced with effect anywhere, went like wildfire over England. They are characteristic of the latest phase of Anglo-Grecism.

Gilbert Murray has, in late years, had the field to himself. He stands as the head and front of Greek culture in England. It is he, more than any one else, who is the figure-head of dramatic poetry in England to-day; and, as such, his influence must be met, and, as it were, passed through, by the American student who is studying the Greek classics.

II

The Greek genius is so different from the modern English genius that they cannot understand one another. How shall we come to see this clearly? The matter is difficult in the extreme; because we are all soaked in modern feeling, and in America we are all drenched in British influence. The desire of Britain to annex ancient Greece, the deep-felt need that the English writers and poets of the nineteenth century have shown to edge and nudge nearer to Greek feeling, is familiar to all of us. Swinburne expresses his Hellenic longings by his hymeneal strains, Matthew Arnold by sweetness and light, Gilbert Murray by sweetness and pathos, — and all through the divine right of Victorian expansion. It has been a profoundly unconscious development in all these men. They have instinctively and innocently attached their little oil-can to the coat-tails of Euripides and of the other great Attic writers. They have not been interested in Greek for its own sake. They have been interested in the exploitations of Greece for the purpose of British consumption.

Some people will contend that none of the writers of this school are, properly speaking, professional scholars. Others will contend that professional scholarship is tolerable only because it tends to promote cultivation of a non-professional kind. For instance, Jowett was never regarded as a scholar by the darkest-dyed Oxford experts, and Jebb of Cambridge is undoubtedly regarded as an amateur in Germany, because he descends to making translations. The severest classicist is able to talk only about texts. He is too great to do anything else. And yet, properly speaking, these men are all scholars. Murray represents popular scholarship to a degree which would have shocked Matthew Arnold, just as Arnold himself would have been poison to Nauck, — Nauck the author of the text of Euripides.

But they are all scholars, and Murray who is an Australian, and who rose into University prominence on the wings of University Extension, and through his lyric gift rather than through his learning, belongs to Oxford by race and by nature, as well as by adoption. The outsider ought not to confuse him with the whole of Oxford, and the whole of Oxford ought not to disown him after making him the head and front of its Hellenism so far as the world at large can judge. Murray, as St. Paul would say, is not the inner Oxford; but Murray is the outer Oxford which the inner Oxford cannot too eagerly sniff at or condemn; because he is no accident, but a true-bred Oxonian of the Imperial epoch.

The tendency of universities has ever been to breed cliques and secret societies, to produce embroideries and start hothouses of specialized feeling. They do well in doing this: it is all they can do. We should look upon them as great furnaces of culture, largely social in their influence, which warm and

nourish the general temperament of a nation. Would that in America we had a local school of classic cultivation half as interesting as this Oxford Movement, — quaint and non-intellectual as it is! It is alive and it is national. While most absurd from the point of view of universal culture, it is most satisfactory from the domestic point of view, — as indeed everything in England is. If in America we ever develop any true universities, they will have faults of their own. Their defects will be of a new strain, no doubt, and will reflect our national shortcomings. These thoughts but teach us that we cannot use other people's eyes or other people's eye-glasses. We have still to grind the lenses through which we shall, in our turn, observe the classics.

III

Ancient religion is of all subjects in the world the most difficult. Every religion, even at the time it was in progress, was always completely misunderstood, and the misconceptions have increased with the ages. They multiply with every monument that is unearthed. If the Eleusinian mysteries were going at full blast to-day, so that we could attend them, as we do the play at Oberammergau, their interpretation would still present difficulties. Mommsen and Rhode would disagree. But ten thousand years from now, when nothing survives except a line out of St. John's Gospel and a tablet stating that Fischer played the part of Christ for three successive decades, many authoritative books will be written about Oberammergau, and reputations will be made over it. Anything which we approach as religion becomes a nightmare of suggestion, and hales us hither and thither with thoughts beyond the reaches of the soul.

The *Alcestis* and the *Bacchantes* are,

in this paper, approached with the idea that they are *plays*. This seems not to have been done often enough with Greek plays. They are regarded as examples of the sublime, as forms of philosophic thought, as moral essays, as poems, even as illustrations of dramatic law, and they are unquestionably all of these things. But they were primarily plays, — intended to pass the time and exhilarate the emotions. They came into being as plays, and their form and make-up can best be understood by a study of the dramatic business in them. They become poems and philosophy incidentally, and afterwards: they were born as plays. A playwright is always an entertainer, and unless his desire to hold his audience overpoweringly predominates, he will never be a success. It is probable that even with *Aeschylus*, — who stands *hors ligne* as the only playwright in history who was really in earnest about morality, — we should have to confess that his passion as a dramatic artist came *first*. He held his audiences by strokes of tremendous dramatic novelty. Both the stage traditions and the plays themselves bear this out. The fact is that it is not easy to keep people sitting in a theatre; and unless the idea of holding their attention predominates with the author, they will walk out, and he will not be able to deliver the rest of his story.

In the grosser forms of dramatic amusement — for example, where a bicycle acrobat is followed by a comic song, we are not compelled to find any philosophic depth of idea in the sequence. But in dealing with works of great and refined dramatic genius like the *Tempest*, or the *Bacchantes*, where the emotions played upon are subtly interwoven, there will always be found certain minds which remain unsatisfied with the work of art itself,

but must have it explained. Even Beethoven's Sonatas have been supplied with philosophic addenda, — statements of their meaning. We know how much Shakespeare's intentions used to puzzle the Germans. Men feel that somewhere at the back of their own consciousness there is a philosophy or a religion with which the arts have some relation. In so far as these affinities are touched upon in a manner that leaves them mysteries, we have good criticism; but when people dogmatize about them, we have bad criticism. In the meantime the great artist goes his way. His own problems are enough for him.

The early critics were puzzled to classify the *Alcestis*, and no wonder, for it contains many varieties of dramatic writing. For this very reason it is a good play to take as a sample of Greek spirit and Greek workmanship. It is a little Greek cosmos, and it happens to depict a side of Greek thought which is sympathetic to modern sentiment, so that we seem to be at home in its atmosphere. The *Alcestis* is thought to be in a class by itself. And yet, indeed, under close examination, every Greek play falls into a class by itself (there are only about forty-five of them in all), and the maker of each was probably more concerned at the time with the dramatic experiment upon which he found himself launched than he was with any formal classification which posterity might assign to his play.

In the *Alcestis* Euripides made one of the best plays in the world, full of true pathos, full of jovial humor, both of which sometimes verge upon the burlesque. The happy ending is understood from the start, and none of the grief is painful. Alcestis herself is the good-wife of Greek household myth, who is ready to die for her husband. To this play the bourgeois takes his

half-grown family. He rejoices when he hears that it is to be given. The absurdities of the fairy-tale are accepted simply. Heracles has his club, Death his sword, Apollo his lyre. The women wail, Admetus whines; there is buffoonery, there are tears, there is wit, there is conventional wrangling, and that word-chopping so dear to the Mediterranean theatre, which exists in all classic drama and survives in the Punch and Judy show of to-day. And there is the charming return of Heracles with the veiled lady whom he presents to Admetus as a slave for safe keeping, whom Admetus refuses to receive for conventional reasons, but whom every child in the audience feels to be the real Alcestis, even before Heracles unveils her and gives her back into her husband's bosom with speeches on both sides that are like the closing music of a dream.

The audience disperses at the close, feeling that it has spent a happy hour. No sonata of Mozart is more completely beautiful than the *Alcestis*. No comedy of Shakespeare approaches it in perfection. The merit of the piece lies not in any special idea it conveys, but entirely in the manner in which everything is carried out.

IV

It is clear at a glance that the *Alcestis* belongs to an epoch of extreme sophistication. Everything has been thought out and polished; every ornament is a poem. If a character has to give five words of explanation or of prayer, it is done in silver. The tone is all the tone of cultivated society, the appeal is an appeal to the refined, casuistical intelligence. The smile of Voltaire is all through Greek literature; and it was not until the age of Louis XIV, or the Regency, that the modern world was again to know a refinement

and a sophistication which recall the Greek work. Now, in one word,—this subtlety which pleases us in matters of sentiment is the very thing that separates us from the Greek upon the profoundest questions of philosophy. Where religious or metaphysical truth is touched upon, either Greek sophistication carries us off our feet with a rapture which has no true relation to the subject, or else we are offended by it. We do not understand sophistication. The Greek has pushed aesthetic analysis further than the modern can bear. We follow well enough through the light issues, but when the deeper questions are reached we lose our footing. At this point the modern cries out in applause, 'Religion, philosophy, pure feeling, the soul!'—He cries out, 'Mystic cult, Asiatic influence, Nature worship,—deep things over there!'—Or else he cries, 'What amazing cruelty, what cynicism!' And yet it is none of these things, but only the artistic perfection of the work which is moving us. We are the victims of clever stage-management.

The cruder intelligence is ever compelled to regard the man of complex mind as a priest or as a demon. The child, for instance, asks about the character in a story, 'But is he a good man or a bad man, papa?' The child must have a moral explanation of anything which is beyond his aesthetic comprehension. So also does the modern intelligence question the Greek.

The matter is complicated by yet another element, namely stage convention. Our modern stage is so different from the classic stage that we are bad judges of the Greek playwright's intentions. The quarrels which arise as to allegorical or secondary meanings in a work of art are generally connected with some unfamiliar feature of its setting. A great light is thrown upon any work of art when we show

how its form came into being, and thus explain its primary meaning. Such an exposition of the primary or apparent meaning is often sufficient to put all secondary meanings out of court. For instance: It is, as we know, the Germans who have found in Shakespeare a coherent philosophic intention. They think that he wrote plays for the purpose of stating metaphysical truths. The Englishman does not believe this, because the Englishman is familiar with that old English stage work. He knows its traditions, its preoccupation with story-telling, its mundane character, its obliviousness to the sort of thing that Germany has in mind. The Englishman knows the conventions of his own stage, and this protects him from finding mare's-nests in Shakespeare. Again,—Shakespeare's sonnets used to be a favorite field for mystical exegesis, till Sir Sidney Lee explained their form by reference to the sixteenth-century sonnet literature of the continent. This put to flight many theories.

In other words, the appeal to convention is the first duty of the scholar. But, unfortunately, in regard to the conventions of the Classic Stage, the moderns are all in the dark. Nothing like that stage exists to-day. We are obliged to make guesses as to its intentions, its humor, its relation to philosophy. If the classics had only possessed a cabinet-sized drama, like our own, we might have been at home there. But this giant-talk, this megaphone-and-buskin method, offers us a problem in dynamics which staggers the imagination. All we can do is to tread lightly and guess without dogmatizing. The typical Athenian, Euripides, was so much deeper-dyed in skepticism than any one since that day, that really no one has ever lived who could cross-question him,—let alone expound the meanings of his plays. In

reading Euripides, we find ourselves, at moments, ready to classify him as a satirist, and at other moments as a man of feeling. Of course he was both. Sometimes he seems like a religious man, and again, like a charlatan. Of course he was neither. He was a playwright.

V

The *Bacchantes*, like every other Greek play, is the result, first, of the legend, second, of the theatre. There is always some cutting and hacking, due to the difficulty of getting the legend into the building. Legends differ as to their dramatic possibilities, and the incidents which are to be put on the stage must be selected by the poet. The site of the play must be fixed. Above all, a Chorus must be arranged for.

The choosing of a Chorus is indeed one of the main problems of the tragedian. If he can hit on a natural sort of Chorus he is a made man. In the *Alcestis* we saw that the whole background of grief and wailing was one source of the charm of the play. Not only are the tragic parts deepened, but the gayer scenes are set off by this feature. If the fable provides no natural and obvious Chorus, the playwright must bring his Chorus on the stage by stretching the imagination of the audience. He employs a group of servants or of friends of the hero; if the play is a marine piece, he uses sailors. The whole atmosphere of his play depends upon the happiness of his choice.

In the *Agamemnon* 'the old men left-at-home' form the Chorus. There is enough dramatic power in this one idea to carry a play. It is so natural: the old men are on the spot; they are interested; they are the essence of the story, and yet external to it. These old men are, indeed, the archetype of all choruses,—a collection of bystanders, a sort of little dummy audience,

intended to steer the great, real audience into a comprehension of the play.

The Greek dramatist found this very useful machine, the Chorus, at his elbow; but he was, on the other hand, greatly controlled by it. It had ways of its own: it inherited dramatic necessities. The element of convention and of theatrical usage is so very predominant in the handling of Greek choruses by the poets, that we have in chorus-work something that may be regarded almost as a constant quality. By studying choruses one can arrive at an idea of the craft of Greek play-writing,—one can even separate the conventional from the personal to some extent.

The Greek Chorus has no mind of its own; it merely gives echo to the last dramatic thought. It goes forward and back, contradicts itself, sympathizes with all parties or none, and lives in a limbo. Its real function is to represent the slow-minded man in the audience. It does what he does, it interjects questions and doubts, it delays the plot and indulges in the proper emotions during the pauses. These functions are quite limited, and were completely understood in Greek times; so much so, that in the typical stock tragedy of the Æschylean school certain saws, maxims, and reflections appear over and over again. One of them, of course, was, 'See how the will of the gods works out in unexpected ways.' Another, 'Let us be pious, and reverence something that is perhaps behind the gods themselves.' Another, 'This is all very extraordinary: let us hope for the best.' Another, 'Our feelings about right and wrong must somehow be divine; traditional morality, traditional piety, are somehow right.'

Precisely the same reflections are often put in the mouths of the subordinate characters, and for precisely the same purpose. 'O may the quiet life be mine! Give me neither poverty nor

riches: for the destinies of the great are ever uncertain.' 'Temptation leads to insolence, and insolence to destruction'; and so forth. Such reflections serve the same purpose, by whomever they are uttered. They underscore the moral of the story and assure the spectator that he has not missed the point.

As religious tragedy broadened into political and romantic tragedy, the Chorus gained a certain freedom in what might be called its interjectional duty,—its duty, that is to say, of helping the plot along by proper questions, and so forth. It gained also a Protean freedom in its emotional interpretations during pauses. The playwrights apparently discovered that by the use of music and dancing, the most subtle and delicate, nay, the most whimsical varieties of lyrical mood could be conveyed to great audiences. In spite of this license, however, the old duties of the Chorus as guardians of conservative morality remained unchanged; and the stock phrases of exhortation and warning remained *de rigueur* in the expectation of the audience. Their meaning had become so well-known that, by the time of Æschylus, they were expressed in algebraic terms.

No man could to-day unravel a Chorus of Æschylus if only one such Chorus existed. The truncated phrases and elliptical thoughts are clear, to us, because we have learned their meaning through reiteration, and because they always mean the same thing. The poet has a license to provide the Chorus with dark sayings,—dark in form, but simple in import. It was, indeed, his duty to give these phrases an oracular character. In the course of time such phrases became the terror of the copyists. Obscure passages became corrupt in process of transcription; and thus we have inherited a whole class

of choral wisdom which we understand *well enough* (just as the top gallery understood it *well enough*) to help us in our enjoyment of the play. The obscurity, and perhaps even some part of what we call 'corruption,' are here a part of the stage convention.

Now with regard to the *Bacchantes*:—the scheme of having Mænads for a Chorus gave splendid promise of scenic effect; and the fact that, as a logical consequence, these ladies would have to give utterance to the usual maxims of piety, mixed in with the rhapsodies of their professional madness, did not daunt Euripides. He simply makes the Chorus do the usual chorus work, without burdening his mind about character-drawing. Thus the Mænads, at moments when they are not pretending to be Mænads, and are not singing, 'Away to the mountains, O the foot of the stag,' and so on, are obliged to turn the other cheek, and pretend to be interested bystanders,—old gaffers, wagging their beards, and quoting the book of Proverbs. The transition from one mood to the other is done in a stroke of lightning, and seems to be independent of the music. That is, it *seems* to make no difference, so long as the musical schemes are filled out, whether the ladies are singing, 'On with the dance, let joy be unconfined!' or, 'True wisdom differs from sophistry, and consists in avoiding subjects that are beyond mortal comprehension.' All such discrepancies would, no doubt, have been explained if we possessed the music; but the music is lost. It seems, at any rate, certain that the grand public was not expected to understand the word-for-word meaning of choruses; hence their license to be obscure. We get the same impression from the jibes of Aristophanes, whose ridicule of the pompous obscurity of Æschylus makes us suspect that the audiences could not follow the gram-

mar in the lofty parts of the tragedy. They accepted the drum-roll of horror, and understood the larger grammar of tragedy, much as we are now forced to do in reading the plays.

It would seem that by following the technique of tragedy, and by giving no thought to small absurdities, Euripides got a double effect out of his Mænads and no one observed that anything was wrong. In one place he resorts to a dramatic device, which was perhaps well-known in his day,—namely, the 'conversion' of a bystander. After the First Messenger has given the great description of Dionysus's doings in the mountains, the Chorus, or one of them, with overpowering yet controlled emotion, steps forward and says, 'I tremble to speak free words in the presence of my King; yet nevertheless be it said: Dionysus is no less a god than the greatest of them!' This reference to the duty of a subject is probably copied from a case where the Chorus was made up of local bystanders. In the mouth of a Mænad the proclamation is logically ridiculous; yet so strange are the laws of what 'goes' on the stage that it may have been effective even here.

Some of the choruses in the *Bacchantes* are miracles of poetic beauty, of savage passion, of liquid power. It is hard to say exactly what they are, but they are wonderful. And behind all, there gleams from the whole play a sophistication as deep as the Ægean.

VI

There is one thing that we should never do in dealing with anything Greek. We should not take a scrap of the Greek mind and keep on examining it until we find a familiar thought in it. No bit of Greek art is to be viewed as a thing in itself. It is always a fragment, and gets its value from the whole.

Every bit of carved stone picked up in Athens is a piece of architecture; so is every speech in a play, every phrase in a dialogue. You must go back and bring in the whole Theatre or the whole Academy, and put back the fragment in its place by means of ladders, before you can guess at its meaning. The inordinate significance that seems to gleam from every broken toy of Greece, results from this very quality, — that the object is a part of something else. Just because the thing has no meaning by itself, it implies so much. Somehow it drags the whole life of the Greek nation before you. The favorite Greek maxim, 'Avoid excess,' does the same. It keeps telling you to remember yesterday and to-morrow; to remember the *palaestra* and the market-place; above all to remember that the very opposite of what you say is also true. Wherever you are, and whatever doing, you must remember the *rest* of the Greek world.

It is no wonder that the Greeks could not adopt the standards and contrivances of other nations, while their own standards and contrivances resulted from such refined and perpetual balancing and shewing of values. This refinement has become part of their daily life; and whether one examines a drinking cup or a dialogue or a lyric, and whether the thing be from the age of Homer or from the age of Alexander, the fragment always gives us a glimpse into the same Greek world. The foundation of this world seems to be the Myth; and as the world grew it developed in terms of Myth. The Greek mind had only one background. Athletics and Statuary, Epic and Drama, Religion and Art, Skepticism and Science expressed themselves through the same myths. In this lies the fascination of Greece for us. What a complete cosmos it is! And how different from any other civilization! Modern life, like modern language, is a mon-

strous amalgam, a conglomeration and mess of idioms from every age and every clime. The classic Greek hangs together like a wreath. It has been developed rapidly, during a few hundred years, and has an inner harmony like the temple. Language and temple, — each was an apparition; each is, in its own way, perfect.

Consider wherein Rome differed from Greece. The life of the Romans was a patchwork, like our own. Their religion was formal, their art imported, their literature imitative, their aims were practical, their interests unimaginative. All social needs were controlled by political considerations. This sounds almost like a description of modern life; and it explains why the Romans are so close to us. Cicero, Horace, Caesar, Antony, are moderns. But Alcibiades, Socrates, Pericles, and the rest take their stand in Greek fable. Like Pisistratus, Solon, and Lycurgus, they melt into legend and belong to the realms of the imagination.

No other people ever bore the same relation to their arts that the Greeks bore; and in this lies their charm. When the Alexandrine critics began to classify poetry and to discuss perfection, they never even mentioned the Roman poetry, although all of the greatest of it was in existence. Why is this? It is because no Roman poem is a poem at all from the Greek point of view. It is too individual, too clever, and, generally, too political. Besides, it is not in Greek. The nearest modern equivalent to the development of the whole Greek world of art is to be found in German contrapuntal music. No one except a German has ever written a true sonata or a symphony, in the true polyphonic German style. There are *tours de force* done by other nationalities; but the natural idiom of this music is Teutonic.

I am not condemning the Latins,

or the moderns. Indeed, there is in Horace something nobler and more humane than in all Olympus. The Greeks, moreover, seem in their civic incompetence like children, when contrasted with the Romans or with the moderns. But in power of utterance, within their own crafts, the Greeks are unapproachable. Let us now speak of matters of which we know very little.

The statues on the Parthenon stand in a region where direct criticism cannot reach them, but which trigonometry may, to some extent, determine. Their beauty probably results from an artistic knowledge so refined, a sophistication so exact, that, as we gaze, we lose the process and see only results. A Greek architect could have told you just what lines of analysis must be followed in order to get these effects in grouping and in relief. It is all, no doubt, built up out of *tonic* and *dominant*, — but the manual of counterpoint has been lost. As the tragic poet fills the stage with the legend, so the sculptor fills the metope with the legend. Both are closely following artistic usage: each is merely telling the old story with new refinement. And whether we gaze at the actors on the stage or at the figures in the metope, whether we study a lyric or listen to a dialogue, we are in communion with the same genius, the same legend. The thing which moves and delights us is a unity.

This Genius is not hard to understand. Any one can understand it. That is the proof of its greatness. As Boccaccio said of Dante, not learning but good wits are needed to appreciate him. One cannot safely look toward the mind of the modern scholar for an understanding of the Greek mind, because the modern scholar is a specialist, — a thing the Greek abhors. If a scholar to-day knows the acoustics of the Greek stage, that is thought to be

a large enough province for him. He is not allowed to be an authority on the scenery. In the modern scholar's mind everything is in cubby-holes; and everybody to-day wants to become an authority. Every one, moreover, is very serious to-day; and it does not do to be too serious about Greek things, because the very genius of Greece has in it a touch of irony, which combines with our seriousness to make a heavy, indigestible paste. The Greek will always laugh at you if he can, and the only hope is to keep him at arm's length, and deal with him in the spirit of social life, of the world, of the *beau monde*, and of large conversation. His chief merit is to stimulate this spirit. The less we dogmatize about his works and ways, the freer will the world be of secondary, second-rate commentaries. The more we study his works and ways, the fuller will the world become of intellectual force.

The Greek classics are a great help in tearing open those strong envelopes in which the cultivation of the world is constantly getting glued up. They helped Europe to cut free from theocratic tyranny in the late Middle Ages. They held the Western world together after the fall of the Papacy. They gave us modern literature: indeed, if one considers all that comes from Greece, one can hardly imagine what the world would have been like without her. The lamps of Greek thought are still burning in marble and in letters. The complete little microcosm of that Greek society hangs forever in the great macrocosm of the moving world, and sheds rays which dissolve prejudice, making men thoughtful, rational, and gay. The greatest intellects are ever the most powerfully affected by it; but no one escapes. Nor can the world ever lose this benign influence, which must, so far as philosophy can imagine, qualify human life forever.

A PLEA FOR ERASMIANS

BY CHARLES H. A. WAGER

I

IN 1521, the year of the Diet of Worms, Albrecht Dürer wrote in his diary: —

'O Erasmus of Rotterdam, where art thou delaying? Behold what the unrighteous tyranny of the power of this world, what the might of darkness can do! Hear, thou knight of Christ! Defend the truth! Attain the martyr's crown!'

In the same year, Erasmus, writing to an English friend, explains why he cannot support Luther: —

'Even if everything he wrote had been right, I had no intention of putting my head in danger for the sake of the truth. It is n't every one that has the strength for martyrdom, and I sadly fear that if any tumult should arise, I should follow the example of Peter. I obey the decrees of emperor and pope, when they are right, because that is my duty; when they are wrong I bear it, because that is the safe plan. This I believe to be permitted to good men, if there is no hope of improvement.'

Now, it must be admitted that this is not exactly a knightly utterance. A 'soul-animating' strain it can hardly be called. Indeed, this *Ritter Christi* seems a pitiful figure enough in the pages of certain of his biographers, — a *poseur*, if not an instinctive and elaborate liar; an inveterate trimmer, unluckily born into an age that demanded honest and determined men; a fussy valetudinarian, maundering about his stomach and his need of Burgundy

wine, the inconveniences of inns, and the hard lot of a wandering scholar; so skillful a juggler with words that in reading his letters and treatises, one must exercise constant vigilance to disentangle from what he said he was doing and what he thought he was doing, what he was really doing. If this were the whole story, Erasmus, as a 'hero of the Reformation,' would be but a pinchbeck hero after all. There is, however, an obvious interpretation of his character and career which quite justifies the admiration in which he has always been held by a respectable minority of the reading world. While the categories of Lutheran and Erasmian are probably not so inclusive as those of Platonist and Aristotelian, yet they mark a fundamental distinction of temper among thinking men. Erasmus, in fact, is the patron, if not the founder, of an intellectual order; and it is to an apology for that order, which is not always understood or esteemed according to its merit, that these pages are addressed.

When Luther defied Empire and Papacy at Worms, Erasmus was already a famous and influential man. He had made all Europe ring with laughter at the vices and absurdities of the monastic orders. He had squarely taken the position that the Church needed reform, but that reform must come through the men of light and leading within the Church. Ignorance and an uncritical habit were the chief sources of the existing evils, and an enlightened scholarship would cure them.

A fine, critical sense must be developed; the habit must be formed of clearing away mere conventions, however solemn, and of seeing things as they are. It was necessary that existing institutions and doctrines should be tried by the New Testament and the teachings of the Fathers. To this end, Erasmus had prepared his critical edition of the New Testament, which should in the first place open the eyes of clerics and scholars, and in the second place be a basis for vernacular translations which should find their way into the home of every peasant in Europe. 'Teach your boys carefully,' he wrote to an ardent young scholar, 'edit the writings of the Fathers, and irreligious religion and unlearned learning will pass away in due time.'

It is not surprising that Erasmus should have had such faith in the power of learning. He had seen in England a learned and cultivated prince whose purpose it was to foster scholarship for the sake of its effect upon religion. He had seen the wise and generous Warham made Archbishop of Canterbury; Colet, the learned and pious, Dean of St. Paul's; and Thomas More a counsellor of the king. Could any state of things be more hopeful for the Church? If this could be in England, why not on the continent? He foresaw, therefore, a peaceful reformation of the Church from within, produced partly by genial satire of existing absurdities, but chiefly by the combination of exalted piety with sound scholarship in men of high place. Gradually health should descend from the head to the extremities of the body ecclesiastical, the monks should be shamed out of their ignorance and idleness, the laity, under better instruction, be restored to primitive piety and devotion to pure religion. The Church should slowly cast off the burden of the merely speculative dogmas that she had imposed

upon herself, and should once more know the perfect freedom of her early days. And all this should be done without anger or violence, without laying profane hands upon any sacred thing, without giving an opening to anarchy, without disturbing the basis of faith in any honest man.

An attractive picture, was it not? Surely, far more attractive than what actually happened. It may be true that the time was past for any such Arcadian visions, that the state of religion demanded a violent upheaval, in which the good and the bad should be cleared away to make room for a new heaven and earth. Erasmus's plan of reform was, perhaps, impracticable, but his ideal, at least, was eminently sane and reasonable. In any case, it is unfair to judge him too severely. Doubtless our views of the real issues of his time and their inevitable outcome are enlightened and philosophic, but we do well to remember Burke's remark that 'men are wise with but little reflection, and good with but little self-denial, in the business of all times except their own.'

But, in fact, it is not perfectly clear that Erasmus was wrong. It may be pious, it is certainly practical, to accept any actual state of things as ideal, or, at any rate, to behave as if it were. But the philosophically minded can hardly refrain from asking, 'Might not the same result, or, conceivably, a better result, have been brought about by other and less destructive means?' An unwavering faith in 'manifest destiny' is, no doubt, very comfortable, but it is not possible to all minds.

At all events, Erasmus was doomed to disappointment. He saw the peaceful progress of internal reform interrupted by the violence of an obscure monk. He saw not only the excrescences of Catholicism attacked, but the very foundation of the Church. He

saw the doctrine of authority defied, and the right of private judgment, a right which he had always upheld, imposed upon the foolish and headstrong, as well as upon the prudent. He saw the natural result of this in outbursts of social and political anarchy, and, what was worse, in the instinctive reaction of bigotry and intolerance within the shaken Church. He saw, moreover, himself, Erasmus, held up by churchmen and revolutionists alike as the instigator of the rebellion. ‘This,’ cried the monks, ‘is what comes of teaching the people to laugh at us.’ ‘Come out like a man,’ cried the Lutherans. ‘You have always been one of us in spirit. Give us now, give the cause of sound religion the immense weight of your scholarship, your sanity, your piety! This is your opportunity!’

It is easy enough to accuse Erasmus, at this crisis, of cowardice and shuffling, easy enough to inveigh against his fatuous temporizing at a time when only actions counted. But it is to be remembered that on the one hand, he saw methods which he disapproved resulting in measures which he hated; he saw good and bad, essential and non-essential, confounded and swept away together. On the other hand, he saw that Luther’s cause was really the one for which he, himself, had fought for many years,—deformed, monstrously perverted, but still his cause. Surely, if ever man’s soul was tried, Erasmus was the man. For a time, he tried, with vain but sensible appeals, to moderate the frenzy of both sides. To churchmen he wrote urging toleration and gentle measures with Luther. To Luther he wrote: ‘Old institutions cannot be rooted up in an instant. Quiet argument may do more than wholesale condemnation. Avoid all appearance of sedition. Keep cool; do not get angry; do not hate anybody. Do not be excited over the noise which you

have made.’ The attitude which he had maintained from the beginning is, perhaps, best set forth in a letter of 1520. He knows that many things are in need of reform, but he is fearful that more harm may be done by violently taking from the unlearned precious half-truths than by allowing them to work out their own emancipation. ‘We must bear almost anything,’ the letter runs, ‘rather than throw the world into confusion. . . . For myself, I prefer to be silent and introduce no novelties into religion. . . . I recommended Luther to publish nothing revolutionary. I feared always that revolution would be the end, and I would have done more had I not been afraid that I might be found fighting against the Spirit of God.’

But the end was inevitable. More and more shocked by the excesses of the reformers, believing more and more firmly that they were merely setting up a new tyranny in place of the old, the tyranny of the mob, he threw his influence on the papal side, and died distrusted by extreme Catholics and Protestants, alike. He bears the proud title of ‘the humanist of the Reformation,’ but to the moralizing historian he is a terrible example of one who made ‘the great refusal,’ who, through cowardice and time-serving, lost the prouder title of one of the great emancipators of the human spirit.

II

Which things are an allegory. Erasmus is an inexhaustibly interesting historical personage, because he is more than that; he is a type as old as civilization. He is not to be confounded with the Hamlets and Amiels, whom he superficially resembles. Their disease is impotence of will; their weakness, the lack of ‘the courage of imperfection,’ the courage to do their best, however

inadquate the means, however uncertain the issue. The difficulty of Erasmus and the Erasmians is an intellectual one. They are blinded by excess of light. They see too clearly both sides of every question to commit themselves to either. They lack the sublime *abandon* with which simpler and usually less enlightened spirits throw themselves into causes which they only half comprehend. Naturally, the practical world cannot do away with such hair-splitting. The Erasmians are adjured to act, without too much regard for past causes or future results. They are said to lack faith, and, in truth, they are essentially skeptics. To them, only an adumbration of truth is within the reach of finite minds, and they are unable to become violently energetic for an adumbration. They have the penetration of Disraeli, without drawing his practical inference. In one of his novels a son complains to his father that at college they taught him only words, and he wished to know ideas. The father replies, evidently voicing the belief of the great political phrase-maker, 'Few ideas are correct ones, and what are correct no one can ascertain; but with words we govern men.'

The Erasmians decline to govern or be governed by words. They prefer to delay and reflect and compare, in the hope that at last one idea may become so clear, so compelling, so comparatively certain that it may result in an act. The process is long and very trying to active spirits; but the Erasmians have infinite patience. It is a glorious thing to wear the martyr's crown. But is there no difference between martyrdom in a good cause and martyrdom in a doubtful one? The Erasmians think there is. 'The greatest obstacle to being heroic,' writes Hawthorne, 'is the doubt whether one may not be going to prove one's self a fool. The truest heroism is to resist the doubt, and the

profoundest wisdom is to know when it ought to be resisted and when to be obeyed.'

Well, the Erasmians would agree to that. 'A certain partiality, a headiness and loss of balance, is the tax which all action must pay. Act, if you like, — but you do it at your peril.' Such is Emerson's warning. The Erasmians prefer to reduce the peril to the lowest possible terms. To them, a certain headiness and loss of balance are, at all costs, to be avoided.

Now, the result of such views, inactivity, is precisely the result of reactionary conservatism. Whether a man declines to act because he is weighing ideas, or because he is a slave to tradition and the established order, makes very little difference to the world; but there is a difference, for all that. The Erasmians, like most sensible men, agree that there is a presumption in favor of antiquity. It seems to them little like economy, considering the number of things of which the world is full, to begin all discussions of all subjects *ab ovo*. They do not wake every morning with the idea that everything is an open question, for they see clearly enough whither this leads. They have no mind to enroll themselves in the inglorious register of the revivers of venerable political blunders and the preachers of forgotten and exploded heresies. Yet, they distinctly do not propose to be deluded by mere words, however sacrosanct. To them, as to their great exemplar, every ancient absurdity that claims the reverence due to age is fair game.

They make a clear distinction between essentials and non-essentials, between ideas which have received the stamp of time and those which have merely received the stamp of convention. And the latter it is their way to cover with inextinguishable laughter. Like the third Lord Shaftesbury, they

believe 'in the freedom of wit and humor.' They think that ridicule is a criterion of true and false enthusiasm, and that 'opinions which claim to be exempted from raillery and discussion afford presumptive evidence of their falsity.' While the method is open to obvious dangers, and is certain to be condemned by persons who take themselves with undue seriousness, yet it is precisely the method by which Addison and Steele reformed, in a measure, the society of their time. It is a method of warfare that demands no violence, that attacks measures, not men, and that often, by its intrinsic charm, half heals the wounds it makes. At any rate, it is the only method possible to the Erasmian. He hates and fears violence almost as much as he hates and fears evil. He knows that violent remedial measures frequently destroy an institution that needs only reformation. 'What does war breed, but war?' cries Erasmus, 'while gentleness calls forth gentleness, and equity invites equity.' The Erasmian consistently maintains that there are few evils so bad as war, so harmful in themselves, so destructive in all their relations — an inglorious doctrine in these militant days, a doctrine that will always be an abomination to the children of this world, but a doctrine ever to be expected on the lips of the children of light.

The Erasmian is not wholly faithless. He has faith in the power of thought. He may believe that the hope of attaining absolute and ultimate truth on any subject, most of all the highest, is an idle dream; therefore he dislikes dogmatism. But, on the other hand, 'discourse of reason,' the power to 'look before and after,' he knows to be, however inadequate, man's only instrument for acquiring truth and for making it prevail. In other words, he has faith in the supremacy of ideas.

He believes that in the long run they will prevail, and he sees the danger of attempting to supersede them by any other agent. He knows that this can be done, that something quite the reverse of ideas may for a time be made to prevail, and that men will accept the inferior thing in utter ignorance that it is not the highest. Hence, the compelling impulse that drives the Erasmian to criticism. He may not, himself, be constructive; it may not be the moment for construction; but at any rate, he is determined that no false and shoddy edifice shall cumber the ground and prevent the fair, ideal structure which he foresees.

He is not apologetic under the sneers or arguments of believers in a second-best. He will not be diverted from his critical office by appeals to his pride or to his patriotism. It may be admitted, perhaps, that patriotism, in its narrow sense, is not one of his governing motives. He is inclined to be that superior and disagreeable thing, a cosmopolitan. Like Erasmus himself, his home is the place where he has most freedom of thought. Even though, like that great scholar, he may not spend his life in wandering from city to city and forget the very place of his birth, yet he maintains a detached, critical attitude toward his native land that greatly irritates his neighbors.

He cannot see that a thing is right because it is 'our national way.' He tells us, his compatriots, the plainest of truths, classifies us under various opprobrious categories, and compares us with neighboring rivals to our great disadvantage. But we must do him the justice to confess that no land seems to suit him altogether, and that he tells our rivals the same disagreeable truths he has told us. The fact is, he is testing all civilizations by his standards of ideas, and if we blame him for lacking the patriotic weakness, we must praise

him for bringing to all his national studies the same high seriousness, the same exacting criterion.

It is a compliment to be criticized by such a man. Surely, in our right minds, we find it a welcome relief from the monotony of contemplating our virtues. Such criticism is usually entertaining to a candid mind, and always wholesome. The Erasmian, under these circumstances, is really an inspiring sight. He speaks as the citizen of a commonwealth of which all human societies are more or less successful imitations,—the commonwealth of ideas, where philosophers are kings.

His independence of national ties naturally extends to parties. He has no shibboleths. He alternately ridicules and reviles ‘the machine.’ He finds it difficult to comprehend that men of humor — much more, men of intelligence and piety — should take political organization seriously. With Lord Morley he declares: ‘Politics are a field where action is one long second-best, and where the choice constantly lies between two blunders.’ Choices of that sort, as we have seen, he is loath to make. He is accused by practical politicians of being a hopeless visionary, making impossible demands; but all he really asks is the application of ideas and rudimentary morals to political affairs.

He is as slow to commit himself unreservedly to individuals as to parties, for he knows how fatally seductive enthusiasm for a great personality may become. He is frequently found scouring his prophets for their soul’s health; and in dealing with false political gods, he not seldom forgets to be urbane. To be rigidly just, I must confess that he sometimes forgets to attend the primaries, and he has been known not to vote at a presidential election. This, however, is not due to carelessness, but to a temporary spasm

of despair, to which his kind is subject.

In religion it is as difficult for him to be a partisan as in politics. It should be said at the outset that he is a fundamentally religious man — not devout, precisely, but essentially religious. He holds with Erasmus himself that ‘the sum of religion is peace, which can only be when definitions are as few as possible, and opinion is left free on many subjects.’ He is, therefore, rather likely to ally himself with no ecclesiastical party or sect, to sit ‘as God, holding no form of creed, but contemplating all.’ He is, however, equally consistent if he gives a limited allegiance to some great historic faith for the sake of the principle of authority, in which he believes. But, he is no more comfortable neighbor ecclesiastically than he is politically. He is usually regarded by the foes of religion as a hypocrite and a coward, and by its friends as a very doubtful ally; both sides relegate him to Dante’s ‘sect of those displeasing to God and to his enemies.’ He is, unquestionably, open to Mr. Gladstone’s criticism of Matthew Arnold as a theologian: ‘He combined a sincere devotion to the Christian religion with a faculty for presenting it in such a form as to be recognizable neither by friend nor foe.’

Ethically he is often accused of laxity, and he is certainly not austere. He is genuinely humane, and believes that whatever makes human life happier, gentler, more refined, more tolerant, is a moral agent. He finds that intellectual shuffling and the uncritical acceptance of venerable fictions are quite as immoral as more easily recognized vices. He maintains the unpopular theory that severe intellectual discipline is itself moralizing. Always, to the Erasmian, the emphasis lies on the human and the tentative in religion, never on the superhuman and the dog-

matic. Toward the pathos of human striving he is tender; toward its ill-judged attempts at fixity and exclusiveness he is genially severe.

III

The Erasmian is not useless to society. He performs a function, ungrateful, indeed, but in the highest degree necessary. The history of human institutions entirely confirms Burke's dictum that 'all men possessed of an uncontrolled discretionary power leading to the aggrandizement and profit of their own body have always abused it.' Hence, in parliaments and churches and society in general, the need of an opposition, enlightened, incorruptible, eternally vigilant. This the Erasmian is. He has at least one resemblance to the righteous — he is the salt of human society, and he is not the worse for being Attic salt. Happy the land or the age in which the Erasmians are in numbers respectably proportionate to their self-satisfied neighbors; but they are usually too few to be practically effective — *vox et præterea nihil*.

They are the adherents of unpopular causes and, not seldom, of unsuccessful ones. Like Frederick Denison Maurice, in Arnold's witty characterization, they spend their lives 'beating the bush with deep emotion, but never starting the hare.' But that is distinctly not to say that they are useless. Usually, in the long run, the world comes round to them, but if it does not, they often profoundly modify its course. In vain, like Burke, they may attempt, at a critical epoch, to induce their countrymen to bring ideas to bear upon politics; but, like him, after a hundred years, their opinions may be lauded by practical statesmen as a very *vade mecum* of political theory and practice.

While Burke was, in most respects,

very far from illustrating the type of mind that I am describing, yet it was of him, at a certain moment of his career, that Arnold wrote this highly Erasmian sentence: 'When one side of a question has long had your earnest support, when all your feelings are engaged, when you hear all round you no language but one, when your party talks this language like a steam engine and can imagine no other — still to be able to think, still to be irresistibly carried, if so it be, by the current of thought to the opposite side of the question, and, like Balaam, to be unable to speak anything but what the Lord has put in your mouth — that is what I call living by ideas.'

Arnold, himself, is an obvious example of the Erasmian in all his manifold relations to society. In his irony, his disinterestedness, his pursuance of the Aristotelian mean, his faith in culture, and, not least, in his immediate ineffectiveness, he reminds us of the great humanist. 'I do not profess to be a politician,' he writes, 'but simply one of a class of disinterested observers, who, with no organized and embodied set of supporters to please, set themselves to observe honestly and to report faithfully the state and prospects of our civilization.' When we read in Mr. Russell's admirable little book on Arnold that the young Liberals of 1869 declined to learn from him 'to undervalue personal liberty, or to stand aloof from the practical work of citizenship, or to despise Parliamentary effort and its bearing on the better life of England,' we recognize the immediate ineffectiveness of the Erasmian; but when we read, further, that he permanently modified all their thinking on political and social matters, we perceive that 'ineffective' is perhaps not the best term to apply to an influence so profound and so salutary. This is the ordinary attitude of the political

Erasmian, the detached attitude of the spectator and critic.

But English political life a few years ago afforded us the unusual spectacle of an Erasmian in office. Mr. Balfour's speeches, writings, and behavior, alike stamp him as 'sealed of the tribe.' When a newspaper editor cruelly remarks that 'Mr. Balfour's mind is so hospitable that he can harbor contradictory ideas,' what is it but an accusation of extreme Erasmianism?

But we need not confine ourselves to modern times for our examples. There were Erasmians before Erasmus, and he, himself, canonized the patron saint of the order. 'Saint Socrates, pray for us,' he exclaimed on reading the *Phædo*, and in Socrates we find the first and best of all Erasmians. His function was to sting and goad men, if not into virtue, at any rate into an apprehension of their ignorance and vice. To which end, the best means was to force them, by a relentless logic, to bring ideas to bear upon life, and to abandon forthwith all irrational, and hence immoral positions. His fundamental assumption, like that of Erasmus, was that evil conduct is the result of ignorance, and that, therefore, the first remedial

measure is to let in the light. Like Erasmus, too, he was loath to dogmatize.

As I have already intimated, it would not be difficult to convict the Erasmian of basal skepticism, and it is one of the ironies of philosophy that skeptics and Platonic transcendentalists alike called Socrates master. His Erasmian character extends even to details of method. The Socratic dialectic, urbane, ironical, sweetly reasonable, is the most formidable weapon in the Erasmian armory. The humane and tolerant sympathy with all sorts and conditions of men is not the least valuable aspect of the Socratic and the Erasmian temper. Like a true Erasmian, Socrates was regarded by the unregenerate and unenlightened of his contemporaries as a wearisome fault-finder, because of the 'damnable iteration' with which he pointed out their follies. And if the cup of hemlock, in one form or another, be the inevitable end of both, there is surely compensation in the approval of the inward 'daemon' that prevents ill-considered action, and in the veneration of a school of disciples who are fit, though few.

A POET SILENT

BY ALICE BROWN

THE birds are silent, homesick for the south.
And you, my poet, numbed in autumn cold,
Have locked on melody your singing mouth,
And muse upon the spring; yet not that old
Sweet spring, when wing
To wing beat a twinned ecstasy, —
But the rapt secrecies you may not sing,
Of what the year, in-sheathed and folded, yet might be,
If it could break, to your amazed eyes,
Through airs of Paradise.

So brood in silence, though the expectant ear,
Thrilled once to your clear matins, trembles yet,
And will, with ravishment's remembered pang, to hear
The golden fret
Of words in measures ancient and in beauty new,
Born like the evocation of the leaf, and true
To rhythm as torrential rain,
Or fall of runnels, or the girdling roar
Of the unhindered main.
Still do I see you with the migrant choir
In that dejected pause of intermittent note
And sickened look and dulled desire,
Before they rise, to float
O'er fields inhospitable and branches bare
Where once their elfland arrows pierced the air.

This is the hush preliminary,
This the long rest
Writ down upon your staff of melody.

O you, though dumbly now distrest,
Shall fly, your preluding all done,
Trusting the unviewed track, the charted ease
Of the winged mariner in skyey seas —
Sown with kind stars and little clouds at play —
And make at last that country where alway
They sing who live there, and their harmonies
Join in a blest accord with his pure ardencies
Who is the Lord thereof and sun.

THE DANGER OF TOLERANCE IN RELIGION

BY BERNARD IDDINGS BELL

IT is scarcely more than a platitude to say that we are living in an age of transformation of thought. It is not, perhaps, quite so much a platitude to say that we are apt to assume that certain contemporary tendencies in thought are permanent results of that transformation instead of ephemeral phases of it. Every great upheaval of life and thought through which humanity has gone has been accompanied, first, by a popular sense of uncertainty as to truth, and a consequent tolerance of every sort of belief. This tolerance is a mark of the decay of old standards rather than of the formation of new ones. After every period of tolerance there has come a period of intolerance, of intellectual strife, — often accompanied by physical strife. This period of strife is characteristic of the integration of new standards.

The decay of Roman civilization was marked by tolerance of every sort of morals, philosophy, religion. The rise of

that civilization which succeeded it was heralded by the intolerant persecution of Christianity, itself an intolerant movement. Eighteenth-century France was marked by a similar universal tolerance, but it was the bitter intolerance of the Revolution which ended this complacency, out of which new standards emerged. Numerous other examples will occur to any one. Tolerance is a destructive force. The succeeding intolerance is constructive. The danger of tolerance is always this, that one may assume it to be a final instead of a preliminary step in thought-development, and in consequence stand half-developed, intellectually immature. The danger of tolerance is that it may destroy the capacity for constructive thought.

Notwithstanding all our pretending that we are of an age which lives and thinks scientifically, we are still, for the most part, not creatures of thought but creatures of sentiment. With most of

us, for instance, the relationship of the sexes is still a matter to be regarded sentimentally. We still ignore as much as possible the physical and social facts back of that relationship. We still, too, for the most part, have sentimental political affiliations with glorious ideals, but little conception of the facts which condition their realization, with much of unreasoning loyalty to parties or persons. We still are apt to have, and desire, a sentimental sort of education for our children, on a cultural basis which ignores at once the necessity of knowledge of the facts of real life and the vulgar necessity of our children's earning a living. We still speak, with a pathetic dignity, in terms of a sentimental economics based on life as a sentimentalist would have it rather than on life as it is. We still enjoy sentimental literature. We still patronize sentimental drama. And because in all these matters most of us are still comparatively unthinking beings, we are apt in all of them to have a genial toleration for our fellows, who, equally unthinking, tolerate us.

In each of these fields, however, there is going on a rapid change. In each there are coming to be small but growing groups which are so very much in earnest that they refuse to be tolerant. As people are facing facts in life rather than mere sentiments about life, the tendency toward intolerance is becoming more and more apparent. Marriage and the problems of sex are discussed more and more with a marked unwillingness to tolerate opinions other than those one has founded upon the basis of facts. Ellen Key, Edward Carpenter, and others like them, write on these subjects powerfully, just because they have passed through the indefiniteness of tolerance to positive and intolerant affirmations.

A few years ago political affiliations were almost wholly superficial. As

politics have integrated more and more around the seen facts of our civic and economic inter-relationships we have observed a renewal of intolerant and deep political cleavages. The genial tolerance of every sort of educational theory which characterized our older brothers is being supplanted by utter impatience among the various schools of educational thought; and this has been true just in so far as we have begun constructively to think about pedagogy.

Our literature has become vital and meaningful of late years in a way that it was not a decade ago; and it is hard not to see that this has been accompanied, if not caused, by the espousal of positive convictions and by their quite impatient utterance by our contemporary novelists, essayists, and poets. Whether their plays prove popular or not, the dramatists of to-day are preaching in a way that is anything but conciliatory. In all these respects, we are gradually and hopefully emerging from an age of good-natured toleration into one of contradictory and frankly clashing ideas and ideals.

In religion, however, we are, apparently, for the most part afraid to permit in ourselves this development from tolerance into bigotry.¹ The very same man who is a healthy bigot on sex-relationship, politics, economics, and what not else, imagines that in religion he is bound, if he would be in accord with the *Zeitgeist*, to be tolerant of all kinds and shades of religious belief or disbelief. Of course, part of this attitude is due to the impression, not now so prevalent as once it was, that certain truth is truth demonstrable physically, and that religion, which is incapable

¹ Bigotry, according to the Standard Dictionary, means merely, 'obstinate or intolerant attachment to a cause or creed.' Ignorance is not necessarily implied by the word. — THE AUTHOR.

of such demonstration, is a thing in which uncertainty is inevitable. (Of course such an assumption is quite unscientific.) The main reason for it, however, is the unthinking or superficially thinking assumption that mankind has developed religiously from intolerance into tolerance, and that tolerance, complete, unquestioned, is the highest point yet reached in the development of religion. Students of the history of religion know that this is not so. They know that there have always been successive waves of tolerance and intolerance in religion, as in every other realm of human thought, and that religion has evolved out of tolerance into intolerance just as often, and as rightly, as the other way about. Most of us, however, know nothing of this. The result of this mistake of ours is that the return or progression toward constructive intolerance manifested in every other line of thought to-day is almost entirely absent from modern religious thinking.

One can see this in the very popular campaigns on foot making for what is called 'Church Unity.' Everywhere in Christendom one hears nowadays such cries as this: 'Let us all get together. Let us forget the things which divide us, and think only of that which unites us.' What it is that unites us, one notices, is never defined. 'Let the Baptists and the Methodists and the Episcopalian and the Lutherans and the Roman Catholics and the Unitarians and all the others simply agree to love one another, and forget their differences.' We see many sorts of ministers, in their desire to promote what they believe to be the unity desired by their Master, Christ, exchanging pulpits with one another and passing genial compliments about one another's superlative worth. There is a tremendous deal of good feeling and every one is very happy; and behold, the millennial unity

of all men, for which Christ prayed on the night of his betrayal, is at hand!

Is it? If this was the sort of thing Christ wanted, why did He not practice this modern, tolerant method when He was on earth? Why did He not seek to conciliate, on a basis of mutual toleration, the Sadducees and Pharisees, for instance, instead of denouncing them both for differing from his own conception of religion? Why did He preach things so definite as to alienate most of the people whom He came to earth to save? Why did He die? Apparently it was because He uttered such definite and positive teaching as to force, by his very intolerance, the reflex intolerance of those opposed to that teaching. It is apparent to any one who reads the Gospels, that Christ stood for definiteness in religion, that He himself died rather than tolerate the religious ideas of most of his contemporaries, and that He earnestly urged his followers to imitate the steadfastness of his example. He prayed, it is true, that all the world might become united; but He must have meant united on the positive and definite platform on which He himself stood. Any other interpretation would stultify, not merely his words, but his whole life.

To Christ, apparently, the most important thing about a man was his philosophy of life in all its relations, — in short, his religion. To us, that seems to be the least important thing about a man. Our attitude implies that one way of looking at God, man, and the universe is as good as another, for the simple reason that none of them matters very much anyway.

Our present efforts to be tolerant in religion, then, are based upon the pre-supposition that there is no such thing as objective religious truth. This is to say, that in the thing which for a human being must correlate all his other thought and activity, — namely

his theory of life, his religion,—there is no objective reality at all, toward which he may approximate. This is to deny that there is anything which may rightly be called fundamental truth. It is to exalt peace at any price into the throne of ultimate reality. It is to destroy the search for that reality. It is to glorify intellectual cowardice and inefficiency. It is not merely to destroy a rational basis for morals; it is, in the end, to destroy a rational basis for thinking as a whole.

One hears constantly that people are not interested to-day in systems of religion which are not all-inclusive, which are in any way divisive. If that be true, it is a sad period for religion or for thought in general, that lies before us. To prohibit men from attempting to lift themselves up toward the realities of eternity, to compel them to abandon the mighty gropings

which have ever characterized the seers,—intolerant because they *were* seers and not politicians,—and to substitute for these a unified ‘religion’ consisting of platitudes about being good to one’s grandmother and similar banalities,—to do this would be a dire calamity to the generation and to the race. Ah, no; better the bitter intolerance of those who believe too much and too strongly than the easy complaisance of those who believe too little and hold that little too lightly. Better the Inquisition and the rack than the drugging of those who else might seek for God. Better that we live and die slaves to a half-truth, or a millionth-truth, than that we refuse to look for truth at all. Better even that in religion a man should live and die believing with all his soul in a lie, than that he should merely exist, believing in nothing.

WHAT OF COEDUCATION?

BY ZONA GALE

I

AN English critic, unable to bear an English poet’s broken metre, with its orchestral suiting of sound to sense, at length cried aloud to the British public,—

‘If we are to arrogate to ourselves poetic license such as this, what is to become of the iambic pentameter?’

To which one of his public very reasonably inquired,—

‘Whose iambic pentameter?’

And this is the kind of question

which some of us would ask of those whose alarm is unbounded at the deleterious effect which, since college doors opened to women, feminine influence is said to be having on education. On whose education? To whom does education belong, anyway? For we seem to be having always laboriously to prove the ancient, evident fact that education is not a thing at all, that it is only a name for the unfolding of human life. The thing with which we are concerned, then, is simply how education affects this unfolding; what, on the

students themselves, are the reactions of coeducation. There is no other issue involved.

We have never said co-playing or co-dancing or co-serving. When we have talked, sung, observed, traveled, rejoiced in the sun, wondered about life, been conscious of the Substance of things, we have done it all without the prefix *co*. We do these things simply, act in them as human beings, know them for our common province. They unfold us from within. They co-unfold us, only we have never troubled to say it that way. But when this unfolding began to be valued, and men pursued it deliberately, and when, much later, it was recognized that the sooner the whole race shared in it the better, and women began to respond to it too; and when human beings, in a common plight, moving to a common destiny, seriously undertook the great business of self-conscious development — then education ceased to be a sufficient term. We divided it. And to one half of it we gave a *co*.

Now in reality we thus made a beautiful word, a word as beautiful in content as coöperation, or coalition, or coincidence; carrying a sense of fellowship; meaning together, jointly; having a human tang that is thrilling, electric, intentional. But at once an amazing thing happened. Prefixed to education, *co* somehow developed in the word a new property, a property which speedily transformed everything else about it: it developed an import of gender. All the merely human significance of the word vanished. As poets, handworkers, scientists, tradesmen, publicists, industrial slaves, prophets, we disappeared from the scene. The word coeducation, the unfolding of all of us, the leading out of our common divinity from our common humanity, fell in bondage, had one of its implications over-specialized, and now

connotes merely the process of educating together the two sexes, as such. This psychology is not unfamiliar. It may be that of an elemental people who regard the distinction as one representing differences alone; it may be that of an intellectualized, somewhat intuitionized people who regard the distinction as the symbol of complements. To the former, sex has always been a kind of final word and wall. To the latter it will be a window and a door.

Meanwhile, being neither as elemental as we were nor as wise as we shall be, we may as well face the word in its ordinary application, and to do so is to reduce a statement of the issue involved to this: —

Since in the world there is to be co-existence of the members of the human race, their co-use of products, their co-development of more products, their co-labor for the future of the race, their co-aspiration to a dim co-destiny, what will be the probable effect upon them if we permit them to have co-education too?

II

In the ancient pastime of judging we not infrequently make the ancient mistake of confusing the idea of a thing with the method in which that idea is being expressed. 'We have not achieved social justice: Democracy is a failure' — this kind of argument still deceives. We know well that we are continually obliged to try to express spiritual values by the use of physical terms; yet when we are called upon to judge some created physical envelope, we forget our synthesis and, instead of analysis, put faith in what we see.

If we put faith in what we see of co-education, we are of course obliged to admit that after fifty years and more of experimentation in America the effect of coeducation on the students under-

going it is not wholly desirable. Similarly, after uncounted thousands of years of living, the experience of individuation is not always operative to develop the Substance so expressed. But if we are wise, we shall voluntarily abandon neither coeducation nor living, on account of conclusions important only as they furnish bases for examination and modification. And the reactions from four years of educational life are important in our seekings for democracy—and for other things.

This conclusion regarding the present partial failure of coeducation we may reach while still regarding as negligible in our consideration those institutions where coeducation is as yet markedly undeveloped, or abandoned for a compromise; where, for example, men and women students are assembled for four years of propinquity—not of real association; where the term 'co-ed,' with a feminine connotation, is not only stupid, as it always is, but is anathema as well; where 'co-eds' are in one class, and one's friends and one's sisters and one's sweethearts are in another class; where to no man intent on propriety does it occur to appear at promenade, or formal reception, or even hop, with a woman student of his own college; where, in short, the order of things is as false to the habit of any other social group as to the habit of life. Obviously, such a condition will in some respects result perniciously. But this situation is so baldly a rudimentary development that in considering ultimate values it need not enter. Nor in a discussion of the effect of coeducation on students need those institutions be considered wherein is practised the compromise of segregation. Segregation is to coeducation what class-conscious government is to democracy.

But even in those institutions where

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men and women meet as normally and casually as they will be meeting in later life, coeducation now has certain deleterious effects. Stated, their causes have a mediæval look; but then we, too, are mediæval, and so, in a consideration of ultimate values, we should know how much to allow to current prejudices at this stage of our evolution. Which is to say, we should exercise a god-like intuition. And so we should.

There are, for example, the effects of sex-repulsion. There comes wide testimony to the effect that in coeducational institutions, classes in political economy, sociology, logic, and law are largely made up of men, while literature and 'aesthetics' generally are elected by women, somewhat to the exclusion in each case of the other sex. Each sex is said to be found refusing to elect branches popular with the other. And some educators have admitted that they see no way out of this, since the more frequently women enter courses, the more definitely do men shun these courses, and *vice versa*, until the progression and retrogression proceed automatically. And this tendency is actually resulting, it is affirmed, in 'natural segregation,' due to sex-repulsion, a phenomenon long incident to social life and as a matter of course reasserting itself as soon as a common intellectual training for the two sexes is institutionalized. Sex-repulsion would thus appear to indicate biological grounds against coeducation which no arbitrary opening of college doors to men and women has overcome,—'can ever overcome,' some have put it.

But this is not all. There is also sex-attraction. There comes wide testimony that in coeducational institutions there enter a large number of women whose function appears to be chiefly social, in the narrowest sense of

that word. Every year sees an influx of these young women, whose popularity is based on their ability to make themselves centres of masculine admiration. Serious-minded men, who would otherwise be intent on serious study, are immeasurably distracted. At the very time of life when all their energies should be spent in preparation, these men are bent on 'social' offices, are falling in love, becoming engaged, with the incident entailing of economic readjustment in an effort to live up to a hostage so early assumed. Also, although this is far less frequently urged, the young women themselves, who might be leading sober lives at some female college, are diverted and over-stimulated. For it is observably not the intellectual leaders among the young women who thus become disturbing influences. It is the 'socially fit.' We might ponder this antithesis, to such random lengths has gone our sense of the phrase 'socially fit.' This wholesale disturbance is due to sex-attraction, long incident to social life, to be sure, but appearing to indicate biological grounds against coeducation which no arbitrary opening of college doors to men and women has overcome.

There is no doubt at all, so wide is the testimony, that these extremes of both conditions do now exist to some extent in coeducational institutions; and that both carry harmful consequences. But granting that they do exist, and that they are harmful, it is well to get on to the heart of the matter; for to be alarmed by these appearances may be much like 'letting straws tell the wind which way to blow.'

Here is the hackneyed historical sequence (and for the present purpose we may neglect its materialistic interpretation, which is that the education of women was begun, and continues, because it pays; because educated

women are now of greater economic value to the state, though to the state of the past they were useful exclusively as bearers of children and of domestic burdens): —

First, we have women's ignorance of their need of 'higher' education, while they were busy bearing and rearing children to balance the ravages of war and famine and disease. Then, women's own recognition of their need and its denial by men. Next, women's gradual, grudging admission to institutions of learning through the tedious compromise of 'normal' courses and female colleges, on the same campus with the men and under the same faculty, but rigidly separate. And now, their present state of advance — their admission to some colleges as 'co-ed' and anathema, to others in segregated classes, to some in full citizenship, with still by far the greatest number of women taking college courses in either one of the first two groups or in women's colleges.

Is it great wonder that in these mediæval days of 1914 sex-repulsion should still be manifesting itself somewhat in the coeducational colleges? Not many women, tending to elect the immemorial French and literature courses, and to shun sociology, will realize that their impulse is based on the long need of women to be accomplished within limits rather than to be abreast of life. Not one in a myriad of undergraduate men, feeling a smother of resentment at women's presence in 'his' law class, or permitting himself a shrug at a 'lady class,' or at 'dope for the dames,' will recognize his shrug as a primal stirring which he felt ages ago when women were a part of his impedimenta. Yet this is what his shrug means, modified somewhat by the years, mixed with vanity, with egotism, with provincialism, but, not the less, still strong enough to commend

itself in the breasts of living faculties and regents as a thing to be taken into account in the policy of institutions whose prime use is the development of the divinity in our humanity.

It is not surprising that the recognition should be slow; that women should first be allowed to enter law schools; then should be, with much indignant protest, admitted to state bars, and allowed to interpret the laws which they have studied; and then, much later and much more indignantly, should be given the right of citizenship to help make and administer those laws which they are studying and interpreting. We need not be impatient with the process. But how can we make the mistake of taking any one of these phases as the norm? And this suggests that we might, if we were wise, express a wise wonder as to what the next step in that familiar historic sequence may be. Has it been going toward coeducation and working out the bad results of coeducation's reactions? Or have we, at the line of sex, really now complacently sounded the *dernier cri*, and may we rest? Or is it not just possible that these flights of change may be bearing toward future coeducational students a power which is current with great portents? . . .

As a stumbling-block in the way of the success of coeducation, sex-attraction is obviously not less explicable than sex-repulsion. Here is no historic sequence, but an historic deadlock, down all the weary years when, to men, women have been valuable — and consequently able to get a livelihood for themselves — in proportion as they have been able to make themselves attractive, and able to exert that very power to distract from work-a-day concerns. So we may as well pass over the fact that in these first years of the life of coeducation, certain of those women who seek coeducational insti-

tutions do come there crudely exercising all the old charm on which they have learned so well to depend for the very economic needs of life. Not one undergraduate girl in a myriad who in a coeducational institution has had her head turned by the successful exercise of her charm will recognize in that exercise her ancient office. Yet that is all that it is, becoming with the years in a variety of aspects more and more ignoble, less and less of an economic necessity, and nearer to recognition as a biological anomaly — that of 'genus homo, of which alone the female wears the bright plumage and dances before the male.' But the habit is still strong enough to foist itself upon us as a menace instead of as a long abuse of a relation still but dimly understood, an abuse whose remedy is slowly evolving from that coeducational companionship which the traditionists so fear.

The deterrent to the recognition of this companionship as a remedy has been the realization that although the future normal association of men and women in socialized coeducation, in socialized industry, in full citizenship, in all democracy, will clarify the relations of men and women, yet sex-repulsion and attraction will exist as long as does life. Extending from the time when youngish men put feathers in their hair and lurked outside the doors of caves and ran away when those primal beloved appeared, down through the time when a man and a woman try to see each other and then become tongue-tied or exasperated in each other's presence, the law has been operative like that of any other rhythm, and will be so, at least until our area of consciousness is extended considerably beyond its present confines. That which is operative in the failures of coeducation is not the effect of this law, but the effect of certain

abuses resulting from vanishing standards.

The whole area of the social life of coeducational institutions lies just here. And this, and not coeducation as such, is the heart of the problem.

III

Upon the social relations afforded by coeducation, a heterogeneous group of young people emerge abruptly from a variety of thresholds: thresholds radical, conservative, democratic, aristocratic, provincial, cosmopolitan, poor, rich. Most of these young people have this in common, that they stand at many beginnings: the first check-book, the first adventure in certain clothes and personal belongings, the first leisure that need not be accounted for, the first freedoms in countless walks. Also, each has his knapsack of dreams, dreams in which we are just beginning to realize how potently and vitally and wistfully gregariousness figures. This is normal and human; but many of these young folk arrive at college with an entire kit of measuring tools already made for them, and the selective process almost precedes the impulse to gregariousness. In their resultant social life, the standards are standards of social life as it has been obscurely reported to them: not a thing of human companioning, but a thing of display and competitive spending.

So it befalls that a portion of the student body is drawn into a social life which comes to exist almost independently of anybody's wanting it there. Everything is prescribed. Every fraternity and sorority must have one or more 'formals' a year, and every class its party. Here are numerous social affairs already provided for in advance, plus the three-day celebration of the Junior Prom, the social functions of commencement week, and all the fes-

tivities of the games and of the rushing season. To these are added dinners and 'informals' and a varying amount of town entertaining, with whatever of the musical or dramatic can find a place. Upon all this the students enter willingly, with far more expense than many of them can afford — and who cannot understand? If the smart thing, the late thing, the spectacular thing is emulated by them, who is at fault but those who are being emulated? And of course the answer is, as it almost always is, that those who are being emulated are victims too. The same thing, eternally economic, is the matter with the society of a coeducational institution — that little world — that is the matter with the world outside.

Realizing, however, that something more immediately assailable is wrong, criticism strikes out and falls on the fallible field of number, and says that there will not be enough Fridays and Saturdays in the semesters to accommodate all these entertainments — that the other evenings will be invaded — students will have their minds 'taken from their work' — in short, that when young men and young women are associated in college, the stimulation of their social life is a grievous ill. And so it is — though this is often overstated, because to predicate all these social affairs of the majority of students is like adding up the thousand or so annual social functions of a little town and concluding that the village is populated by butterflies. Also, the matter has another side, in the lack of social stimulation of the students who are not 'socially fit' and who almost altogether miss a social life. But if one is going to attack the situation — and we ought to be attacking it instead of criticizing it — there is a thing more logically attackable than the mere number of the social affairs in

which these college men and women participate, or which they miss. That is to say, the difficulty is not so much in the incidence of festivity as in the *quality* of a social life which is still tirelessly presenting itself in its elementary conditions.

Development after development takes place in the academic life: new departments are added, investigations are encouraged, appropriations increase, buildings multiply, both student body and faculty enlarge, the hands of state and educational institutions lock the more closely in proportion as waxes the wisdom of both; educationally, and little by little legislatively, the father-motherhood of the institution is felt; and yet that recreational life, hardly even second in importance to the academic, has, almost until this moment, failed to present itself as a problem with as inevitable a solution as, say, poverty; and has therefore been permitted to find itself at random; indeed, to lose itself in the pathetic attempt to take its uninvited place in the house of college life.

Above all other places, it is to co-educational institutions that the new evaluation of recreation should be vital. We developed the new social attitude toward recreation first among little children, and sought to fill the need for it in the kindergarten. To the public schools we are tending to give playgrounds with directed play, gymnasiums with a director, social centres in which pupils shall have a part. The building of the first stadia, the desultory production of outdoor plays, the occasional giving of pageants, certain commencement customs which have haltingly come into the educational colleges, all symbolize this new knowledge. But as yet there is no effort at all commensurate with the sovereign importance of the end, to standardize coeducational recreation, to put social

life in its rightful place in coeducational curricula.

They are still frequently saying that it can never be done. They said that for a long time when it was proposed to standardize education itself. We have become so habituated to looking upon bad amusement as the bad private schools were looked upon, as legitimate commercialization, that box-offices, caterers, florists, garages, and expensive clothes are inextricably confused with our social conceptions. The fact that the desire for social life has a sound, democratic, uncommercial basis—that of the wish for human companionship—disappears behind the mock walls which we have built. There is sharp pathos in this, that after all this time, men and women in their official social capacity still confine themselves so largely to the rudiments of social communication, by means of a social life either commercialized or otherwise made prohibitive.

Is it too much to say that when the first folk had triumphantly developed the rudimentary stages of human communication in speech, they had done rather more toward the task of human socialization than ever we have done since?

There is, however, one rather fine contributing circumstance in our having so long continued, with more or less of consciousness, to regard as self-indulgence all recreation not engaged in as physical exercise—for we were a new world, and we were exceedingly busy. Once, in the daytime, as I was lying down, a woman of two generations gone observed to me with the utmost tolerance,—

‘I don’t blame you a bit.’

The thrill of the recognition of what that meant was like touching hands with generations of pioneers to whom rest, when it came at all, was all but stolen. But though we are now basing

a whole new horizon of human efficiency on right rest, rhythmic rest, and though play in its simpler aspects we have come to value as a formative force, yet the average 'social recreation' we still regard as an indulgence, and either chide or loosely tolerate.

The country newspapers say of it:—

'Revelry was frankly the order of the day.'

'The time was then given over to social intercourse.'

'Dancing was indulged in.'

'The party dispersed, feeling that the evening had by no means been wasted, or, if wasted, then was well lost.'

And with this attitude we show exceeding good sense, withal, for the most of what we have so far developed in social life, as such, independent of its healthy incidental occurrence, is still so embryonic that we must consider our lapsing into it as akin to indulgence.

We must do better. And what finer opportunity could there be afforded for the further development of sane social life than coeducational life, whose social reactions are unquestionably as strong as those which are technically educational? The arraignment of 'too much society,' and this accusingly thrown back on sex-attraction, holds the candle responsible for its blowing flame. The thing is as much greater than sex-attraction as life is greater than any one form of love.

We are beginning to make desultory and partially self-conscious attempts to face a query as to what, constructively, co-recreational life may come to mean, and our imaginations work with really marvelous rapidity. If only so much as we have now come upon were to be applied to coeducational social life, we should be some distance toward its development. Whatever else such development will involve, it will involve nothing paternalistic. As unsuc-

cessful as the growth of undergraduate coeducational society is proving, it is far better than direction handed down from above. For the undergraduate generation is forever recasting the ideals of the faculty generation, and this is true in recreation not one whit less than in ethics; and the tendency is welcome.

Perhaps a shaping at the hands of representatives from the student body and from the faculty is the first possibility, with the coöperation of that community servant soon to be taken for granted not less than vocational teachers — the director of public recreation. In Wisconsin, the state university is recommending the appointment in every town of an assistant to the superintendent of education. The assistant shall be a superintendent of recreation, who shall bear to recreation the same relation that the present superintendent bears to the other aspects of education.

However such programmes may be worked out, already we have intimations of what the new recreation, when it is found, is going to include. For example, the development of an intelligent attitude — one may as well say the new attitude — toward drama, resulting, as the value of the amateur is more and more clearly revealed, in groups of young players presenting the vital classic and modern plays and meeting to read those plays; the whole area of pageantry, with its rich possibilities in a winter's preparation of music, of folk-dancing, of dramatic entertainment; socialization through music; the vista just opened by the connection of the college with the college community through the departments of sociology, revealing activities involving social — not service and not coöperation, with an implication of task and teaching — but co-recreation, in the 'foregathering of folks,' with

implications which are fascinating and absorbing those who are already participating in such foregathering. These intimations, however, hardly more than point toward the way; but the way is thereabout, just as certainly as the way lay fallow for the development of the other phases of education now partly provided for in the college curriculum.

Of all the kinds of places that there are, a coeducational institution is the place where seeds such as these should germinate. Here, as elsewhere, repressive measures are going to avail far less than the gospel of a wise substitution. And what could not have been done a decade ago finds its faint beginnings now at this high moment of what we call social awakening. Why, on its crest, should not coeducational social life begin to be socialized?

IV

Even as we now practice it, my contention is whole-heartedly that the reactions of coeducational life, its insufficient social life included, are eminently more healthful than otherwise. Indeed, to the majority of us here in the Middle West, the contention long ago lost its savor; and when, a few years since, at the installation of a dean of women of one of the eastern colleges, the dean made her address a defense of coeducation, a graduate of a Middle Western university who had listened, said with real wonder,—

'Shouldn't you think that she would have chosen a modern problem?'

We used to discuss the effect of four years of masculine criticism upon the manners, conversation, and dress of young women. That was natural, for men were in possession and women, as late-comers, were subject to doctrine, reproof, and correction. At first we expected nothing new, but looked mere-

ly for the repetition of the ancient, simple process of women's wish to please, somewhat intensified by constant association. But gradually a new thing became evident. Save in the minds of the preëminently 'socially fit' — still in its bad sense — this wish was not the ruling passion of university women. The ruling passion of university women was identical with the ruling passion of the university: development. And masculine criticism took its proper place, as a valued and effective means of influence, but not in any sense as a determinant. It is by no means that these university women are indifferent to the opinion of men. Only, as women's means of livelihood multiply, women are ceasing to sacrifice to this opinion. And who is there to be recorded as deplored that?

So after a time we found ourselves discussing the effect of four years of feminine criticism upon the manners, conversation, and dress of young men. And few of us have ever heard a word implying that the effect of this criticism tends to be pernicious.

Then we said: 'Now we must watch the effect on the young women of the stimulus of intellectual rivalry with the male mind.' We did watch. And at length, of mothers who had had to let their minds lie fallow while they bent backs to the pioneer tasks, there came daughters as salutatorians and valedictorians, as ripe-minded women, as social servants. And we understood that the initial spur of competition with the masculine minds which were the flower of the racial development, had been forgotten in the simple discovery that women have minds too. Discovery of magnitude. We had lately conceded to them souls; now, under normal conditions, here they were, like the camel, occupying the tent. And how simply the university women wore this circumstance. Far from feeling an

ill-bred satisfaction in keeping pace with their male companions, or a becoming shame in graceless new attainments, here they were unconscious of both. It may be confidently ventured that if the majority of women graduates of coeducational institutions were to be asked for the comparative average of scholarship of the men and women who were with them in their own university, they would have to write to their registrars to determine. For, in the language of the undergraduates themselves,—Who cares?

It may be that to a woman, a man is a greater stimulus in the classroom than is another woman. This may have been, in the beginning, a real factor. But there are those of us who would not regard an affirmation of this as one of the arguments in favor of co-education, and who would consider it as altogether negligible. The type of woman who seeks a university education is not there to win out in competitive standings. In fact, she has begun to see that averages, and degrees themselves, have no great import, even as symbols. Rather, these women are beginning to have a sense of life, as such, and to relate to it their university experiences. Not the 'socially fit,' perhaps, and not always the grinds; merely the majority. Their faces are toward the new civilization whose child's play may be competition and titles, but whose man-talk and woman-talk, and deed, are going to be concerning a simpler thing: growth.

The two ways in which women are chiefly benefiting from college association with men, of both the student and the faculty body, are perhaps: first, in winning to the human outlook, which men's wide experience has given to many men, as distinguished from the restricted outlook to which woman's household experience has largely confined her. Second, in winning to the

understanding that athletics is not distinctively a masculine prerogative, but a human prerogative and duty; and that, as a deliberate encouragement to the super-race, Nature actually does not intend the fathers of the race to have strong bodies and the women of the race to remain in 'ladylike' underdevelopment. And for the late discovery and emphasis of this so obvious fact, we of to-day are deeply indebted to coeducational association.

The way in which men are chiefly benefiting by college association with women is perhaps in having their ideal of women recast. In the past there were occasionally men who chafed at the restricted lives of their wives and mothers; who understood that these creatures had somehow not yet come into their own, that they had been caught in a *cul-de-sac* of over-specialization to domestic duties and to sex, till the world should be peopled and science and economic conditions should help to free them; who had visions of the time when these other selves should bloom and glow in more abundant life, and mother the next advance of the evolving thing folk are. And now it is being given to university men to see, faintly and far off, how these potentialities are on the way to fulfillment, and what the great-great-great grandmothers of the super-race will conceivably be like. And if some of them still shrug at a 'lady-class' — well, when the creature first struggled up out of the ooze, the ooze must have rocked with laughter.

These two sets of benefits are not lightly to be foregone. In a word, the best that men and women are develops in their normal companionship, because they are also intellectual and spiritual complements. Does this axiom then become operative with a click at Commencement? Does it in America exist through the high-school age, and lapse abruptly with matriculation,

and revive by dint of a degree? Do not we believe that it becomes operative with life, and that it is our business to make of life, including education, a condition under which this law shall always be operative?

The healthful and diseased reactions of coeducational life are identical with the healthful and diseased reactions of society, and they are not other. The reactions of coeducational life, as of life, are more healthful than diseased. To find what is wrong with coeducational reactions, we must look to society and prevent the evil there. And it is the distinguishing spirit of the age that this prevention is beginning, in the functioning of what seems almost a new form of consciousness. May it not be that pessimism with regard to coeducation is only an anachronism, and that in time we shall lay objection aside, even as the country churches have ceased to have two doors, the one for women, the other for men?

v

Examining certain social symptoms which we are likely to connect with co-educational life rather than with their birthplace in society, we are chiefly struck by these two symptoms:—

First, the abandoning of certain standards of etiquette and of propriety. For we in America, having left behind many forms of pioneering, have now time and inclination to attend to some ideals of a mellower people. Naturally, we have turned to the tried and 'safe' ideals of the present mellow peoples. But during our magnificent pioneering, our social conditions have been so changed that certain proprieties of an older civilization would sit strangely upon us. Many of them, for example, are bound up with traces of the subjection of women. Yet in America, with its seven million women earning

their own livelihood, we find ourselves trying to take over customs evolved by quite other conditions. Now, it is a sign of the healthfulness of our growth that the best traditions of the past do linger in our blood, even though they may not be useful to us now; their presence is the deterrent which gives us time to weigh and to judge — but they must not permanently deter us. Indeed, we must prompt them just when to depart, else their presence will breed another of our hypocrisies. The line of least resistance is to adopt the ideals of the mellow peoples, but the task in hand is to adapt and recast their ideals. For 'tried and safe' ideals are all pathos, and idealism cannot be all empirical.

It is because the young folk are themselves stirring toward that recasting of ideals, that we observe the second social symptom; and because it is evident in the universities, we predicate it of coeducation: the dropping of certain reticences. This threshed-out subject of lost reticence results most often in the usual exchange of misunderstandings between conservative and radical. But is there not an inviolate middle ground where may stand all those having any faint claim to prophecy? For the sake of this middle ground, some of us would lay aside our comparison of the number of coeducational students who make shipwreck with the number of shipwrecks cast up from the most carefully chaperoned society, and we would also lay aside our insistence that both varieties of shipwreck are fundamentally due to economic causes; and we would say merely that the loss of certain reticences we may well deplore, that unquestionably their going carries peril, as in any transition. But a factor in any transition, and in most growth, is peril to the least fit — that is to say, to those whom our society has not fitted.

In the loss of some of these reticences some of the least fit will go down. But it is to the loss of other reticences, prejudices, false modesties, that we owe a sane meeting of the facts of life, a sane preparation to cope with them, — that we owe, for example, the coeducational classes in biology, in eugenics, in various phases of social control, seminaries on The Family, on Sin, on the Dynamics of Population, on forms of pathology once folded in the immeasurable peril of silence. From the members of these classes, and from the groups of field workers, men and women, who are dealing with human beings involved in a tangle of the web whose very presence the old 'reticence' would have ignored as the part of good breeding, there comes no echo of sex-repulsion, no record of either men or women dropping from the task because the other sex is engaged on it. There comes no echo of anything save how to help society to 'take the short cuts for the race.' Must not this middle ground of our choosing bear the implication that if the loss of some of the old reticences can do this, then we want them to go? For we are on the way to being completely articulate, and humanized.

The humanizing of social relations, — this is what we are about to-day. We are developing means of bringing it to pass: the quite dazzling understanding that our ills are economic; revised conceptions of industrialism; legislation and administration looking

to human rights; suffrage for women, who are in their turn emerging, as group after group of men has emerged, into citizenship; the beginning of uncommercialized recreation; and, at the threshold of them all, coeducation.

Like many of these social forces, coeducation is a thing not of the past, hardly even of the present, but pre-eminently of the future, of that co-civilization which we descry dimly foreshadowed in the attempt to solve the precise problems which coeducation brings. Democracy, when we achieve it, will fit us better to understand coeducation's import; and coeducation itself is fitting us for democracy. Later, that new individualism on which we shall enter and whose physical envelope we have tried to claim too soon, will perhaps find us equipped to recognize coeducation as a natural step in our long struggle for complete self-consciousness. And as the race slips further into the cosmic consciousness which divines the pilgrim spirit in us and is chiefly concerned with its growth, there may fade away the ancient objections to many a form of growth to which in turn the spirit has been debtor.

When we have ceased to confuse the present tentative working out of coeducation with its sovereign idea, as yet implicit in the future, our question may not be, 'Does it work?' but, 'Will it work?' For the present is only one of the little things with which the spirit is concerned.

THE RAIN OF LAW

BY WILLIAM D. PARKINSON

There the common sense of most shall hold a
fretful realm in awe,
And the kindly earth shall slumber, lapt in
universal law.

THE day of universal law has arrived. It seems to be a lap or two ahead of time. It is not just the kind of law that is written upon the hearts of men or upon the doorposts of their houses, and it is very difficult to teach it to our children, or to meditate upon it day or night. There is n't time. It is printed on a rapid-fire printing-press and bound in unabridged sheep or blue sky boards. The kindly earth does not slumber in its lap; it fairly wallows in the litter of it. The law-abiding and the law-evasive citizen lie down together in the confusion of it. He who reads must run if he would escape the deluge of it, and he who runs must read if he would keep up with the changing phases of it.

In Massachusetts, which leads the world in the volume and plasticity of its statutory output, President Eliot's five-foot shelf will not begin to hold the volumes a man must read if he would know what he is bidden and what he is forbidden; and a new volume will be placed in his hands ere he can scan the current one. All the states need to conserve their natural resources to provide the paper and drive the presses of their legislative mills; and lest in their impotence they should fail to do full justice to the situation, Congress comes to their aid with ponderous volumes of its own. By yielding its claim to be a deliberative body, the Nation-

al House finds time to hear called off the captions of bills as they pass from its committees to enactment through the pneumatic tube of the government printing-office.

No official may venture upon an unusual public service until he has procured a law to authorize him; and if subsequently he desires to perform a similar but not identical service, it becomes him to examine anew his legislative authorization, and to go back to the legislature for an amendment if his new enterprise is not explicitly and precisely within its terms. To be sure, he will have little difficulty in securing the amendment, provided no one is sufficiently interested or sufficiently informed to appear in remonstrance. He may make his own law if he will observe the rules of the game, and the office-holding caste usually does observe them.

But the unofficial, the uninitiated, the plebeian citizen must also beware. It will not do for him to govern himself merely by sound principles of conduct, or even by a fair familiarity with the general law of the land. A neighbor, in securing a legislative proviso expressly to authorize a transaction that some random critic has challenged, may, by his very proviso, have read into the law an implied prohibition of all practices not thus explicitly provided for. One who, in all innocence, pursues the even tenor of his once legalized way, may awake any morning to find himself a law-breaker, not by enactment but by inference from some enactment

which was procured for his neighbor's benefit.

Some day, to be sure, there will be a revision and a codification of the statutes. Obsolete and conflicting and repeated and irrelevant provisions will be eliminated. The sifted contents of twenty or more huge volumes will be brought within the compass of one or two, with perhaps a third to serve as an index, and to make the contents of the other two available to the would-be-law-abiding citizen. Even these volumes will record not so much the will of the people as the impulses of the people; and if history repeats itself, before the index volume can be issued a new volume of unlimited bulk will have revised the revision and will have played havoc with the contents which the index purports to elucidate.

What precipitates such a rain of law, and to what sea of chaos will it find its way?

It has been said that law is discovered, not made, and that is a notable truth when applied to law in the universal sense of the term. Although it is not so aptly applied to printed law,—law while you wait,—yet in seeking the origin of the mass of statute law in the midst of which we are floundering, we shall find that, like real law, it is both discovered and made. But while real law is discovered first and made afterwards, most of our statute law, like Mr. Pickwick's archæological stone, is made first and discovered afterwards. The legislature discovers laws, but they are made by private individuals and only furbished up by legislative committees.

Laws are no longer enacted in general terms to be interpreted by the individual and, in last resort, by the court. Discretion is taken away from the learned court and reposed in the unlearned sub-committee. The committee devotes its hearings primarily to

those who have legislation to promote for private reasons. The petitioner must present his bill ready for enactment. The committee will graciously accord him a hearing. It will grant a hearing also to a remonstrant. It will assume that each has some personal end to gain, and will endeavor to discover that end. Usually, if it fails to discover any motive but one of public spirit, it still assumes that there is a cat in the meal, some design too dark to appear on the surface, and is more distrustful of such a petitioner or remonstrant than of one whose personal motive is readily discovered or uncovered.

The great bulk of legislation in the United States is not the product of our legislative bodies, nor is it shaped by the expert advisers of our legislatures. It is drawn up by the officials, or by the private parties whose activities it is designed to regulate, or to justify, or to protect, or to promote. It is then submitted to a legislative committee, and possibly revamped more or less intelligently by that always inexpert and usually inept body; then reported favorably or unfavorably to the enacting body, which plays the part of discoverer. In short, the legislative function which, in the days of absolute monarchy, was the prerogative of the hereditary sovereign, in our day of popular sovereignty becomes the prerogative of the volunteer sovereign. Many a citizen goes through the statute book with pride and points out sections and chapters couched in his own phraseology, modified—or rather amplified—only by the insertion of certain traditional elaborations which seem to be insisted on for the sole purpose of furnishing busy work for the state printer. For law-English bids fair to rival the limpid lucidity and romantic beauty of law-Latin.

Some pessimist has defined democracy as a system of government based

on the economic principle that two thieves will steal less than one. Our democratic legislative system seems to be based on the political theory that everybody knows more about everything than anybody does. We refuse to trust any duly constituted authority to exercise discretion, while we leave the most critical problems of statecraft to the workmanship of any Tom, Dick, or Harry who can 'get by' with the job.' The presumption is in favor of the enactment of any bill presented with plausible support, unless it meets with serious remonstrance. Indeed our legislatures have come to be, not law-making bodies, but bazaars for marketing the product of amateur lawmakers.

It is a physical impossibility for the legislators, as a body, to scrutinize with any care such a mass of bills as every legislature enacts at every session. Equally is it impracticable for the public-spirited citizen to attend the hearings and protest a fraction of the foolish and dangerous bills that, if enacted, would affect interests with which he is especially conversant. Not only is the responsible citizen thus at the mercy of the irresponsible and self-constituted law-maker, but the tendency even of those public-spirited organizations which, like the prophets of old, are often more representative of the state in its better nature than are its duly constituted official bodies, is to frame legislation in specific instead of general terms, and thus to make the laws both more numerous and more complex. The modern statute begins with a section defining in detail the terms it is to employ, and may give the same term a significance different from that in which it is used in another statute enacted by the same legislature at the same session. Its subsequent sections then attempt, in accordance with this glossary, to point out the acts which it pro-

hibits or authorizes, in terms so precise that the deed and the person it applies to may be sharply discriminated from those to which it does not apply.

The purpose of this precision in detail is to avoid inconsistencies and uncertainties. It may be doubted if this is usually the result. Precise definition is a readier weapon to the evader than to the enforcer of law. The schoolmaster who attempts to elaborate an all-inclusive set of rules is likely to find that his rules tie his own hands more than they do those of his pupils. The government is likely to make a similar discovery. The exigencies which even the most specific law omits specifically to provide for will be found so numerous as to call for continuous and repeated amendment.

The so-called uniform child-labor law, already adopted in some states and designed for adoption in all, is a case in point. In its attempt to specify precisely what a child of a certain age may or may not do, as distinguished from a child of a slightly different age, it has forbidden the child to perform certain functions for one person or at one time, which it neglects to forbid him to perform under even less favorable conditions for another person or at another time. The law will doubtless be amended to correct such inconsistencies as they come to attention; but in the nature of the case they will continue to come to attention, making its amendment a continuous process. Nor can there be doubt that these inconsistencies will arise differently and in different order in different states, and being thus differently amended, will defeat one prime purpose of the sponsors, which was to have the law remain uniform in the several states. The National Women's Trade-Union League of America is just now urging that no child should receive an employment certificate until he knows the laws bear-

ing upon his employment. The fact is that school officials, employers, labor-unionists, and lawyers, are at sea regarding the complex provisions of the law, and if children were refused employment certificates until they were able to comprehend its mysteries, they might all graduate from college first.

The result of this tendency to specific legislation is a curious kind of casuistry, verging upon that of the days of the Rabbinical Law, when human conduct was reduced to a code so petty that one must consider what he might carry in his hand or attach to his garment, and the number of steps he might take, if he would make a Sabbath day's journey. Already our patriotism is being meted out by law. We must not give way to our impulses, but must study the statute book if we would know when and how we must fly our flag. We are also regulated in such detail as to our methods of conducting our business that it is necessary for state and nation to employ hordes of inspectors to keep us advised of what our duties and responsibilities are; and so narrow are the margins between what is permitted and what is prohibited that these inspectors are largely occupied, not with forcing people to obey the law, but with citing to them certain 'rulings' which they find it necessary to make as to whether the law need be obeyed or enforced under certain circumstances or not. The interpretation of law is thus being transferred from the judge on the bench to the inspector behind the door. We are confronted with the curious spectacle of the government and the accused party disputing as to whether the law has been broken or not, and the government offering to waive prosecution if the accused will accede to certain demands as to the future conduct of his business. This, to the lay mind, appears not very different from the com-

pounding of felony, which used to be regarded as a serious offense.

With laws made in such irresponsible fashion, changed in such haste as to make it impossible for the citizen to keep up with them, couched in such terms as to leave the law-evader in quite as dignified a position as the law-abider, and enforced or not enforced according as the accused can or cannot make terms with the prosecuting authorities, reverence for law does not thrive. Somehow the output must be reduced in quantity and improved in quality or it will cease to be regarded as law. It becomes casuistry and leads to more casuistry, and the people will not long stand for progressive casuistry even if they do not balk at the piling up of such costly monuments of unread and unreadable print. Some check must be found, but what check and how to apply it does not yet appear. It is not likely that we shall repeal all statutes and return to common law, much as might seem to be gained by such a revolution. There is little hope that any conflagration, of the many for which we are laying the fuse, will be extensive enough to destroy the Babel of print. It is less combustible than hollow tiles. A hopeful step might be to shut down the legislative mill for a time and wait for the real law to precipitate or crystallize out of the turgid mass of guess-work law.

There is already, in certain fields of public affairs, indication of a reaction against the tendency to substitute legislation for intelligence in administration, and toward lodging in public officials a new kind of discretion, delegating to them power to make necessary regulations within their respective fields, and to enforce these regulations as if they were law. This is illustrated by enactments authorizing boards of health to designate the diseases to which certain provisions of law shall

apply, or to make regulations which shall have the force of law as to the handling of food-products or the observance of quarantine. Labor and factory legislation also to some extent fixes penalties upon certain prohibitions or requirements made in general terms, the particulars of which are to be specified by commissions or inspectors, and may by them be extended or modified or changed from time to time. The National Banking law lodges in the Reserve Board a similar discretion as to the extension, suspension, and limitation of some of its provisions. This method again affords hope of relief. It seems possible that legislatures, which are themselves beginning to realize their helplessness, may reduce the volume of their output by delegating to administrative officials the power to make and to modify, as conditions may require, many of the regulations which in recent years have been made subjects of hasty legislation and amendment, and have thus clogged the wheels of deliberate law-making.

There is also possible relief in the establishment of a permanent office or bureau in connection with the legislatures, to serve as a filter, if not as a dam, to which all proposed legislation shall be submitted. The duty of this bureau should be to point out needless or vicious provisions, to reshape meritori-

ous bills in such way as to reconcile them with existing law, to give them their due effect with least possible addition to the body of law, and to guard them against taking effect in matters to which they are not designed to apply. Such an adjunct to the legislative mill, exercising that part of the function now presumed to be exercised by legislative committees which requires a knowledge and experience not to be expected of such committees, has brought a degree of relief where it has been tried. But to take adequate advantage of it requires a change of attitude on the part of the public, a deeper confidence in the expert as against the inexpert, and a larger patience to await the full effect of one law before superimposing another. A necessary corollary, too, would be a change in the atmosphere of legislative chambers from one of presumption in favor of every unopposed bill to one of presumption against every bill whose sponsors cannot show public necessity therefor.

By whatever method it may come to pass, it must needs be that by some method, and at no distant day, the common sense of most shall reassert itself to hold in awe this fretful and impulsive realm; that the rain of laws shall cease; and that this great people shall establish itself under the reign of law.

FLAG-ROOT

BY LUCY HUSTON STURDEVANT

THE stars were beginning to fade; Orion stood upright in the western sky, Venus was well above the horizon; by the Shepherd's Kalendar it was November, and the sun would soon rise. Three figures came out of a little house on a hill, and hurried down the road. They did not look up at the unknown stars, nor down at the well-known road; they looked straight ahead, and planned their day. As the light strengthened, they defined themselves as a woman of middle age, a tall, slight girl of eighteen, and an awkward boy, who might have been fifteen. He hung back, and grumbled.

'Plenty time,' said he. 'Gee! I wish I was goin'!'

The sun rose upon their haste, and illumined a great valley beneath, half full of cloud; nearer by, peaks and high plateaus appeared; it was a mountain country, far flung, wooded, beautiful; they were not far from its highest point.

'There's the sun,' said the girl in an agony. 'Mother! We're going to miss the train.'

The two women strained their ears for the whistle of the engine, and hurried more than ever; the boy continued to lag behind and grumble.

'Now, Thomas,' said his mother, 'Dorothy and I can't behave the way men do. We just have to hurry when we go to a train. You got to make allowance, son.'

Thomas quickened his steps and smiled in his mother's face. 'You got lots of time,' he said good-humoredly.

'Better be an hour too early than

five minutes too late,' said his mother.

So her father had told her; so Thomas would some day tell his son; it was one of the sayings that Age foists upon Youth, who rejects it, and remembers it, and uses it at last.

They waited a long time at the station before the train came along and swallowed them up.

'We'll be back on Number Twelve,' Mrs. Smart called out to Thomas.

It is the custom in the Pocono to call trains by their numbers, which are, in a sense, their Christian names. The hamlets in those mountains are not unlike a scattered village; the railroad is the village street. Thomas answered, inarticulately, and the human driftwood that gathers at such stations disintegrated, to gather afresh for the next train.

After October, when most of the hotels close, nobody in the Pocono mountains has much to do but watch the trains and wait for April — when the trout fishermen come.

Mrs. Smart had a little house at Tip Top, where she lived with her two children. She was a bookkeeper by trade, but she was a capable woman, and could help out almost anywhere. She was a worker. Dorothy and Thomas, heredity to the contrary, were not as yet inclined that way, but their mother meant they should be when, as she said, they grew up.

She and Dorothy sat side by side in the crowded car. When the conductor came through, he greeted them as old friends.

'Goin' to Philadelphia?' he said, punching their tickets.

Mrs. Smart nodded, smiling. 'Mrs. Schaus wants a new parlor carpet,' she said, 'and she said if I'd go down and get it, she'd give me my ticket. And I need a winter coat, and Dorothy's going to get a new dress.'

'Be at Tip Top Inn next summer?'

'If Mr. Haydock wants me, Mr. Johns.'

'He'll want you,' said Johns. 'Chester County Quaker, ain't he?'

'Yes,' said Mrs. Smart, with a little laugh. 'Most of 'em are in summer. But he's *nice*.'

'They know a good thing when they see it,' said Johns. He smoothed his grizzled moustache. He would have liked a little talk with Mrs. Smart, who was a pretty and friendly woman, much liked along the road, but he was afraid of Dorothy's disdainful young profile, outlined against the window.

'Change at Stroudsberg,' he said mechanically, and went heavily on down the car.

'Why, yes,' said Mrs. Smart. 'To think of his telling *us* that. But he's nice.'

'He's old,' said Dorothy. 'I'm glad he went away. I think a voyle, mother.'

'I think a voyle,' said her mother, with eager interest. 'Let's talk about it.'

They changed at Stroudsberg, and went on through the great Gap that the Delaware River has cut for itself in the Blue Mountains, and so on down to Philadelphia. They went first to the department store that the Pocono folk affect, and bought the carpet.

'Now the dress,' said Mrs. Smart.

Dorothy hesitated; she loved to dally with the thought of the dress; until she should decide, all the dresses in Philadelphia were hers; afterwards, but that one.

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'You better get your coat first, mother. You might get it here.'

'I bought my last winter coat here, four years ago. They'd take an interest. And I might get the same lady.'

'Yes,' said Dorothy. In her heart she was appalled by the greatness and unconcern of the city. She, too, hoped they would get the same lady.

They did. At least she said they did; Mrs. Smart doubted it.

'She had n't all that hair four years ago,' she said to herself.

'Never mind, she's nice.'

'Ninety dollars,' said the lady haughtily. 'A French model.'

Mrs. Smart gasped. 'Fourteen is as high as I can go,' said she.

'Why mother,' said Dorothy, disgraced. 'It is n't either.'

The lady looked into Mrs. Smart's honest eyes; she had honest and kindly eyes, herself, under her fuzz of hair. 'Dearie,' she said. 'I've been there myself. Here's a line of last year's coats, marked down. They're lovely. They're long, and they're wearing them short in Paris, but land, what difference does that make to you and me?'

'We like to be in style in the Pocono,' said Dorothy.

'It must be fierce up there in winter,' said the lady. 'Twenty-two fifty.'

Mrs. Smart shook her head. She and Dorothy whispered together.

'What made you say fourteen? She thought it was funny. You've got fifteen fifty.'

'I plan to spend a dollar on ties for Thomas, and we've got to keep some for our lunch. Fourteen's a plenty to spend on a coat.'

'It's hell to be poor,' said Dorothy, suddenly. Her face worked.

'Oh, my daughter,' said Mrs. Smart in terror; 'don't talk so. Remember our little home, and Thomas, and all. Think of all we've got!'

'Here's a nice lot of last spring coats,' said the lady, patiently. 'Thin, but you could wear something under 'em.' She glanced at Dorothy's back; it heaved convulsively. 'It's fierce when they want things, ain't it?' she said, with comprehension. 'My little girl's only ten, but she's beginning. My, it's fierce to be a mother, ain't it — when they want things, and you have n't got 'em to give?'

Mrs. Smart nodded, speechlessly. 'This is pretty,' said she, after a pause; 'real pretty.'

'Here's two for fourteen,' said the lady, returning to business. 'A blue and a black. The blue's prettiest, but the black's nearer your size.'

'You would n't hold them while we go and look at a dress?' said Mrs. Smart, anxiously. 'I could n't expect it — but 't would be a help.'

'And you could take a look at coats elsewhere,' said the lady, as one who knows the secrets of the human heart. 'Land, I don't blame you, but you won't do any better. Yes, I'll hold 'em, till two-thirty. I've been there myself.'

'If you should ever come to Tip Top,' said Mrs. Smart, 'there's a house you'd be welcome in. Late falls and winters and early in spring, before the trout season opens, I take in a boarder. I'd be pleased to take you, ma'am, and the little girl. I would n't charge for her. She'd like it, and we'd like her. If I don't see you again, I'm Mrs. Lydia Smart, Tip Top, Monroe County, Pennsylvania. Every one knows me in the Pocono. And thank you! Good-bye! *Good-bye!*'

'Good-bye!'

The two women parted with a hand-clasp. Dorothy looked on with a kind of disapproving admiration, such as her mother's doings often inspired in her.

'You do make friends!' she said,

when they were out of earshot. 'You might have asked her about a voyle. She'll come to Tip Top. You see!'

'Never mind. Society wears 'em at the Inn all summer,' said Mrs. Smart. 'I hope she does come. I wish I did n't have to charge guests, but I do and that's all there is to it. A voyle's what you want, Dorothy Smart. We'll go right now and get it.'

They bought the *voile*, with varying emotions, but their final mood was one of satisfaction. Then they parted until train time. Mrs. Smart bought Thomas's ties, and did a few errands for Tip Top people; then she wandered down Chestnut Street, looking in the windows; her feet burned with fatigue; her healthy Pocono appetite awoke and cried for food.

'Why!' said a hearty voice, 'I declare, if it is n't Mrs. Smart!'

'Why, Mr. Lincoln,' said Mrs. Smart. Lincoln's fresh-colored, smooth-shaven face beamed with pleasure. 'How's all the folks in the Pocono? How's Mr. Schauss? Does he have his order ready now, or does he make the traveling men wait all day for it, like he used to me?'

'He's Pennsylvania Dutch; he likes to make folks wait.'

Mrs. Smart laughed, but her laughter had a weary sound and the man peered down at her.

'Had your dinner?'

'I had a cup of chocolate, and a cracker. I thought it would be five cents, but they asked me ten.'

'Suppose we get our dinner together.'

'I guess I won't.'

'Why not?'

'Well, the truth is I've got just five cents left,' said Mrs. Smart. She laughed and her pretty face took a fresher color. 'Thomas's ties cost more than I thought, and I don't want to touch my coat money. I'm all right, Mr. Lincoln. I read in the paper where

it said everybody had too much to eat. If I've had too much to eat, it's time I stopped.'

'Did you think I wanted you to pay for yourself? What's the matter with your taking dinner with me?'

'I did n't want to go to a party when I was n't asked, Mr. Lincoln.'

'You're asked all right. We'll go to the station. You can get a good meal there.'

'I've never taken a meal at the station, but I've often wished to,' said Mrs. Smart. 'You're kind, Mr. Lincoln.'

'Kind yourself,' said Lincoln. 'Come along!'

'I wish Dorothy could have had this instead of me,' said Mrs. Smart, half an hour later. 'She went to see a girl friend. She was going to stay to dinner, if they asked her, and take her lunch money to buy a jabot. We generally carry our lunch, when we come to the city, but Thomas knocked the eggs off the table in the dark, this morning, and Dorothy did n't think it was worth while to take just bread and butter. She's pretty, Mr. Lincoln. Just as pretty, and *nice* — and Thomas! — He's almost sixteen, and a *good* boy. He's in Mr. Schauss's now. He don't like it much, but he stays to please me. Let me see — why you have n't seen Thomas for four years. You would n't know him.'

'I've buried my wife since I saw you last, Mrs. Smart.'

'You have! Why, Mr. Lincoln, I'm so sorry. How I must have worried you, talking so much, and eating so much. Why did n't you tell me?'

'Well, I don't know. I thought it might east a chill. I often think of you now I'm alone in the world.'

Mrs. Smart stiffened perceptibly. 'She was an invalid, was n't she, Mr. Lincoln?'

'She was mindless,' said Lincoln. It

is a Quaker expression; he came of Quaker stock. 'She was in a sanitarium the last ten years.'

'She was?'

'Yes, ma'am.'

'She *was!*'

'Yes, ma'am, she was. I kept her as comfortable as anybody there, but there was n't much comfort in it for me.'

'I'm sorry, Mr. Lincoln.'

'You're not going?'

'I must, and thank you for the dinner. I never tasted a better one at the Inn even. Everything a body could wish.'

'Sit down again. I want to speak to you.'

Mrs. Smart sat down on the edge of her chair, ready to take flight at a word, like Mercury.

'I'm in the firm now, Mrs. Smart, and we're doing well. I'd like to call up to Tip Top to see you some day.'

'I'm a busy woman, Mr. Lincoln.'

'So am I a busy man, but I'd find time for that. I've liked you ever since I first saw you, Mrs. Smart — Lydia — but knowing the kind of woman you are, I knew it was no use me saying a word. You'd have shown me the door.'

'I would, Mr. Lincoln.'

'You would, and right, too. But I sometimes thought you — liked me,' said Lincoln, almost shyly. 'I—I used to wonder. Now my wife's dead and gone, and — what do you say? I've had a hard life — no home, no children, and you might say no wife — I'd like a little happiness. I'd take good care of you, Lydia. You work too hard. You wouldn't have to work if you married me.'

'I like work,' said Mrs. Smart; but she colored deeply, and did not meet Lincoln's look.

'You're thinking of your children. The girl'll marry. They tell me — I

keep track of Tip Top news — they tell me Joe Bogardus is going with her. The boy — he'll leave you. Boys don't stay at home. Well, what do you say?"

"I say no, Mr. Lincoln. I'm sorry about the dinner! If I'd known what was coming, I would n't have accepted your invitation."

"Damn the dinner! I guess you can take that from me. What have you got against me, Lydia? You think I'm doing it because I want a comfortable home, but it ain't that. I — love you, Lydia!" said Lincoln explosively, and growing very red.

Mrs. Smart looked down.

"I guess the folks at the next table wonder what we're talking about," she said.

"Damn the folks at the next table," said Lincoln, but his handsome, ruddy face lost some of its color, as he watched her. "Is it me? Don't you like me? I've always thought you did. I don't drink. I've made good in my business. I've got a car."

"I've a great respect for you, Mr. Lincoln, but I'd — rather not, thank you."

"I won't give you up, Lydia," said Lincoln, doggedly.

"Well, Mr. Lincoln, you might as well," said Mrs. Smart, with spirit. "And I'd thank you not to call me Lydia. I don't care for it."

Lincoln stared at her in dismay. "You're not going to — say — no," he said, blankly. "It's that boy. I don't believe it's me. I believe you like me. Say, I'll give the boy a job with us — a job that'll give him a chance to rise. I guess that's the trouble, ain't it?"

Mrs. Smart was silent, but it seemed to Lincoln that her downcast face showed signs of relenting; it was the greater credit to him that he spoke as he did. He was an honest and upright business man; the firm and its reputa-

tion came first; after that other matters, — happiness, love, and the like. "I could not love thee, dear, so much, loved I not honour more," said Lovelace.

"I don't say he can rise if he don't act right," said Lincoln. "He's got to hold the job down. I could n't keep him if he did n't. Not if he was my own son. The firm would n't stand for it — and I'm one of 'em now. Hardware's got a big future — and I'll give Thomas a chance — but he's got to work." He cleared his throat. "Well — what do you say?"

"I say no, Mr. Lincoln," said Mrs. Smart, rising. "You'll find a nice girl that'll make you a good wife, easy enough. We're most of us good, if you treat us right, and there is n't so much difference between one good woman and another — not that a *man* could see. My goodness, it's half-past two already!"

Mrs. Smart waited at the station for Dorothy for some time; on her knees she nursed a big pasteboard box; her face had a sad look, but it brightened when Dorothy appeared.

"Have a nice time with Marian?"

"Nice enough," said Dorothy. Her voice had a ring of bitterness. She was young, young, *young*, poor Dorothy, and the inequalities of fortune were too much for her. Her day in the city had shaken her, heart and soul. Mrs. Smart knew it without being told, and her heart ached for her daughter.

"I got the blue coat," she said.

"You did? It's too big for you, is n't it?"

"It is n't too big for you," said Mrs. Smart. Her pretty face was radiant with eager love and joy.

"Why, mother!"

"Did you think I was going to let you go without, and you pretty and young and all?"

'I had a coat last fall,' said Dorothy; but her face flushed with pleasure.

'Never mind! It came to me when the lady said coats were going to be short. My coat's short. They were wearing them long the fall I got it. I'll be more in style than you, Dorothy Smart. It came to me, but I did n't realize until after — dinner. Then I put for the store just as tight as I could go — I was afraid the blue one might be gone. Don't say a word! Don't you think we'd better go out and stand by the gate? The train might go earlier, or something.'

The two dozed a bit on the Pennsylvania train, but they were as wide awake as possible when they changed to their own Lackawanna.

'Once I'm through the Gap, I feel I'm at home,' said Mrs. Smart.

The train was a slow one; it crawled up into the mountains; it stopped at many little stations. When the car door opened, woodland scents and sounds came in; the sighing of the wind in the tree-tops, the noise of mountain brooks, the odor of burning wood.

'It's nice to get home,' said Mrs. Smart. 'I wonder how Thomas is.'

'I'm awful hungry,' said Dorothy. 'What did you have for lunch, mother?'

'All I wanted — and more. I've got five cents left; I'll buy you some gum. Dear me! I can't find it — it must have slipped out. Dear me!'

'Lost something, Mrs. Smart?' said the brakeman, Rally Willems. He was a Pocono boy; Mrs. Smart had always known him; he was young, slim, alert; he had sandy hair, and a freckled skin, and a little red moustache, — the regular brakeman type.

'Only five cents,' said Mrs. Smart. 'Never mind, Rally. I was going to buy Dorothy some gum. She's hungry.'

Willems went into his blue pocket and produced something in a twist of paper.

'I got some flag-root,' said he. 'Mother brought it down to the train this morning. Wait once, till I cut it.'

He divided it with his pocket knife; he gave the larger piece to Mrs. Smart; when he went out on the platform, she changed with Dorothy. She ate her own piece with a relish.

'It's good,' she said. 'Bitter-sweet things stand by you better than all-sweet things — specially after a hard day. It was nice in Rally to give it to us. He'll be a conductor some day. Feel better, Dorothy?'

'Some. Thomas won't like my getting the coat, mother. He'll be as mad as a hornet.'

Mrs. Smart nodded, with a very serious face; she had been considering for some time what she should say to Thomas.

'You take the lantern and go on ahead, and I'll talk to Thomas.'

Thomas met them at the station, sleepy and cross. A young man was waiting, too, — Joe Bogardus. He and Dorothy walked on up the hill together quickly, with the lantern swinging between them. Mrs. Smart and Thomas followed, slowly, arm in arm.

'Get your coat, mother?'

'Not this time, son. My coat that I've got's in style. They're going to wear short coats in Paris this winter. My coat's short.'

'I wanted you to get a new one,' said Thomas, crossly.

'Now, son,' said Mrs. Smart, tenderly, 'don't you get to thinking you know more about clothes than your mother does. That ain't men's work. Wait once, till you see your new ties: black, with red spots, one; blue, with white lines, one.'

'See any folks you knew?'

'Mr. Lincoln. He's a traveling man, used to come up here drumming for hardware.'

'I remember him all right. Used to

talk to you — thought he was good-lookin' — fresh!' said Thomas, ferociously. 'What did *he* have to say?'

'Oh, he just talked. Did n't you used to like him, son?'

'Naw,' said Thomas, 'I did n't. Why you know I did n't, mother. You used to say he was nice, and I always told you I did n't like him.'

'I remember,' said Mrs. Smart, briefly.

She plodded along the rough road in the darkness; the November wind blew keenly from the mountains; she was tired, and hungry, and cold; her weary body caught her brave soul in its clutches, and shook it, and wrung it, and left it faint and gasping.

'It's a hard world for a woman,' she muttered. 'Maybe I'd better have said yes.'

'Gee, but Schauss's is fierce,' said Thomas. 'Guess I'll quit, and go West.'

'You would n't leave me, son,' said Mrs. Smart, in quick alarm. 'Would you?'

'I'm sick of the store.'

'I'm going to try to get Mr. Haydock to take you at the Inn next summer,' said Mrs. Smart, forgetting herself at once in Thomas's need. 'You

could be in the office with me, and see the world and society — and maybe folks would take you out in a car sometimes.'

'Gee, mother, you're a peach. That would be great,' said Thomas, mollified.

It did not take much to please him; he was his mother's own son, after all. He clung to her arm, and lurched and fro in the road. He was an awkward boy; he seemed to go out of his way to fall over things; he was like an overgrown puppy, with his clumsy ways and his inarticulate, loving heart. Suddenly, at a turn in the road, a light shone out above them.

'There's *home*,' said Mrs. Smart. 'You put the lamp in the window, did n't you, son?'

'Yes, I did. And the kettle's on the stove, boiling by this time. I thought you'd like some *tea*,' said Thomas, with pride. 'So I kept the fire up, and had everything nice.'

Mrs. Smart laughed in the darkness, a little, well-pleased laugh, and stepped out briskly.

'After all, I'm glad,' she said.

'To be back home?' said Thomas.

'To be back home,' said Mrs. Smart. 'There's no place like home.'

EDUCATION IN VERMONT

BY JAMES MASCARENE HUBBARD

VERMONT has set an example to the other states of the Union in being the first to make a comprehensive effort to study its educational responsibilities. In conformity to an act of the legislature, approved in November, 1912, the governor appointed a commission of nine persons 'to inquire into the entire educational system and condition of this state.' To secure the information essential for an intelligent and adequate report, the commission, which included among its members the President of Columbia University, Dr. Nicholas M. Butler, and the President of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company, Mr. Theodore N. Vail, invited the Carnegie Foundation for the Advancement of Teaching to make 'an expert study of the school system, including the higher institutions of learning.' Acting upon this invitation, the Foundation caused to be made a first-hand study of education in Vermont, embracing the whole system, from elementary school to university.

The detailed examination of the elementary schools was committed to Professor Milo B. Hillegas of Teachers College, Columbia University; of the secondary schools to Dr. William S. Learned of the Harvard School of Education; and of the normal schools and the state system of administration and expenditure to Professor Edward C. Elliott of the University of Wisconsin. Other expert service was employed for special fields, as the agricultural college and its relations to the farming industries, medical and engineering schools,

library facilities in relation to the public schools, and the system in use of school accounts and financial statements.

The results of these investigations have been published in a *Bulletin*, the primary purpose of which is to place in the hands of the commission the essential facts which will enable them to form conclusions, to make recommendations, and to propose legislation. Accordingly, it is of great interest to all who have at heart the betterment of our educational system. For the conditions are not peculiar to Vermont; similar conditions prevail throughout the country, and the conclusions reached should be thoughtfully and carefully considered, even though one may not entirely agree with all the statements or recommendations. Many Vermonters think the *Bulletin* does not set forth the facts as accurately as they had hoped it would; while the recommendation of withdrawing the state financial aid from the colleges is decidedly and generally condemned.

A remarkable array of facts of every kind, from the course of study to the condition of the schoolhouses, is to be found in the report of Professor Hillegas on the elementary schools. It is interesting to note that in the proportion of children of school age enrolled, Vermont holds the first place among the states. His criticisms are mainly of the instruction given, the principal aim of which, he says, is preparation for the high school. Considering the fact that practically none of the rural-

school children enter the high school, he maintains that there should be two courses of instruction — one for the rural and one for the graded town school. With the present course, the children of the countryside are taught only to read indifferently, to write clumsily, and to make ordinary calculations with difficulty. The child's interest in the life of his community is weakened, and either he is made an idler, because he has not been taught to do work that is based upon the acquirement of skill, or he is educated away from the life in which he has grown up. His face is turned from the duties and opportunities of his own home to the more tempting but more illusory ventures of a city. Many will agree with the conclusion, that 'something is radically wrong with a school in an agricultural community that develops motormen, stenographers, and typewriters, and fails to develop farmers, dairymen, and gardeners.'

The recommendations of Professor Hillegas include the consolidation of the smaller schools, the transportation of the children by school barges, and new courses of study, which should be planned by experienced teachers and superintendents organized into committees. For the improvement of teachers already in service he suggests that a group of highly trained, capable women supervisors should spend their time in the schools, assisting the teachers and demonstrating proper methods. The absolute need of an increase in the salaries of teachers is emphasized by the fact that, according to a recent comparative study of the public school systems of all the states, Vermont stands in the forty-third place in the average annual salary of the teachers.

There is much valuable information in Dr. Learned's report on the secondary schools. It is the outcome of a per-

sonal visit to nearly half of the high schools and academies, and a careful study of all attainable facts in regard to attendance, curriculum, and the training of teachers. A fact which stands out prominently and should be emphasized is that 'almost without exception' the teachers 'gave the impression of being high-minded, naturally capable and painstaking men and women' who are doing 'honest and faithful work.' It is a matter of regret that Dr. Learned has apparently had no experience as a teacher, for his position in regard to the instruction given in the high schools is largely that of a theorist. He reiterates, for instance, that the curriculum should have 'greater freedom and elasticity in order to meet the individual pupil.' It should be based predominantly on the pupil's environment. Now this is admirable in theory, but it would be difficult to put it in practice.

The economic value of the school training seems to Dr. Learned to be of the first importance. 'It is a pressing duty of the high schools in Vermont,' he maintains, for instance, 'to display fairly the power, resources, and significance of the farm.' On the other hand little stress is laid on the old New England idea that the highest aim of the school is the development of the intellectual powers and the building up of character.

All, however, will agree with what he says as to the special needs of training-classes for teachers in elementary schools, particularly in the country. His suggestion that this course should be introduced into more of the high schools will be welcomed, and, we trust, acted upon throughout the country. He maintains that there should be enough high schools with these training classes, to enable all those who are desirous of becoming teachers in the elementary schools to attend the

course without being obliged, as now, in most instances, to leave their homes. Another practical reason for the establishment of these 'regional' high schools, urged in the section devoted to the training of teachers, is that the neighboring village schools would furnish abundant opportunities for practice-classes for those who are in training. The establishment of a new central training school is also advocated, which should serve the needs of the state in providing teachers for its junior high schools.

The problem of trade-education — a pressing economic as well as educational question — is discussed in the report on the vocational school. This school is practically the only agency that society offers for the formal preparation of its youth for those fundamental and necessary vocations upon which stress must always be laid. The aim should be, not the preparation for a profession, but the training of youth for a trade. In this connection, attention is directed to a remarkable agricultural school at Lyndonville, which owes its existence to the generosity of Mr. Vail. It is strictly a farmer's school and it aims to furnish a line of training that will be of immediate use in farming and its allied industries, as carpentry, blacksmithing, and masonry. Consequently, the students are trained to do farm work intelligently and also the repairing of buildings, wagons, and machinery. Thus they are made independent of any outside skilled labor, and are put in a position to assist their neighbors in these directions. For these special purposes the school has blacksmith and carpenter shops, as well as a horse-stable, dairy-barn, poultry-house, and root-cellars, together with over one hundred acres of tillage land divided into upland and lowland.

The report upon the higher institu-

tions of learning gives considerable information about the three colleges at Burlington, Middlebury, and Northfield. There is a brief historical sketch of each, with facts relating to their endowment, equipment, curriculum, teaching-staff, and students. The criticism is confined mainly to the Agricultural College connected with the University of Vermont at Burlington. The impression made by this part of the report is that it was written by one whose whole interest was in the schools of the state. The one thing needed for the improvement of both primary and high schools, he feels, is money to increase the salary of the teachers, especially of the primary schools, in order to secure better teachers, and to improve the schoolhouses and their equipment. Accordingly, with this need predominating in his mind, the one frequently repeated recommendation in regard to the higher institutions of learning is that the state subsidy should be withdrawn from them and given to the schools. And with this conclusion those who compiled the report agreed, for the last of the five recommendations which embody the results of the survey is, 'Subsidies to higher education should cease, the colleges being given a reasonable time in which to rearrange their budgets.'

This does not mean that the colleges are not helpful to the state from an educational point of view. Of Middlebury, for instance, it is said that 'the work of the college is distinctly good,' that the 'fundamental work is now being admirably done.' The one absorbing aim of President Thomas is that Middlebury College shall be a great instrument in the upbuilding of Vermont. 'I propose,' he said on one occasion, 'to train as many students as possible to go back to their homes, filled with inspiration partaking of sublime religious faith in the destiny

of the Green Mountain State, and there live and toil, and exercise an influence which no man may measure in advance.' But what would be the effect upon the college if more than a quarter of its annual income should be withdrawn from it? Would not its usefulness be terribly crippled for years, possibly forever? Would the advantage to the three thousand school-teachers of the addition of a few dollars to their salaries, for that is all the Middlebury subsidy could give them, justify this withdrawal?

All who know the conditions in Vermont recognize 'the urgent needs of the state in elementary education,' but they do not feel that because of these needs, the needs of the institutions of higher education should suffer. Their needs are very great. To quote President Thomas again: 'I see opportunities all over the state to stimulate enterprise and quicken the life of the people, if only we had the means to do the work.' This feature of the report, together with the repeated strange statement that the state should not subsidize a college which 'it does not own and control,' has aroused much feeling throughout Vermont, and it is sincerely to be hoped that the usefulness of the inquiry will not be impaired on this account.

For, regarded as a whole, it has undoubtedly a high educational value. All having at heart the training of our children to make the best of their place in life should welcome the light thrown upon the condition of the elementary schools, especially those in rural districts, and should act upon the suggestions for their improvement. It is to be hoped that the inquiry will give a new and vivid impression of the influence of the teacher. This new and fresh appreciation of the significance of her duty, second only to that of the parent, should lead to an improvement in her preparation for her task, and should increase the reward for her valuable and painstaking labor. Then, the emphasis laid upon the necessity of the development of agricultural instruction is of great importance. In view of the fact that we are seeking all over the world for food for our constantly increasing millions, it is not only an economic, but a national crime to let so much rich, easily cultivable land lie idle, not simply in Vermont but throughout our Atlantic states. And the simplest solution of the great problem is clearly shown in the Carnegie Foundation report. It is to make by stimulating elementary, but thorough, instruction an intelligent and interested farmer out of the bright country boy.

AT SEVENTY-THREE AND BEYOND

BY U. V. WILSON

I

I AM seventy-three to-day. That is well along toward the four-score mark. I remember that the Psalmist refers to the strength which brings us to eighty years as 'labor and sorrow,' and yet, curiously enough, I have no sensation which squares with his dictum. To be sure, I am not robust. I do not see as clearly as of yore, and Tom avers that I am slightly deaf. But I'm as full of the joy of living as ever. There's more beauty in the sunset than there used to be, and the songs of the birds, if heard more faintly, have a sweeter cadence. Spring has never before borne such fragrance in upon me, nor have I ever perceived as great a glory in the autumn or found more comfort in the winter.

If I have retired from active business, it is not because of incapacity. I notice, indeed, that when a particularly perplexing problem faces Tom, who succeeded me at the store, he comes to Father for advice, and to this date he has rarely failed to heed my counsel. But why should I toil on in the market-place? My modest fortune suffices. It gives me books, lectures, art, and the theatre. It affords me the leisure for which I have toiled all my life long, the leisure really to busy myself with the big things which face me as a man. And I submit that there is a joy in it all that is very far removed from 'labor and sorrow.'

Seventy-three. Ah, how the years are flying! It seems hardly a month

from birthday to birthday. I remember to have heard my grandfather make this remark. I was a child then and the words seemed unbelievable. Years afterwards, Father, sitting by the fireside, used to express the same sentiment very frequently. I understood it more perfectly by that time, for right in the thick of business strife the days were all too short for me. But now that I've taken my place at the fireside, and the shadows seem to be lengthening, I understand to the full just how swiftly the years are slipping by.

'A thousand years in thy sight,' said one of old, 'are but as yesterday when it is passed and a watch in the night.' That is God's outlook upon time. He has always lived. He will live forever. To Him there is no past, no future, only one eternal NOW. It is because He has always been, that the Eternal Presence looks upon a thousand years as 'a watch in the night.' And the longer we finite beings exist, so I take it, the shorter the years to our view. It is not that our days are drawing to an end that we have this outlook,—it is that they are receding from a beginning, that they are piling, one upon the other, until each seems small in comparison with the mass. At three-score and thirteen, a year is but a seventy-third. Indeed, I am more and more firmly convinced that with advancing years one approaches, as nearly as a finite being can, the point of view from which the Infinite One regards time, and in all reverence I

cannot avoid the conviction that the shortness of the years as one looks at them in old age demonstrates one's kinship to the Almighty, and is an earnest of unending life.

The Reverend Mr. Smithers, who preaches hell-fire and damnation to a little congregation of people who are frightened into denying themselves the brightness of living that they may 'get to heaven' sometime, will hardly see any logic in my thought. Deacon Jones would regard it as akin to blasphemy; but a quiet game of whist is 'gambling' to Deacon Jones. It agonizes his soul to see the young folks dance, and I've more than once heard him say how hard it is for 'the Lord to save an old man.' These good people may be right, although it would grieve me to discover it; and yet, I can't help thinking that time seems shorter to me in old age because the years have brought me into at least a subconscious realization of my immortality.

The reader needs not to be told that I have busied myself with selling hardware most of my life rather than in delving into theology or metaphysics. My reading has been limited and desultory, and I dare not believe that I've thought out any solution for the greatest of the problems that confront me in common with all my kind. My intimates know me as a practical man and are kind enough to credit me with more common sense than, I fear, I really possess. I am fully conscious of my limitations; more so, perhaps, than these pages would indicate. Nevertheless, the very fact that weeks get more and more like days to me as the years multiply, and days seem to shrink into hours, warms my old heart with what I believe to be an assurance of unending existence.

That assurance strengthens, too, when, looking within, I am able to dis-

cover no trace whatever of decay. That is to say, I feel as young as I did at forty, at twenty, at ten. In speaking of age, we invariably make the mistake of thinking only of the body. When I wrote just now, 'I am seventy-three to-day,' I meant only, of course, that that is the age of my physical being. There is no assurance that I am not centuries older. I do not dabble in the occult, and cannot express myself with scientific exactness. I feel very timid about venturing an opinion on matters concerning which so many wiser than I are in doubt, but dares any one say that his life began in his mother's womb or that it ends at the grave? If so, how does he know it?

When I say that I do not feel old, I mean I, not my body. My body is not I. If it is, why do I say my body? I speak of my hands, my feet, my eyes, my tongue, my stomach, just as I do of my spectacles, my cane, my clothing, my store. These things belong to me. They are my tools. I use them as I see fit in accomplishing the purposes of everyday life. Into the warp and woof of our very language is thus woven the divine conception of our being. It is an interesting fact that the materialist rarely converses for an hour without unconsciously denying his creed. No matter what one's professed faith, his everyday language is an acknowledgment that, however closely he may be bound to the material and however dependent thereupon, he, himself, is not material.

As the body ages, and it ages rapidly, of course, it is subject to a multitude of infirmities, most of which are rare in its youth. We have grown accustomed to associating these infirmities with old age, therefore, and are quite likely to view their presence as a demonstration of advancing years. Such indeed it is, but only in relation to the body. 'I feel old,' is a very common

expression, but one which is very far from the exact truth. To illustrate: I notice that the rheumatism grips my shoulder quite frequently of late, especially in damp weather, although such an attack was quite unknown in the first sixty years of my life. Old age? Of the body, perhaps, but not of me. Tom had the rheumatism when he was barely fifteen. The sensation was to him precisely what it is to me and the treatment differed very little, if at all. I need spectacles now, but many children need them, too. My step is not as sure as it used to be, but so far as I can observe, the effect is the same as it would have been had some weakness attacked my legs fifty years ago. My hair is thin and white, but I know many bald heads under thirty, and young men have turned gray over night.

And so I might run through the list of the so-called infirmities of age, but it is enough to say that they are purely bodily and by no means confined to those who have passed the meridian of life. They do not affect me, myself, in any way differently from what they would do were I forty, or in the cradle. They occasion inconvenience, pain, chagrin, just as they would have done at any period. Through it all I survive, consciously the same man that I have been all along. And it is this consciousness of an unchanged and unchanging I, which gives me the very strongest assurance of the immortality which all men crave.

I do not deny for a moment that my tastes and habits have been greatly modified during the years. I go to the theatre more rarely now, and do not enjoy the comedies that once captivated me. An occasional evening at whist quite fills the place of the sports to which I was formerly addicted. I find an increasing interest in literature of the solid sort, although my fond-

ness for the humorists does not abate. Serious conversation appeals to me more forcibly than the brightness and repartee I loved in my youth. If my circle of friends is narrower than of yore, those within it are closer to my heart. My love is the stronger because it has been purged of its passion and I find it increasingly difficult to harbor hatred.

But in all these changes and many others to which I might refer there is no sense of age or decay. They have characterized every stage of my life. At twenty I was fond of hunting. Five years later no angler was more enthusiastic than I. Photography captivated me at thirty. I have always ridden hobbies and cannot bring myself to believe that the substitution of one of them for another was at all due to the period of life at which the change was made. There has been no sensation of ageing in it all. To myself I still seem young, and every year strengthens the conviction that this sense of youth is to remain forever.

It happens to some that bodily decay reaches a point which renders participation in the activities of life impossible. The senses no longer guide. The faculties fail. The whole brain deteriorates. The unfortunate victim becomes imbecile to all appearance and must be cared for as if he really were. This catastrophe is usually associated with extreme old age, although it may happen at any time, and is not infrequently used to point the argument of the materialist. At first blush, too, it seems to serve the purpose admirably.

I have not reached that deplorable condition. I pray the good Father that I never may. My dread of it is not because of any fear that in decrepitude I shall begin to feel age. It arises rather from an aversion to the imprisonment of myself in the ruins of a body so old that it is tumbling down and rotten.

The tools we work with are clumsy at best. The windows through which we view the world are very small and clouded. The acutest of our senses is blunt indeed. We are everywhere debarred from light and sweetness and beauty. We are slow and awkward and halting. Our ideals are above and beyond us. We fall short of our ambitions, no matter how we try. All this is inevitable because the body in which we are housed and with which we labor is nothing but matter. If I am so circumscribed when my physical being is in comparative vigor, I often ask myself, what darkness will descend upon me when it crumbles into the ruins of senility? It is not a pleasant question, except that it takes for granted the undying youth of him who asks it.

'Second childhood,' this tumbling down of the body is called, and the term is entirely accurate. In infancy and senility the man prattles and totters and must be cared for by others. The chief difference is that the body of the baby is weak because of its immaturity, while that of the old man fails by reason of age. In one the materials are being assembled, in the other they are falling apart. But it is the same man. This is the thought that I hug to my soul until that soul glows with the hope of eternal life. In infancy, youth, manhood, and old age, man is conscious of all the ills due to his physical environment, but down in the depths of his inner self is the sense of unfading youth.

And this sense is certainly strengthened by the analogies of the case, which seem to show that a second manhood follows the second childhood. That which succeeds the first is shut in by the body, then building, and conditioned by it at every turn. The second escapes from the ruined tenement to exercise its functions immediately. That is to say, it sees without eyes,

runs without feet, and knows without a brain. This, I take it, is what the good book means when in discussing the resurrection it says, 'it is raised a spiritual body.'

The more I ponder these matters, — and at seventy-three one is intensely interested in the unknown realities which he is approaching, — the stronger is my conviction that the infirmities of age are but incidents necessary to that largeness of life which lies before me. The man in a dungeon does not complain when the windows dim, the bolts and chains corrode, the walls crumble, and the roof begins to fall. These changes may entail much inconvenience and acute pain, but he welcomes them as the precursors of the liberty which means life to him.

It is even so with me, a youth shut up in an old body. Failing eyes tell me of the day when I shall see what neither telescope nor microscope reveals to me now. This dullness of hearing prophesies the hour when such harmony as the masters never dreamed will break in upon me. As my limbs fail I turn to the time when my movements will not be hampered by legs and feet. Better than all, as I sit here trying to think out these things, just as millions upon millions of old men have tried before me, I joy in the thought that when the brain has perished, I, myself, face to face with naked truth, shall know.

To others this may seem only the vagrant fancy of a mind already impaired by the ravages of time. Perhaps there is little countenance for it in the books. I do not doubt that any of the scientists or theologians could easily show that it lacks foundation in logic. It satisfies me, however, and in a matter so vitally personal, that is the chief consideration after all. It enables me to endure advancing infirmities, if not cheerfully, at least with compon-

sure. Are they not the forerunners of immortal health? If I do not wish to die, I have no fear of death, because I look upon it as only the removal of the last barrier between me and the very

fullness of life. In a word, my sense of youth at seventy-three not only assures me of youth never ending, but fills me with hope that makes even extreme old age gentle and full of cheer.

IN THOSE DAYS

BY ROBERT M. GAY

RIDING one day from Baltimore to New York, I became acquainted with a young man who sold gas-meters. He was a traveling-man, representing a firm in Chicago, and had traversed the country from corner to corner a dozen times. Within five minutes after I had accommodated him with a match, I had learned that he sold gas-meters. He was very open about it, and gladly told me how many he had sold in the last month, and how the eighty-cent rate would affect his sales, and how natural gas might be piped to the city from West Virginia. Between Baltimore and Havre de Grace I learned a great deal about meters, and between Havre de Grace and Wilmington a great deal about gas. I began to see how enormously important gas and gas-meters are. I, who had always hated the sight of a gas-tank, began to feel a new respect for one; after having for years muttered maledictions upon the gas-meter, I began to see that in some eyes it might be a thing of beauty.

As we were leaving Wilmington, realizing perhaps that the conversation had thus far been a monologue, the young man turned to me and asked, 'And what is your line?' I had felt that the question was bound to come,

and, casting about for the safest answer, had decided to be a drummer for typewriters, my usual hypothetical profession under such circumstances. Some dormant monitor within me, however, suddenly awoke.

'I am a teacher,' I answered, weakly.
He was silent for a moment.

'For a fact,' said he, then, 'I'd never have known it.'

Since this was evidently intended as a compliment, I murmured my thanks.

'And how do you like teaching?' he asked, after a while, forcing an appearance of interest.

'Why,' replied I, 'it might be worse.'
'Not much money in it, is there?'
'No. Not very much.'

There was again a pause.

'Don't you find,' he ventured at last, 'that you,—well, that a teacher is at a—at a disadvantage with other people; that is, that other people are a—are a little, well, a little afraid in the presence of a . . . Oh, I don't know how to put it. You know what I mean. That there is a kind of restraint?'

'I suppose,' said I, 'that that depends partly on the other people.'

'Why, yes,' he replied, as if the idea were new to him, 'I suppose it does.'

He fell into thought. He appeared

to be considering something seriously. There was certainly a constraint between us until he left me at Philadelphia.

This turn of our conversation was no new thing to me. 'Why,' I had read many years before in Charles Lamb, 'why are we never quite at our ease in the presence of a schoolmaster?' I had read it many a time with a sinking at the heart. 'Because we are conscious,' Lamb answers his own question, 'that he is not quite at his ease in ours. . . . He is under the restraint of a formal and didactic hypocrisy in company, as a clergyman is under a moral one. He can no more let his intellect loose in society, than the other can his inclinations.—He is forlorn among his co-equals; his juniors cannot be his friends.'

I have the passage marked with a black pencil in my copy of the *Essays*. I so marked it many years ago. It used to worry me a good deal. To be delivered from the professorial manner came to be a part of my private liturgy. I shall never forget my discouragement when a red-haired urchin with whom I struck acquaintance on the towpath of the Morris and Essex Canal told me that he knew that I was a teacher, although he could not tell why. That was in my second year of teaching, and I felt like a man threatened with gradual ossification.

In the boarding-school in which I was at the time temporarily imprisoned, we teachers were all haunted by this impalpable terror. One of us sought to escape by wearing brilliant waistcoats and hose; another, by educating his taste in liqueurs and cigars; a third, by studying the stock-market reports and gambling feebly when his salary permitted.

We were very young. On moonlight nights we all went down to the bridge on the edge of the town and smoked

our pipes and sang 'Good-night, ladies' and danced clog-dances, merely to prove to ourselves that no insidious pedagogical symptoms were as yet appearing in us. We cultivated a bluff manner among ourselves, and practiced slang. On our tramps we avoided the well-traveled roads, as if a boy were a leper and to meet one a contamination. As for myself, I used to steal out into the back pasture and climb up into an oak tree. Although I never found a boy up there, one had cut his initials intertwined with hearts and other erotic carvings. I used furtively to go to the shore of a little river near the school, and sit down among the snakes and rhododendrons, and fish. I have caught fifty perch and sunnies there in an afternoon, returning them all to their element, none the worse save for a pricked lip. 'I was fain of their fellowship, fain'; yet even here boys went hallooning by on the road behind me in couples and packs, little dreaming that I lay *perdu* so near.

We had a theory, I believe, that constant association with the immature mind would end by stunting ours; yet we never spoke of the fear that was at our hearts. Condemned as we were to associate for some twelve hours a day with the immature mind, and torn by the fear of which I have just spoken, and the other fear of inadvertently acquiring the professorial manner, it is no wonder if we gave ourselves up to strange excesses. We organized a baseball team, known as the Sundowners (because we played only at sunset), and practiced of an evening before the assembled school, which cheered or groaned as we caught or muffed a ball. That there was more groaning than cheering did not deter us; we were at least unbending, combatting the imputations which we feared. We cultivated the manly arts of boxing and wrestling, and submitted to having our

faces disfigured and our bones made sore, rather than be accused of effeminity or unseemly dignity. We were always at feud with the head-master on the question of smoking, and were not averse to having it whispered that we were rather fast when we were away from school.

In boarding-school you have boys on all sides of you, and above and below; sometimes in your midst. You take them with your meals; you pilot them to church and listen to them sing while their voices are changing; you put them to bed, and attempt to keep them there; in the drear hour of night, when the stars are weeping, you fly to the end of the corridor to convince them that the season is unpropitious for a 'shirt-tail race' up and down the hall.

I used now and then to find 'Fat' Hendricks asleep in my bed. Overcome with fatigue when far from his room, and happening to be before my door, he had quietly turned in. 'Horse' Peddy was fond of my tobacco, and, under pretext of discussing opera and horse-racing with me, dropped in at all hours to smoke it. 'Lighthouse Liz' McCutcheon, always hungry, spent most of his leisure time foraging. He was usually missing from his room, and it was one of my duties to find him. On such occasions, I first examined the pantry window, and next the vegetable garden. When sharp set, he would eat a turnip or a head of lettuce. 'Sporting Life' Wilmer was also peripatetic, but his wanderings had no perceptible object. One could lead him gently back to his room half a dozen times during a study-hour; one could fly into a rage over him, and thunder threats and imprecations; one could argue, flatter, cajole; but he continued placidly to wander, singing softly in a minor key, a mark for flying shoes, rubbers, books, oranges, pillows, out of every door that he passed.

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It was a busy life, and we had little time to ponder on the psychology and ethics of teaching. It has been a question with me ever since whether our influence on our pupils was on the whole good or bad; but the question never occurred to us then. I shall never forget how, on the night of my arrival at the school, fresh from college, greenly fresh, as we sat forlorn on the little side porch with our feet on the railing, I expressed my conviction that teaching is the noblest of professions; and how T — , the assistant head-master, young in years but old in guile, replied, dryly, 'That may be, as an abstract proposition; but, as a concrete case, if you care to stay here long you'd better forget it.'

I soon perceived the force of his remark. The boys, I soon learned, were not inclined to look up to me as a mentor and guide. I was to be tolerated so long as I did not encroach too far upon their liberties. Instruction was to be confined strictly to the classroom. Rules were made to be broken, and an untimely enforcement of one was looked upon as a breach of etiquette.

By the end of the second week, I had learned that discipline was a kind of game in which the teacher always played against a handicap. He must never resort to subterfuge, yet was always the object of subterfuge. The boys might sneak past *his* door and peep through the keyhole, but if he were caught sneaking by *their* doors or peeping through *their* keyholes, it was all over with him.

Few of us stayed long. Three left that first year, suddenly, and were heard of no more. Those who stayed took up the work of the departed and profited by their mistakes. I sometimes think that the best teachers, in the usual acceptation of the term, all left. Those who remained learned

to obtrude their profession as little as might be upon their charges.

This all seems very amusing now, but was a serious matter to us then. How to insinuate knowledge without an appearance of the pedagogue was a question not easily answered; yet we solved the problem as best we could according to our temperaments, or gave it up and left. I think that the teacher who had the hardest time of all was one who had taken courses at college in pedagogical method. His disillusionment was a perfect pilgrim's progress for difficulty. He knew the psychology of the classroom, the theories of attention and interest, and all the best ways of presenting a subject; yet at his first collision with a class he discovered a number of new principles. The boys declined to behave according to the textbooks. One day, twenty brawny youngsters entered his classroom bearing bouquets of daisies and wild parsnip 'for teacher'; another day a boy, who chose to consider himself insulted, offered to fight. The teacher failed to rise to either occasion. He hesitated, and was lost. He lingered on till nearly Easter, and then left without elaborate farewells.

We who remained behind on the line of battle concluded that pedagogy as a science is useless. So heretical a conclusion was excusable. We lived by our wits, learning by bitter experience and sly experiment. No one of us knew when he might have to take the same road that the fugitive had taken. We had no illusions. We were studying the young idea in the rough, and had discovered that the best method is to have none. That moral suasion had succeeded with Jenkins was no proof that it would succeed with Einstein. That 'campusing' had cured Green's mania for wandering out o' nights did not blind us to the fact that it might serve only to aggravate Brown's complaint.

When we had become thoroughly sophisticated, we discovered that boy-psychology is really very simple. 'Stunts' of all sorts, we found, were readily classified under a few genera. Hanging the school dinner-bell in a tree, which had seemed a very original piece of humor on the first occasion, produced in us a sensation of lassitude on the sixth. Chasing an imaginary rat at dead of night, putting a dead snake or a boxful of June-bugs in a bed, stealing the Wednesday or Sunday ice-cream, all soon lost for us the charm of newness, though they never ceased to throw the boys into transports of felicity.

This conservatism in the boys, due, I suppose, to a general dearth of imagination, helped us a good deal. T —, through wide experience, had developed clairvoyant powers and could tell by the tilt of a boy's chin or the light in a boy's eye just which in the category of stunts that boy was about to attempt. His prescience was uncanny. He knew, almost before the boys themselves, that the entire Top Floor was contemplating a party under the bridge at midnight, or that the Second Floor Wing was playing poker. His methods of dealing with such aberrations were more original than the aberrations themselves. Once he fastened a tub of water to the foot of the fire-escape so that the boys, clandestinely descending, might fall in; once he scared McCutcheon, foraging as usual, almost out of his wits by impersonating a burglar armed with a bowie knife.

What the boys lacked in imagination they made up in humor; and such an appeal to their sense of a good joke was the shortest road to their hearts. However ingratiating a teacher's presence might be, however awe-inspiring his physique, however brilliant his athletic record, all went for little unless he was possessed of a certain humor-

ous shrewdness. We laughed a good deal in those days, and wriggled out of many a tight place by turning a jest. Discipline came to be a contest of wits, an opposition of finesse to finesse; and the loser, cheerfully swallowing his chagrin, learned to engineer more skillfully next time.

We discovered, too, that, contrary to popular impressions, boys are sentimental. We played upon their sentimentality. We cultivated school-spirit; we wrote school songs and yells for them; we talked much of *old* Oak Ridge, using the adjective with an endearing signification; we prated about honor; above all, we encouraged them to sing.

I can hear yet the direful chorus that rose of an evening from the side piazza, where the entire school sat, voicing the aspirations of its soul in 'I've been working on the railroad,' and 'Farewell, farewell, my own true love,'—direful, yet blissful to tired ears as the crooning of babes or the warbling of thrushes in the woods in June; for, as T ——, who was of Irish extraction, put it, 'When they're singing, they're working the devilment out of their systems.' I can hear yet the bleat of Wilder's shrill tenor, and the *boom-boom* of Lafferty's double-bass. Close harmony, the boys called it; and they loved to put their heads together in painful unison with upturned eyes, and give forth such strains as would have made Pluto very glad to quite set free the half-regained Eurydice.

We of the faculty sang too, and with unction. We sat on the floor of the veranda, as the boys did, and let our feet hang off into space, and were as sorry as they when the gong clanged for study-hour. In the pauses of the song sounded the shrill persistent nocturne of the little frogs, or 'peepers,' as we called them, in the stream down by the potato-patch; or the mellow

voices of Henry and Irwin, the colored waiters, chanting in the kitchen —

Ah went an' tolle mah lady-love
The dream of love was o'e';
She said no mo', — jes' slammed the do' —

I think that this is the hour that rises oftenest to my memory.

Subconsciously we of the faculty were clinging desperately to our boyhood, which was not yet by any means dimmed by distance. We all remembered what had been our opinion of teachers and were seeking to escape having that opinion held of us. We had not yet learned the strength of tradition, or discovered that (if we remained in the profession) we could no more escape the fate we dreaded than we could by taking thought add a cubit to our stature. This awful realization was reserved for our future.

I suppose that most of the boys whom I taught still exist somewhere. Most of them must be still alive, for they seemed in those days to be enjoying excellent health. There must have been some seven hundred of them. In moments of depression I used to exclaim, 'What! will the line stretch till the crack o' doom?' I used to picture myself as a pedagogical water-wheel, turning, turning, in the educational sluice through which, out of the Everywhere into the Here, a stream flowed, agitated me for a while, and disappeared into the Somewhere, leaving nothing behind but a few negligible bubbles. Of all the boys not one has ever been president or governor or senator. If one has written a novel or a play, I have not read it. Some appeared above the surface of society for a brief period as half-backs or third basemen, but only to sink back into the common ruck. This, again, used to worry me. It seemed a reflection upon my teaching. But the years bring the philosophic mind. One can but do what one can.

THE PROBLEM OF THE ASSOCIATED PRESS

BY AN OBSERVER

I

THE question of suppressed or tainted news has in recent years been repeatedly agitated, and reformers of all brands have urged that the majority of the newspapers of the country are business-tied, — that they are ruled according to the sordid ambition of the counting-house rather than by the untrammeled play of the editorial intellect. Capitalism is alleged to be playing ducks and drakes with the Anglo-Saxon tradition of a free Press.

The most important instance of criticism of this kind is afforded by current attacks upon the Associated Press. The Associated Press, as everybody knows, is the greatest news-gathering organization in the world; it supplies with their daily general information more than half the population of the United States. That it should be accused, in these times of class controversy and misunderstanding, of being a 'news trust,' and of coloring its news in the interest of capital and reaction, is therefore an excessively grave matter. Yet in the last six months it has been accused of both those things. So persistent has been the assertion of certain socialists that the Associated Press colors industrial news in the interest of the employer, that its management has sued them for libel. That it is a trust is the contention of one of its rivals, the Sun News Bureau of New York, whose prayer for its dissolution under the Sherman law as a monopoly in restraint of trade is now before the

Department of Justice in Washington.

To the writer, the main questions at issue, so far as the public is concerned, seem to be as follows: —

1. Is the business of collecting and distributing news in bulk essentially monopolistic? 2. If it is, and if it can not be satisfactorily performed by an unlimited number of competitive agencies (that is, individual newspapers), is the Associated Press in theory and practice the best type of centralized organization for the purpose?

The first question presents little difficulty to the practical journalist. A successful agency for the gathering of news must be monopolistic. No newspaper is rich enough, the attention of no editor is ubiquitous enough, to be able to collect at first hand a tithe of the multitudinous items which a public of catholic curiosity expects to find neatly arranged on its breakfast table. Take the large journals of New York and Boston, with their columns of news from all parts of the United States and the world. Their bills for telegrams and cablegrams alone would be prohibitive of dividends, to say nothing of their bills for the collection of the news. A public educated by a number of newspapers with their powers of observation and instruction whetted to superlative excellence by keen competition would no doubt be ideal; but a journalistic Utopia of that kind is no more feasible than other Utopias. Unlimited and unassisted competition between, say, six newspapers in the same city or district would be about

as feasible economically as unlimited competition between six railway lines running from Boston to New York. The need for a common service of foreign and national news must therefore be admitted. To supply such a service, even in these days of especially cheap telegraph and cable rates for press matter, requires a great deal of money, and a press agency has a great deal of money to spend only if it has also a large number of customers.

As the number of newspapers is limited, it is clear that the press agency has strong claims to be recognized as a public service, and to be classed with railways, telephones, telegraphs, waterworks, and many other forms of corporate venture which even the wildest radical admits cannot be subjected to the anarchy of unrestricted competition. Thus the simple charge that the Associated Press is a monopoly cannot be held to condemn it. But, to invert Mr. Roosevelt's famous phrase, there are bad trusts as well as good trusts. That the Associated Press is powerful enough to be a bad trust if those who control it so desire must be admitted offhand. It is a tremendously effective organization. Its service is supplied to more than 850 of the leading newspapers, with a total circulation of, probably, about 20,000,000 copies a day.

The Associated Press is the child of the first effort at co-operative news-gathering ever made. Back in the forties of the last century, before the Atlantic cable was laid, newspapers began to spend ruinous sums in getting the earliest news from Europe. Those were the days in which the first ship-news dispatch-boats were launched to meet vessels as they entered New York harbor, and to race back with the news to their respective offices. The competition grew to the extent even of sending fast boats all the way to Europe, and soon became extravagant enough to cause

its collapse. Then seven New York newspapers organized a joint service. This service, which was meant primarily to cover European news, grew slowly to cover the United States. Newspapers in other cities were taken into it on a reciprocal basis. The news of the Association was supplied at that time in return for a certain sum, the newspapers undertaking on their part to act as the local correspondents of the Association. A reciprocal arrangement with Reuter's, the great European agency, followed, whereby it supplied the Associated Press with its foreign service, and the Associated Press gave to Reuter's the use of its American service.

Even so, the Associated Press did not carry all before it. In the seventies a number of Western newspapers formed the Western Associated Press. A period of sharp competition followed, but in 1882 the two associations signed a treaty of partnership for ten years. They were not long in supreme control of the field, however. The Associated Press of those days, like its successor to-day, was a close corporation in the sense that its members could and did veto the inclusion of rivals. As the West grew, new newspapers sprang up and were kept in the cold by their established rivals. The result was the United Press, which soon worked up an effective service. The Associated Press tried to cripple it by a rule that no newspaper subscribing to its service should have access to the news of the Associated Press; but in spite of the rule the United Press waxed strong and might have become a really formidable competitor had not the Associated Press been able to buy a controlling share in it. A harmonious business agreement followed; but in accordance with the business methods of those days the public was not apprised of the agreement and when, in 1892, its existence became known there

was a row and a readjustment. The United Press absorbed the old Associated Press of New York, and the Western Associated Press again became independent. Reuter's agency continued to supply both associations with its European service.

But the ensuing period of competition did not last. Three years later, the Western Associated Press achieved a monopolistic agreement with Reuter's, carried the war into the United Press territory,—the South and the country east of the Alleghanies,—got a number of New York newspapers to join it, and effected a national organization.

II

That national organization is, to all intents and purposes, the Associated Press of to-day. The only really important change has been in its transference as a company from the jurisdiction of Illinois to that of New York. This change was accomplished in 1900, owing to an adverse judgment of the Supreme Court of Illinois. To grasp the significance of that judgment, and indeed the current agitation against the Associated Press, it is necessary to sketch briefly its rules and methods.

The Associated Press is not a commercial company in the sense that it is a dividend-hunting concern. Under the terms of its present charter, the corporation 'is not to make a profit or to make or declare dividends and is not to engage in the selling of intelligence nor traffic in the same.' It is simply meant to be the common agent of a number of subscribing newspapers, for the interchange of news which each collects in its own district, and for the collection of news such as subscribers cannot collect singlehanded: that is, foreign news and news concerning certain classes of domestic happenings. Its board of directors consists of jour-

nalists and publishers connected with subscribing newspapers, who serve without payment. Its executive work is done by a salaried general manager and his assistants. It is financed on a basis of weekly assessments levied according to their size and custom upon newspapers which are members. The sum thus collected comes to about \$3,000,-000 a year. It is spent partly for the hire of special wires from the telegraph companies, and partly for the maintenance of special news-collecting staffs. The mileage of leased wires is immense, amounting to about 22,000 miles by day and 28,000 miles by night. Nor does the organization, as some of its critics seem to imagine, get any special privileges from the telegraph companies. Such privileges belonged to its early history, when business standards were lower than they are now.

The Associated Press has at least one member in every city of any size in the country. That in itself insures it a good news-service; but, as indicated above, it has in all important centres a bureau of its own. Important events, whether fixed, like national conventions, or fortuitous, like strikes or floods or shipwrecks, it covers more comprehensively than any single newspaper can do. Its foreign service is ubiquitous. It no longer depends upon its arrangement with Reuter and other foreign news-agencies: early in the present century the intelligence thus collected was found to lack the American point of view, and an extensive foreign service was formed, with local headquarters in London, Paris, and other European capitals, Peking, Tokyo, Mexico, and Havana, and with scores of correspondents all over the world.

Enough has been said to show that its efficiency and the manner of its organization combine to give the Associated Press a distinct savor of monopoly. As the Sun News Bureau and

other rivals have found, it cannot be effectively competed against. Too many of the richest and most powerful newspapers belong to it.

Is it a harmful monopoly? Its critics, as explained above, are busy proving that it is. They urge that, being a close corporation, it stifles trade in the selling of news, and that it is not impartial.

The first argument is based upon the following facts. Membership in the Associated Press is naturally valuable. An Associated Press franchise to a newspaper in New York or Chicago is worth from \$50,000 to \$200,000. To share such a privilege is not in human or commercial nature. One of the first rules of the organization is, therefore, that no new newspaper can be admitted without the consent of members within competitive radius. Naturally, that assent is seldom given. This 'power of protest' has not been kept without a struggle. The law-suit of 1900 was due to it. The *Chicago Inter-Ocean* was refused admission, and went to law. The case went to the Supreme Court of Illinois, which ruled that a press agency like the Associated Press was in the nature of a public service and as such ought to be open to everybody. To have yielded to the judgment would have smashed the Associated Press, so it reorganized under the laws of New York, with the moral satisfaction of knowing that the courts of Missouri had upheld what the Illinois court had condemned. Its new constitution, which is that of to-day, keeps in effect the right of protest, the only difference being that a disappointed applicant for membership gets the not very useful consolation of being able to appeal to the association in the slender hope that four fifths of the members will vote for his admission.

The practical working of the rule has undoubtedly been monopolistic; not so much because it has rendered the Asso-

ciated Press a monopoly, but because it has rendered it the mother, potential and sometimes actual, of countless small monopolies. On account of the size of the United States and the diverse interests of the various sections, there is in our country no daily press with a national circulation. Newspapers depend primarily upon their local constituencies. In each journalistic geographic unit, if the expression may be allowed, one or more newspapers possess the Associated Press franchise. Such newspapers have in the excellent and comparatively cheap Associated Press service an instrument for monopoly hardly less valuable than a rebate-giving railway may be to a commercial corporation. It is also alleged by some of its enemies that the Associated Press still at times enjoins its members against taking simultaneously the service of its rival.

It is easy to argue that because the Associated Press is a close corporation it cannot be a monopoly, and that those who are really trying to make a 'news trust' of it are they who insist that it ought to be open to all comers; but in practice the argument is a good deal of a quibble. The facts remain that, as shown above, an effective news-agency has to be tremendously rich; that to be tremendously rich it has to have prosperous constituents; and that the large majority of prosperous newspapers of the country belong to the Associated Press. In the writer's opinion it would be virtually impossible, as things stand, for any of the Associated Press's rivals to become the Associated Press's equal, upon either a commercial or a co-operative basis.

III

The tremendous importance of the question of the fairness of the Associated Press service is now apparent. If it is deliberately tainted, as the socialists

and radicals aver, there is virtually no free press in the country. The question is a very delicate one. Enemies of the Associated Press assert in brief that its stories about industrial troubles are colored in the interest of the employer; that its political news shows a similar bias in favor of the plutocratic party, whatever that may be; that, in fact, it is used as a class organ. In the Presidential campaign of 1912, Mr. Roosevelt's followers insisted that the doings of their candidates were blanketed. In the recent labor troubles in West Virginia, Michigan, and Colorado, the friends of labor have made the same complaint of one-sidedness in the interest of the employer.

Not only do the directors of the Associated Press deny all insinuations of unfairness, but they argue that partisanship, and especially political partisanship, would be impossible in view of the multitudinous shades of political opinion represented by their constituents. They can also adduce with justice the fact that in nearly every campaign more than one political manager has accused them of favoritism, only to retract when the heat of the campaign was over. The charge of industrial and social partisanship they meet with a point-blank denial. It is impossible in the space of this paper to sift the evidence pro and con. Pending action by the courts the only safe thing to do is to look at the question in terms of tendencies rather than of facts.

The Associated Press, it has been shown, tends to be a monopoly. Does it tend to be a one-sided monopoly? The writer believes that it does. He believes that it may fairly be said that the Associated Press as a corporation is inclined to see things through conservative spectacles, and that its correspondents, despite the very high average of their fairness, tend to do the same thing. It could hardly be other-

wise, although it is possible that there is nothing deliberate in the tendency. Nearly all of the subscribers to the Associated Press are the most respectable and successful newspaper publishers in their neighborhoods. They belong to that part of the community which has a stake in the settled order of things; their managers are business men among business men; they have relations with the local magnates of finance and commerce: naturally, whatever their political views may be (and the majority of the powerful organs of the country are conservative), their aggregate influence tends to be on the side of conservatism.

The tendency, too, is enhanced by the articles under which the Associated Press is incorporated. There is special provision against fault-finding on the part of members. The corporation is given the right to expel a member 'for any conduct on his part or the part of any one in his employ or connected with his newspaper, which in its absolute discretion it shall deem of such a character as to be prejudicial to the interest and welfare of the corporation and its members, or to justify such expulsion. The action of the members of the corporation in such regard shall be final, and there shall be no right of appeal or review of such action.' The Associated Press rightly prides itself upon the standing of its correspondents. The majority of them are drawn from the ranks of the matter-of-fact respectable. In the nature of their calling they are not likely to be economists or theoretical politicians. In the case of a strike, for instance, their instinct might well be to go to the employer or the employer's lieutenant for news rather than to the strike-leader.

Whether the Associated Press is a monopoly within the meaning of the anti-trust law, whether it actually colors news as the socialists aver, must

be left to the courts to decide. The point to be noticed here is that it might color news if it wanted to, and that it does exercise certain monopolistic functions. That in itself is a dangerous state of affairs: but it seems to be one that might be rectified. The Illinois Supreme Court has pointed the way. The news-agency is essentially monopolistic. It has much in common with the ordinary public-utility monopoly. It should therefore be treated like a public-utility corporation. It should be subject to government regulation and supervision, and its service should be open to all customers. Were this done the Associated Press would be altered but not destroyed. Its useful features would surely remain and its drawbacks as surely be lessened. The right of protest would be entirely swept away; membership would be unlimited; the threat of expulsion for fault-finding would be automatically removed from above the heads of members; all newspapers of all shades would be free to apply the corrective of criticism; and if its news were none the less unfair, some arrangement could presumably be made for government restraint.

The Press Association of England is an unlimited co-operative concern. Any newspaper can subscribe to it, and new subscribers are welcome. Especially in the provincial field, it is as powerful a factor in British journalism as the Associated Press is in the journalism of the United States, yet its very openness has saved it from the taint of partiality. To organize the Associated Press on the same lines would, of course, entail hardship to its present constituents. They would be exposed to fierce local competition. The value of their franchises would dwindle. Such rival agencies as exist might be ruined, for they could hardly compete with the Associated Press in the open market. But it is difficult to see how American

journalism would suffer from a regulated monopoly of that kind; and the public would certainly be benefited, for it would continue to enjoy the excellent service of the Associated Press, with its invaluable foreign telegrams and its comprehensive domestic news; it would be safeguarded to no small extent from the danger of local or national news-monopolies and from insidiously tainted news.

Such a reform, if reform there has to be, would, in a word, be constructive. The alternatives to it, as the writer understands the situation, would be destructive and empirical. The organization of the Associated Press would either be cut to pieces or destroyed. There would thus be a chaos of ineffective competition among either co-operative or commercial press agencies. Equal competition among a number of co-operative associations would, for reasons already explained, mean comparatively ineffective and weak services. Competition among commercial agencies would have even less to recommend it. The latter must by their nature be more susceptible to special influences than the co-operative agency. They are controlled by a few business men, not by their customers. Competing commercial agencies would almost inevitably come to represent competing influences in public life; while, if worse came to worst, a commercialized 'news trust' would clearly be more dangerous than a co-operative news trust. The great reactionary influences of business would have freer play upon its directors than they can have upon the directors of an organization like the Associated Press. If it be decided that even the Associated Press is not immune from such influences, the public should, the writer believes, think twice before demanding its destruction, instead of its alteration to conform with the modern conception of the public-service corporation.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

'HOWLERS'

WHEN summer really comes and the college instructor reaches the end of his strictly official tasks, he is apt to find, if he be one of those unfortunates who have to do with problems of getting young men into one of those few institutions which still adhere to the fast-fading tradition of entrance examinations, a certain grim amusement in his Sisyphean task. He has just helped to roll one huge unwieldy stone to the top, — and behold another, huger and more unwieldy, waiting at the bottom. And if even man had cause to be at once elated and depressed, surely he who reads entrance papers may be said fairly, in the words of one of these, to 'scintillate' between hope and despair. Especially is this true of history. Geography weird as a monastic map; battles as mythical as those of Geoffrey of Monmouth; science beyond the dreams of alchemist or astrologist; language which takes one back to the childhood of the world — and sometimes beyond; cities located on maps apparently according to the principles of that amusing game of pinning on the donkey's tail, — these make at once for laughter and for tears.

Consider, in this light, the classical tradition of the modern world. 'Hercules was the model of Greece, he was very strong, he went into athletics and was excellent so that he was the greatest professional athlete and every one looked up to him and he was very famous.' This is no mere series of illiteracies; it is a philosophy of scholastic life, — as witness further. 'The Academy was a place where the Greek youth

learned to run races and play games and thus acquired culture.' How modern it sounds, here with all our young barbarians at play. Yet beside the games was music. Consider again the story of Jason. 'The greatest obstacle he had was to get his ship launched. This obstacle was overcome by a great musician who played the sweetest music in the world. When he began to play the ship jumped into the sea.' Here was a worthy rival of 'Nero the Emperor of Rome who while Rome was burning sang an orgy which he had himself composed on the roof of his house.' It is not surprising, in view of these things, to learn that there was in Athens 'a music-hall which was called the *Odium*,' or that 'Rome had been running down hill for a long time and finally fell.'

Nothing is more illuminating than a comparison of the civilizations of antiquity in this connection. Egypt, whose 'people were a gay people who did not mingle with other people' but confined themselves chiefly to building 'pyramids and sphinxes,' had 'priests who were the highest class, they were supposed to be economical and had to wash and shave three times a day, the soldiers on the other hand did not have much of anything to do.' Contrast this with that Sparta which was a 'terrible place to bring up a boy,' or Rome, which 'before the invasion of the barbarians was a great place to have a good time.' Nothing in the ancient world was quite like that curious Greek marriage custom, 'where one man married one woman and that was called monotony'; but there were doubtless, in every land, men who in some re-

spects resembled 'Plato who was the wisest man who ever lived, he never worked'; even though few or none could boast of a Socrates who 'suffered great privations but bored them,' and who, though he was 'the greatest moral teacher the world ever saw,' was 'convicted of corrupting the youth of Athens' and 'died of drinking.'

But let us turn from these darker glimpses of a pagan world to the coming of Christianity. Hear the legend of Helen. 'When the Christian Era became very strong and dangerous to the King and Queen of the Grecian Empire (to Constantine and Helen) the king was not too much desirous to do every where a massacre and tyranical oppression; especially the Queen Helen, who was a very Godfeared woman. So, she plunged into-deep discussion of the question of the Christian Era, and, naturally, dreamed that she saw up in the "Heaven" a cross—and after the dream she became a christian (Orthodox Catholic) and declined the all Greeks to the same.' Hence that 'pious and godly stunt,' the Crusades, which 'furnished the food for so many romances and ballads,' to say nothing of examination-paper fiction. Take, for example, this admirable piece of Alice in Wonderland, in reply to a modest inquiry regarding the decline of the crusading zeal: 'The leaders tried to restrict it into more solid (forever) form than the political. The political got up stronger. It was contested by gradually but I forgot when it was in Cadiz.' Surely this deserves a place in our literature beside the mouse when it spins.

The middle ages were, indeed, peculiarly prolific in picturesque personalities appealing to the scholastic mind, from Charlemagne, who 'clapped the climax,' to Edward the First, whose 'first trouble was with whales. His polacy was to emphasize his national character. In his continental polacy he

was rather reserve. He showed himself a true worrier.' Among these interesting figures not the least fascinating was 'Elenor of Aquitaine, a woman who came from the vicinity of what was then called Aquitania, where, in the ancient days, Cæsar and the inhabitants of Aquitania did much bloody fighting. Elenor was an inhabitant of this place and being of a wild and daring nature she caused quite a disturbance among the English kings. She came over into England and Scotland and raised disturbances, being the main factor herself, although only a woman. She was at last defeated and finally death after many hardships put an end to her adventurous career.' Fortunately or unfortunately for her, the 'Salic law by which no woman or her offspring could have any right to the throne' did not prevail in the British Isles.

Nor were these remarkable institutions established during the dark ages less interesting than its individuals, that curious custom of 'transubstantiation by which allegiance was transferred from one lord to another,' and that no less extraordinary 'Primogeniture we read about in the eleventh century, which was that all should die at a certain time and that God had some who were his and the rest must perish.' Then, too, originated the cabinet system of government, by means whose memory should not be allowed to die. 'In the dark Ages of English history kings were accustomed to meet with a few of their accomplices in a small room or cabin, that is from French cabine, whence, naturally came at once the thing and its name.' But we must not linger here, not even to look more closely into 'the man or which was the home of a lord to gether with his ten aunts'; or to weep over Joan of Arc, that 'poor pheasant' who was 'burned to a steak'; or to wonder over the fact that 'in 1453 on the fall of Constantinople

there appeared in a Paris newspaper the statement that "There are no longer any Pyrenees." In these days when war went on 'sponsmatically,' — among conflicts between the 'two classes of clergy, regular and irregular,' to say nothing of true 'Prodestism' or the 'catastrathrope' which ensued; when Europe was decimated by the ravages of 'Richard I who was called the Black Death,' — there is too much (to speak the language of this strange dialect) that is 'malagious' for us to delay longer.

Let us turn again to a happier theme, and none is happier, surely, than Henry VIII, who 'got a divorce and then married again and again' until he 'had five wives all told and this was the beginning of the Church of England.' Stories naturally differ about him even in this realm of unnatural history; but this one will perhaps serve as well as any. 'After his first wife died he tried to marry his brother's widow, which he could not legally do. The Pope refused his application and Henry took the law in his own hands and married her. After some years he fell in love with another and began to feel his marriage was not right. The Pope refused to divorce him and he tried to have the archbishop of Canterbury get it. But Becket would n't do it. Henry made a rash statement and Becket was killed by the courtiers. The divorce however was never received.'

It is of interest to see how the Becket story is preserved in the most unexpected ways and places, as thus: 'John Pym was a great Puritan leader. When the king nominated him as leader he did away with all his rash doings, put on his religious gown, gave his money to help the poor and did a great work among the people,' — and so on to the end. This, it may be observed, was a very different method from that used by Pym's great contemporary, Cromwell, who 'belabored effectually

to keep the peace.' The innate, unconscious truth of that ingenuous remark lies as far beyond the bounds of mere invention, as does the statement that the inventor of the Popish Plot was 'a liar born and bread'; or that the two greatest enemies of France were Gladstone 'who defeated the king at Naseby,' and Nelson 'who defeated Napoleon in the last battle of the Hundred Year's War.'

Yet it is, after all, in the history of their own country that these aspiring youths reach their greatest heights, and reveal most clearly the fact that the provincialism of the nation is so largely confined to certain relatively small districts, however wide its ignorance may be. No one outside of New England surely would enumerate Omaha among the western states; no Southerner surely could locate Gettysburg in Kentucky, as no New Englander could put Louisburg in Texas. This species of error, doubtless, is less due to dull scholars than to defective instruction. To what the statement that 'formerly men were nominated for the presidency by the people but now they are nominated by party conventions' is due, let each man decide for himself. In the recurrent confusion between Andrew Jackson and Andrew Johnson, it is, perhaps, only natural that careful study of more recent events should now and then betray one into a still more entertaining complication with Jack Johnson.

And this brings to our attention, finally, how short are the memories of men. Let us take three composite lives. Oliver P. Morton who came to this country to escape religious persecution first caused a great deal of trouble for the Massachusetts Puritans; then, having played some part in the Revolutionary War, became ambassador to England, signed the Ostend Manifesto, and later was Vice-president under Cleveland and a member of Harrison's

cabinet. Still more remarkable was the life of Seward. A radical Abolitionist of New York, he served some time in the House and the Senate, besides one term as governor of Ohio, became a strong advocate of slavery, and went to Texas as the leader of the United States troops. He was secretary of war, the treasury and state under Jefferson, Lincoln and Johnson and finally bought Alaska, known since as 'Seward's Folly.'

Longer and even more romantic was the career of a certain John Marshall as here delineated by various hands. Having signed the Declaration of Independence, he served as minister to France and England, as a member of the cabinets of Washington, Jefferson, Monroe, and Hayes, some thirty or thirty-five years as chief justice of the Supreme Court, became the leader of a slave insurrection at Harper's Ferry, and finally was elected Vice-president under McKinley, Taft, and Wilson, which last position he still occupies,—and, with his experience of a century and a half of the Republic, is of more than ordinary value to the administration, without doubt. In view of such a career as this on the part of a political opponent it is no wonder that 'The Scientific Republicans are anxious of a prosperity and mostly of a progress but the business Republicans are endeavoring to establish a more stronger Trust,' or that they, too, may have come to regard a plebiscite as a 'deceitful method of gaining popularity with the people.'

ACADEMIC COURTESIES

WITHIN a comparatively short time I have had two enlightening experiences which may interest your readers.

I shall permit myself to preface these experiences by the statement that I belong to the happy class of professors, that I am middle-aged, and that I have

spent all, or *peu s'en faut*, of my professional life in a coeducational university.

I may add incidentally that I am a woman.

The stage-setting for experience number one is a city in provincial and benighted Spain.

It chanced one day that I had to go to the university library to copy a manuscript. I went early in order to be there at the ten o'clock opening of the doors. When I entered the vestibule I found it full of men and boys of every description. There were beardless lads waiting to finish the sensational French story begun yesterday. There were ragged, dirty, unshaven men shivering from the night cold which was still in their bones, pushing their way to a place that meant more warmth than was promised by the gray sunless day. There were a few students and some scholars. All were crowded about the iron grating. I gave a hasty glance around and saw that there were no women, so I stood back, not relishing the prospect of mingling with that unsavory mob.

A blear-eyed attendant came to unlock the grating. At that moment some one spied me and cried out, 'The señora first.' I looked and saw hands gesticulating and beckoning, and a passageway was made. Almost before I knew it I was inside the library, and a gallant, exceedingly shabby gentleman was conducting me to the guardian of manuscripts. When I had finished my copying an attendant asked me if there was anything else he could do for me. I ventured to ask if I might visit some classes. He showed no surprise, but took me immediately to a gentlemanly person who accompanied me to a classroom and introduced me to the professor at the desk. Neither curiosity nor selfconsciousness was shown by the students, although no foreign woman had visited the university within their memory. My presence as a vis-

itor was treated with the simplicity and naturalness of perfect courtesy.

Later I was visiting some of our American universities and colleges of the Atlantic States. Many years had passed since I had last seen them, and the interval had been crowded with impressions of foreign institutions. It was with peculiar and patriotic pleasure that I found myself deeply moved by the dignified beauty and academic charm of our own colleges. 'We have known how to borrow all that is best from the old world,' thought I proudly, 'and have adapted it to our own ideas of progress and liberty. The courts and cloisters, the gothic arch and the colonial column are indicative of our reverence for tradition and culture. The laboratory, the gymnasium, the wide stretch of campus and the spacious athletic field are indicative of our larger conceptions of life, of our breadth of mind, of our freedom from prejudice.'

In some such form I expressed my thoughts to the courteous professor who chanced to be my escort at one of the larger men's colleges. He beamed sympathetically, and later said, 'What else would you like to see?' With a sigh of content and anticipation, I replied, 'Now I'd like to visit some of the classes.'

He looked startled, then embarrassed, hesitated a moment and said, 'I'm afraid the fellows would n't stand for that.'

I was puzzled.

'The fellows?' I asked.

'Yes, the students. You see they might start to stamping and cat-calling if a lady came into the lecture-room, and that would break up the class.'

It seemed incredible. That I, a middle-aged, sober, respectable professor, could not visit a class studying a subject in which I was particularly interested without creating a riot. And this because—thank God! — I chanced to

be a woman. Was I really in America, in the twentieth century?

The broad campus seemed to shrink to provincial proportions, and prejudice narrowed the noble outlines of the buildings. It was incredible! This was surely an isolated instance. This college was perhaps peculiarly unsusceptible to broadening influences. I would try somewhere else. I did try, in four segregated male colleges, and everywhere I met with the same answer. Every other hospitality was shown, but that one thing which I most wanted, which had been the real object of my trip, the observation of the teaching of my own subject, this was denied me. After I had fully grasped the situation, the humor of it filled me with deep, silent laughter. How childish we still are, even in our educational institutions! To what queer little quirks and contradictions are we subject! How complacently we deck ourselves in a wornout prejudice only to realize suddenly that it is worn out and that we are naked.

But I remember Spanish courtesy with honest gratitude.

THE WIZARD WORD

THE world is in danger of being too acutely discovered. Pretty soon there won't be any Nowhere. There will be a road-map through it for every tooting motor, a cloud-map through it for every wheeling airship. We are impelled to know and know and know, and all the time knowledge is such a stupid quarry to be always hunting down. The only real sport is mystery. Presently neither sea nor sky will be left for the spirit to adventure, yet the imagination must have somewhere to sail.

It is here that the world of words comes in so handily. That is a universe never to be reduced to terms of sense and science; words are too fraught with sense for that. Language is still

a place of sun-gleams and shadows, of lightnings and half-lights, and things forgotten and things to be, of odors and tastes and pictures and hauntings, whole pageants of dead dynasties evoked perhaps by a small adjective. Words are so elusive, so personal, in their suggestion, that science will never bully all fancy out of us so long as we have words to talk in, to dream in.

It is just in proportion as words retain their mystery, that they retain their magic. So soon as they present too definite a picture, odor, taste, they lose their wizardry. We may outgrow our fairy tales, but there are few of us for whom some words do not always retain their witchery of suggestion, words that have never become in our minds too definite, words that still glimpse haze and mystery and the magic of ignorance. I would so much rather look into my heart for the meaning of a word than into the dictionary; it is one of many methods of defending one's imagination from the encroachments of knowledge.

Some words possess a mysterious spaciousness: try 'Homeric,' think it, pronounce it, and you will see in the flash of that adjective men and women growing to god-size, taller, stronger, more beautiful than any but Homer ever thought of, and you will see everything in vast numbers, great herds of cattle for the hecatomb, tens of thousands of men-at-arms surging, limitless spear-points pricking all the plain. No fleet, no army, could be so big and vast as that one word Homeric.

Another word that suggests number beyond any ciphering is the word 'doublloon.' Could any one ever feel so rich in terms of dollars as in terms of doublloons? This is because nobody with any imagination knows how much a doublloon is worth, or wants to, and people without any imagination can never feel rich anyway, no matter how

many dollars or doublloons they have.

'Galleon' is a noun that twins with doublloon. A galleon is the staunchest vessel any one can go to sea in, although it is only a word, not a ship any longer. There's a splendor, a pride, about a galleon. It glides, it never sails, and it always has favoring winds, it commands them. Nobody can picture a galleon with sails a-flap in a dead calm, or with sails in ribbons in a gale. A galleon is always mistress of all weathers. On the other hand a galleon is not altogether a craft for highest emprise, it's not what 'merchant-adventurers' would sail in. 'Merchant-adventurers,' —there is a word that fits with a brawling and buffeting sea, or deadly tropic calm and the sighting of low, fronded islands, or the black rim of a pirate boat on the treacherous, unknown water. But what a ring of rollicking jollity and dauntless fellowship there is in that brave old compound noun, merchant-adventurers! It is one of the many words that, fading from our vocabulary, carry with them whole decades of history. It lays open all 'the spacious days of great Elizabeth.' Yet when I apply it to definite names, Drake, Frobisher, Raleigh, instantly some of the magic fades. I want no names for my merchant-adventurers.

There are other words that echo to the vastness of the Elizabethan imagination. 'Empery' responds with the thundering conquests of Tamburlaine, which in turn were but echoes of the insatiable soul-quest of Kit Marlowe. The word to me spells Marlowe, and spells Keats; not all the world could supply the indomitable desire that is dreamed of in empery, not all the kingdoms of earth were enough for the empery of Tamburlaine. Empery is richer, vaster, more insatiably desirable than empire. Empire dwindles to a petty exactness beside it. Empire is not the only word to turn to magic by

the addition of the suggestive suffix, *ry*. *Ry* might be termed the supernatural suffix, for it always has a connotation of spirit-peopled places. The word 'glamour' has in it a certain degree of magic, but change it to 'glamoury,' and see what happens, what glimmering vistas of elfland open forth. And if the *y* following the *r* be changed to *ie*, the result has even more of wizardry, which word is itself an example of my *ry* argument. Notice the difference of degree in glamour, glamoury, glamourie, and in 'fairy,' which is mild in meaning when set beside 'faerie.' And is there any word in our tongue so capable of evoking the sensations of that shivery borderland between the known and the unknowable as the disyllable 'eerie'?

A savage place! as holy and enchanted
As e'er beneath a waning moon was haunted
By woman wailing for her demon lover!

The connotation of words in *ry* and *rie* is an example in the superlative degree of the magic of indefiniteness, but there is plenty of conjuring power in terms which have no supernatural suggestion. All the romance of a bygone period may often be better evoked by a word than by treatises of overdone historical research.

Often some word of wearing apparel may summon forth a whole pageant of costume. Try wimple, kirtle, shift. I should have no idea of the size or shape of the desired garment, should be helpless before my needle and scissors; but in spite of this ignorance, and, as I maintain, because of it, the word 'wimple' shall always call up for me peaked crown and flowing veil, and the cantering and the clinking and chattering of all Chaucer's blithe procession; the word 'kirtle' flashes Perdita upon my vision, Perdita, the shepherdess-princess weaving her dance; and 'shift,' is a noun which crowds upon me all the crude, quick life of the ballads; for in

this garment, beneath a hovering halo, forsaken ladies drowned were always floating about on midnight waters by way of reproach to their lords.

The innermost luxury of all sense-perception is never experienced from the too clearly analyzed sensation, however acute. 'Heard melodies are sweet, but those unheard are sweeter.' No music has such a spell for our feet as is implied in the words 'piping' and 'fifing,' but few of us have ever danced to piping or to fifing. In the realm of smell is any rose as sweet as the quaint word 'posy'? Yet can you tell its shape, or color or odor? It is a spicy mingling of all the fragrance of all sweet gardens that ever were, — or that never were!

There exists nothing so toothsome as the food and drink we have never tasted and shall never taste. A 'venison pasty' never appeared on any *menu* we ever read, yet we know that we have never eaten anything so savory. Mead, canary, mulled wine, are drinks delectable. The mighty goblets of Valhalla ran with mead, and from them we quaff great hero draughts; canary fires all our veins with the tingling, ringing young exuberance of the Mermaid Tavern; while mulled wine is the most comforting of toddies, soothing to sleep after the cosiness and confidences of midnight slippers and dressing-gown.

There are few people so prosaic as not to possess, hidden away from their own and others' investigation as securely as every man's secret belief in ghosts, a whole conjuror's chest of wizard words. I have merely mentioned some of those nouns which have for me the power to set me free to adventure the unknown. To every man his own words, his own enchantments, so long as they have might to release from the chains of knowledge, and to unshackle the imagination for the spirit's free adventuring.

